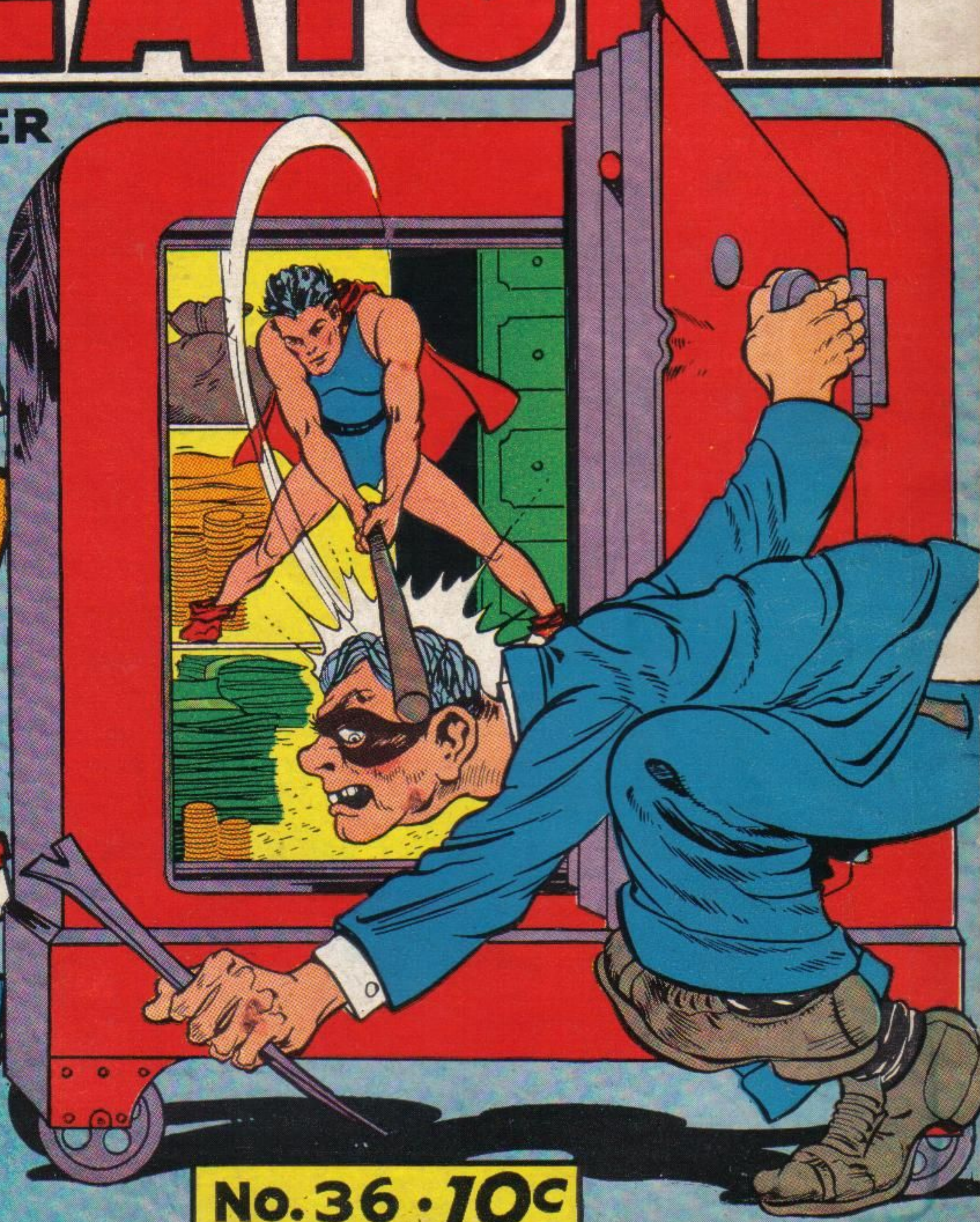


# FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

SEPTEMBER



No. 36 • 10c





WEB COMIC  
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# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

## AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

### FEATURE COMICS

*starring*

The Doll Man    Samar    Big Top  
Lala Palooza    Rance Keane  
Zero, Ghost Detective  
Reynolds Of The Mounted

### CRACK COMICS

*starring*

The Black Condor    The Clock  
Alias The Spider    Jane Arden  
The Space Legion    Ned Brant  
Molly The Model

### SMASH COMICS

*starring*

Espionage    The Ray  
Bozo The Robot    Wings Wendall  
Invisible Justice    Abdul The Arab  
The Purple Trio

### NATIONAL COMICS

*starring*

Uncle Sam    Merlin The Magician  
Wonder Boy    The Kid Patrol  
Kid Dixon    Pen Miller  
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman

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*starring*

Hercules    The Red Bee    The Strange Twins  
Bob and Swab    X-5 Super Agent  
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NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH  
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER**

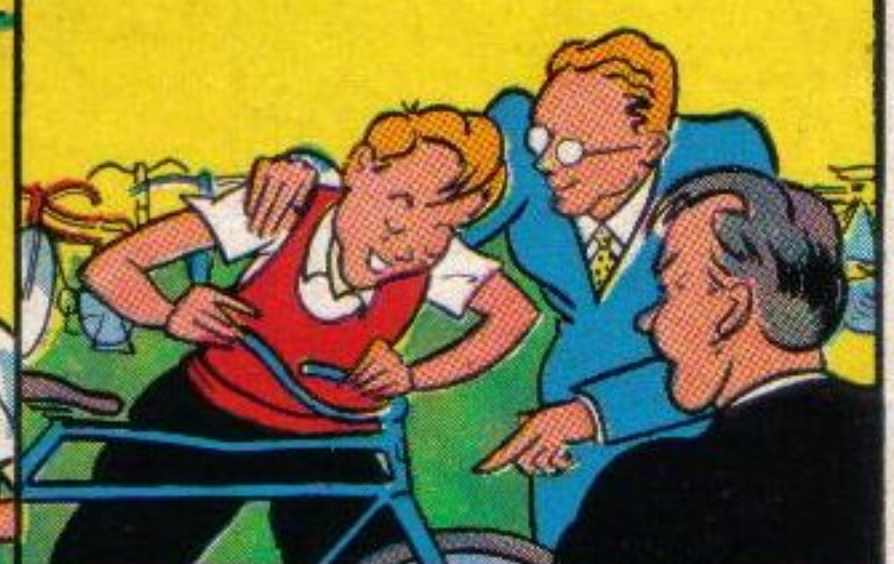
A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER  
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,  
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,  
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,  
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,  
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,  
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,  
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —  
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



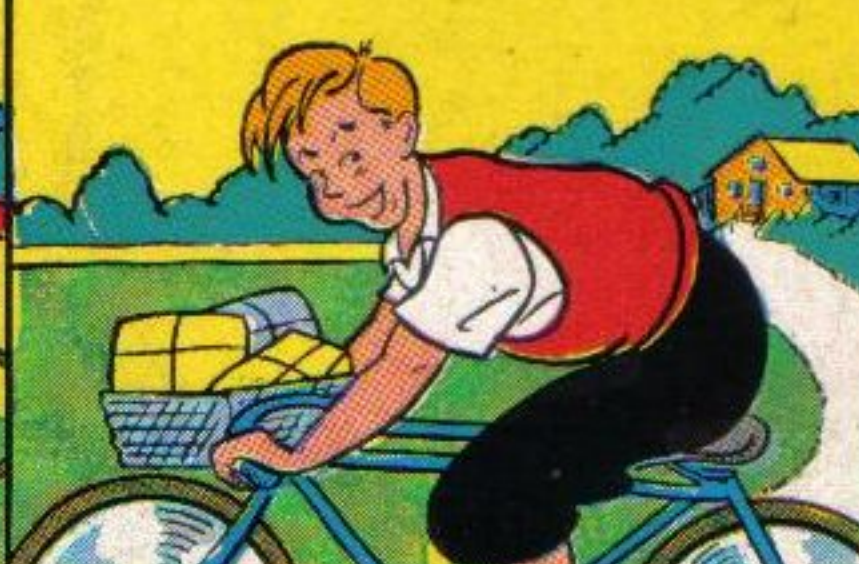
THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,  
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,  
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —  
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,  
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,  
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON  
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —  
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,  
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!

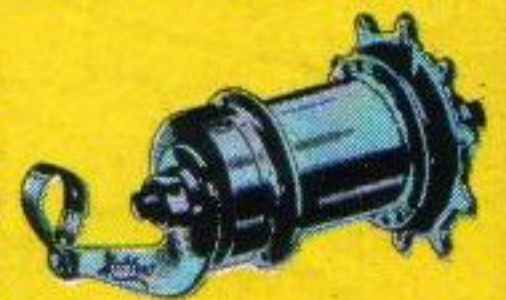


IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —  
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSE —  
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,  
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,  
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



**Make sure your new bike  
has a MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE**

Famous for 40  
years! Quick stop-  
ping, easy pedal-  
ing, long coasting;  
more ball bear-  
ings (31) than any  
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a  
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



**ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION**  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • Elmira, New York



# THE DOLL MAN

HEADLESS BODIES ARE DISCOVERED ALONG THE BANKS OF A LONELY RIVER. THE POLICE ARE MYSTIFIED, BUT DARREL DANE DETERMINES TO UNMASK THE MURDERER.....

THE DOLL MAN IS NEXT!

MY COLLECTION WILL NOT BE COMPLETE UNTIL I HAVE THE DOLL MAN... I KNOW HIS TRUE IDENTITY... HE IS DARREL DANE!

By William Erwin Maxwell

DANE IS SEARCHING THE RIVER, NOW. GO AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME!

DARREL DANE AND PROFESSOR ROBERTS SCOUR THE BANKS OF THE RIVER...

AFTER MANY HOURS...

WE'RE JUST WHERE WE STARTED! THE FEW CLUES WE'VE FOUND WILL LEAD US NO FURTHER!

LOOKING FOR MISSING HEADS GENTLEMEN?

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!







SUDDENLY SENSING DANGER, DARREL WHIRLS ABOUT....



SO, YOU WANTED TO TRAP US!



WELL, WE'RE NOT MARKED AS YOUR VICTIMS YET!



DARREL!! THE ENTRANCE HAS CLOSED! WE'RE PRISONERS HERE!

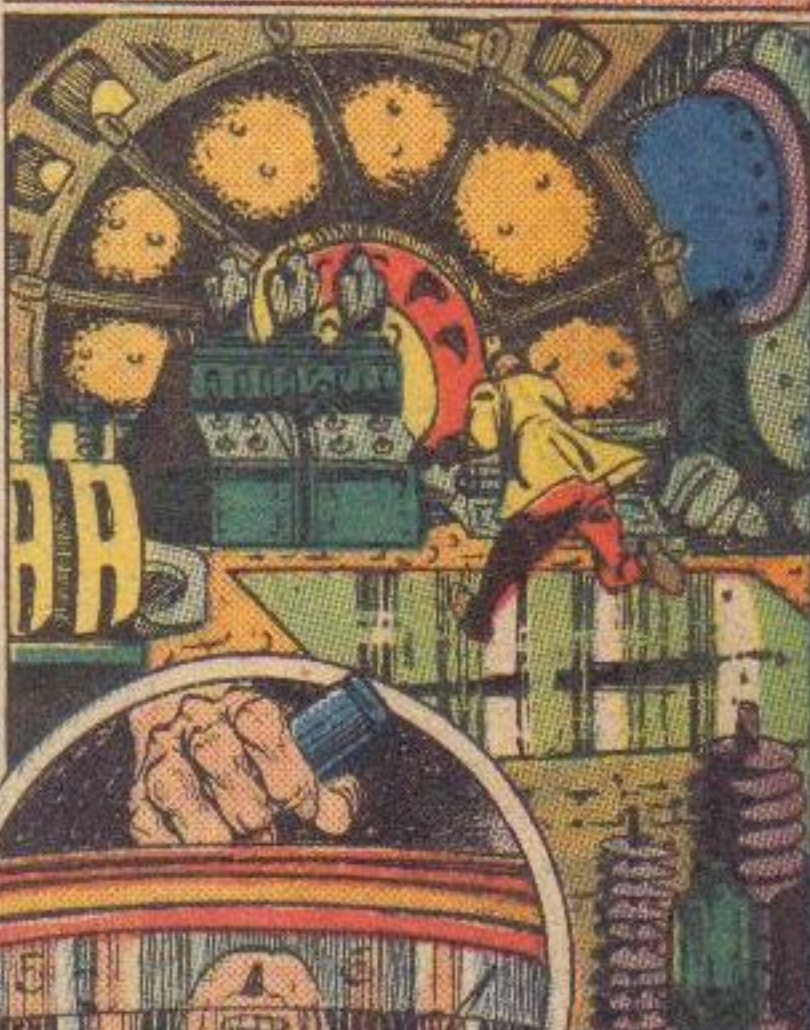
FRANTICALLY THEY SEARCH FOR A WAY OUT.



UNNOTICED, KREEPER SLIPS QUIETLY THROUGH A SECRET SLIDING PANEL...



DASHING TO A HUGE ELECTRO AIR PUMP, HE PULLS THE LEVER.



IMMEDIATELY THE AIR IS DRAWN THROUGH OPEN VENTS IN THE CEILING ABOVE DANE AND ROBERTS.....



HE'S TRYING TO SUFFOCATE US!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

A QUICK TRANSFORMATION, AND DARREL DANE BECOMES THE.....



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT!



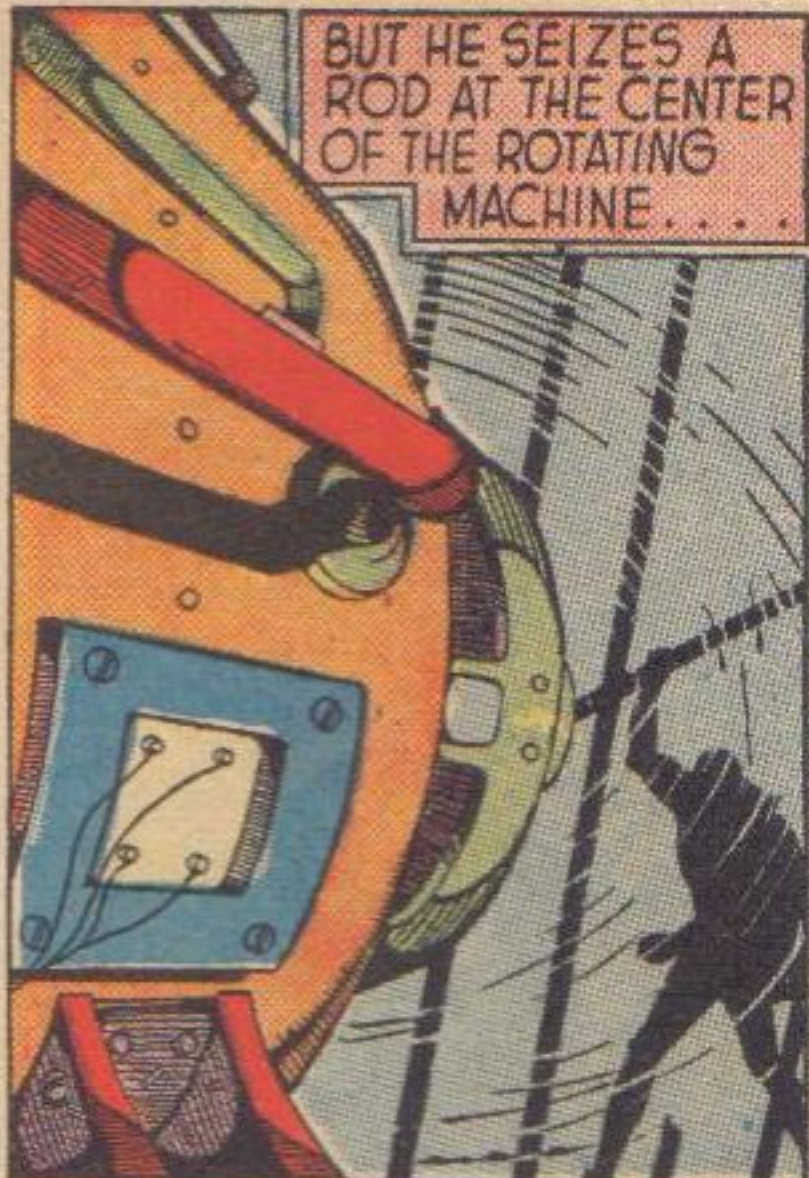
THROUGH THE AIR VENTS!



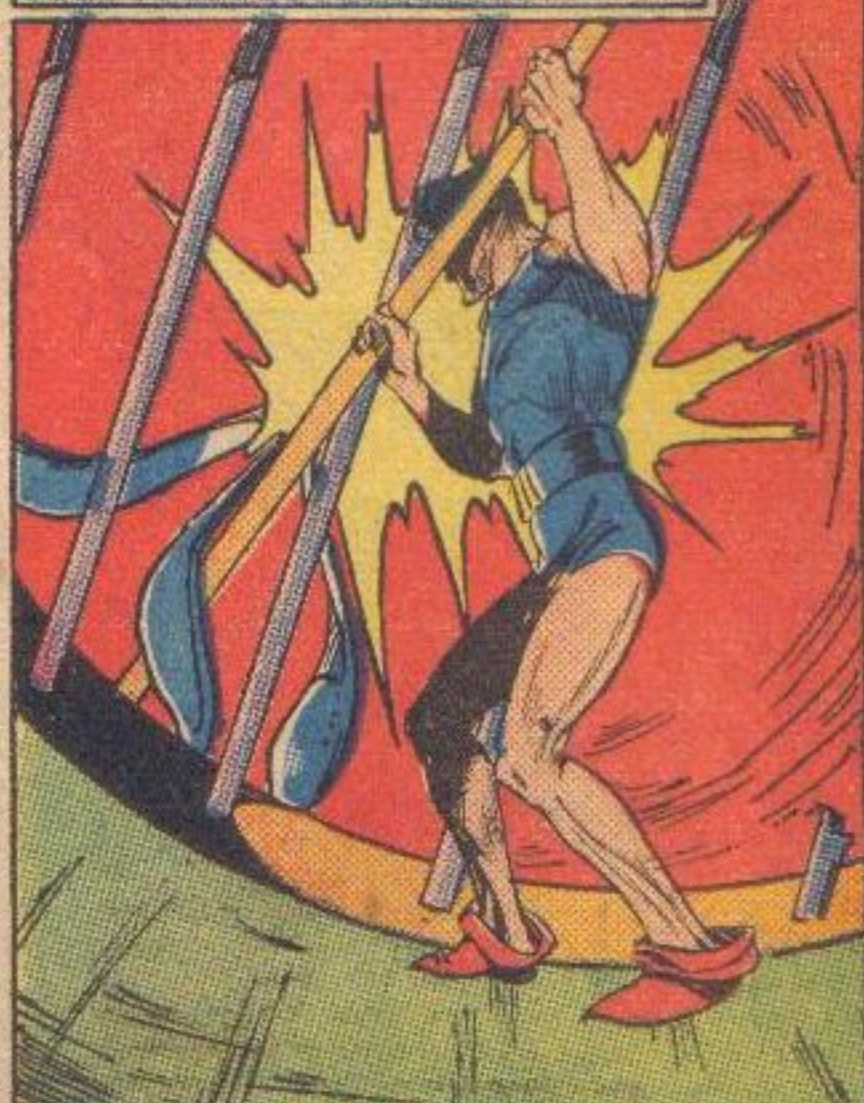
A WHIRLING FAN DRAWS THE DOLL MAN DANGEROUSLY NEAR ITS BLADES....



BUT HE SEIZES A ROD AT THE CENTER OF THE ROTATING MACHINE....



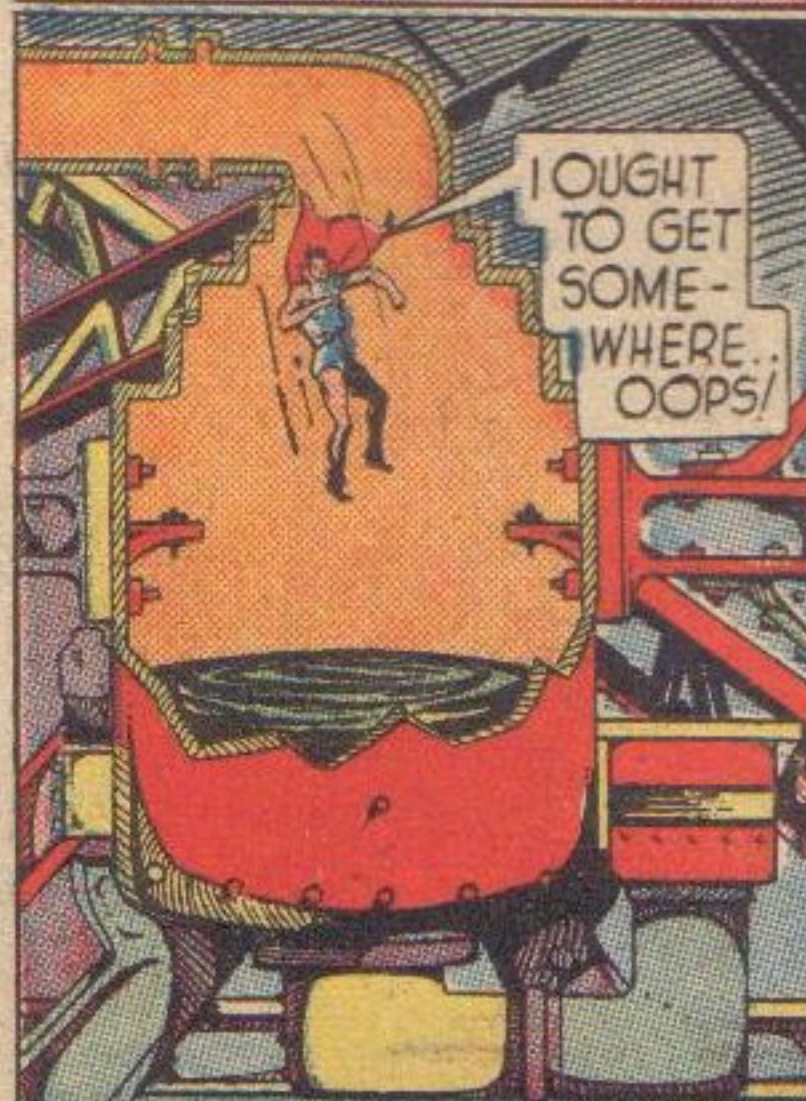
AND JAMS THE BLADES....



HE CLIMBS OVER THE INTRICATE MECHANISM...



THROUGH THE PIPES AND....



INTO A TANK OF FILTER WATER...



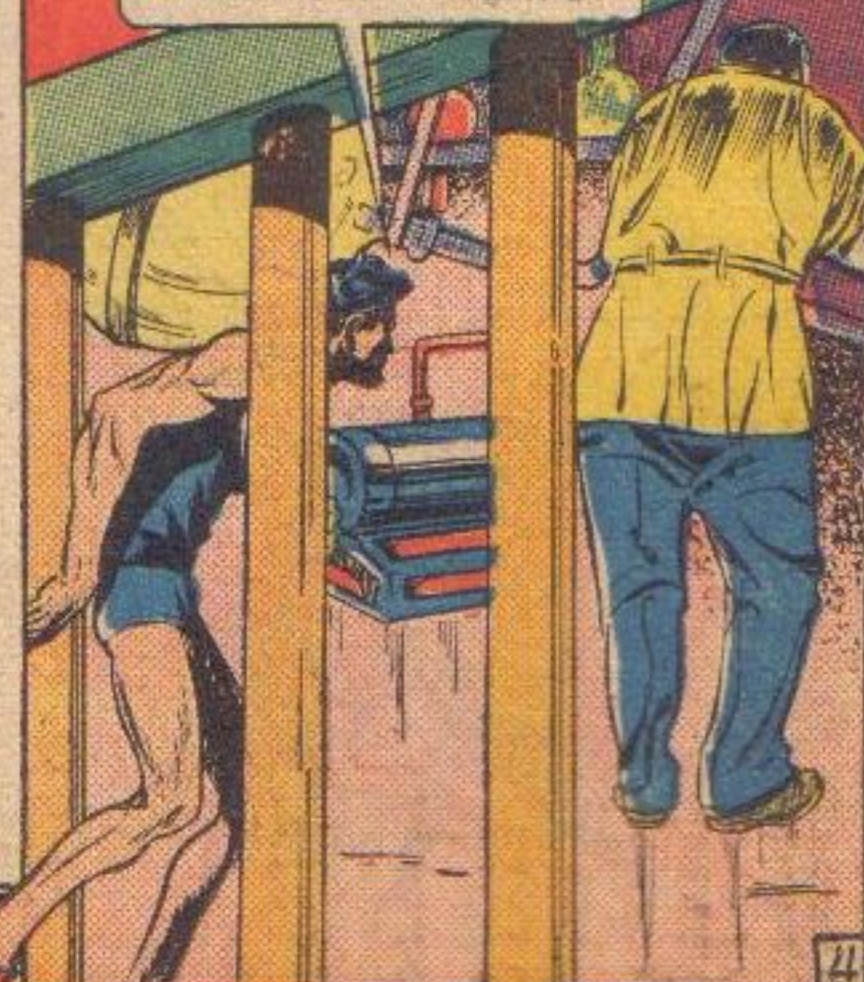
THIS MUST LEAD TO THAT LAB WE SAW!



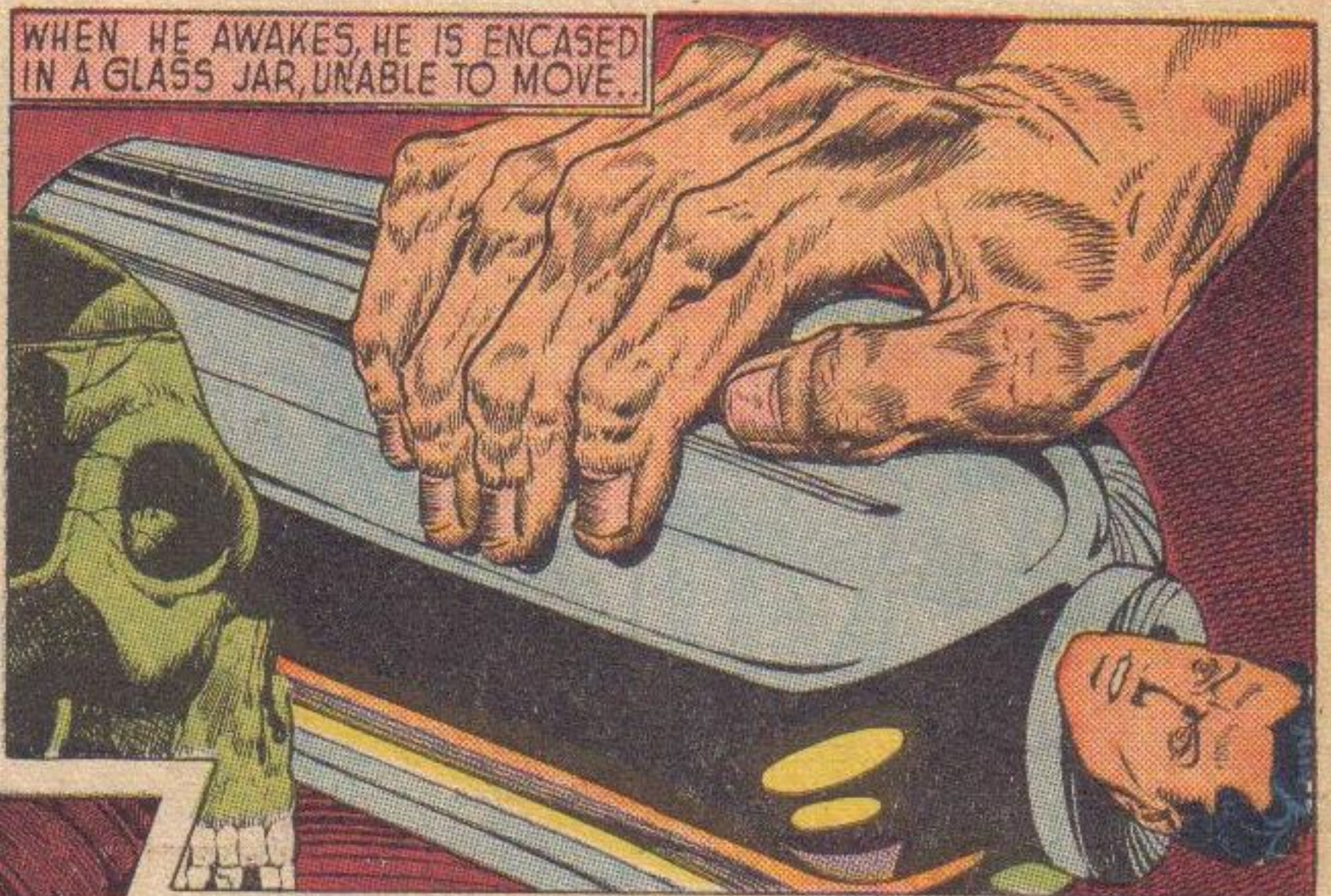
THE DOLL MAN DASHES TO THE GRATING AT THE BASE OF A HUGE STEEL DOOR....



HE DOESN'T LOOK AS VILLAINOUS AS KREEPER... PROBABLY A SLAVE!

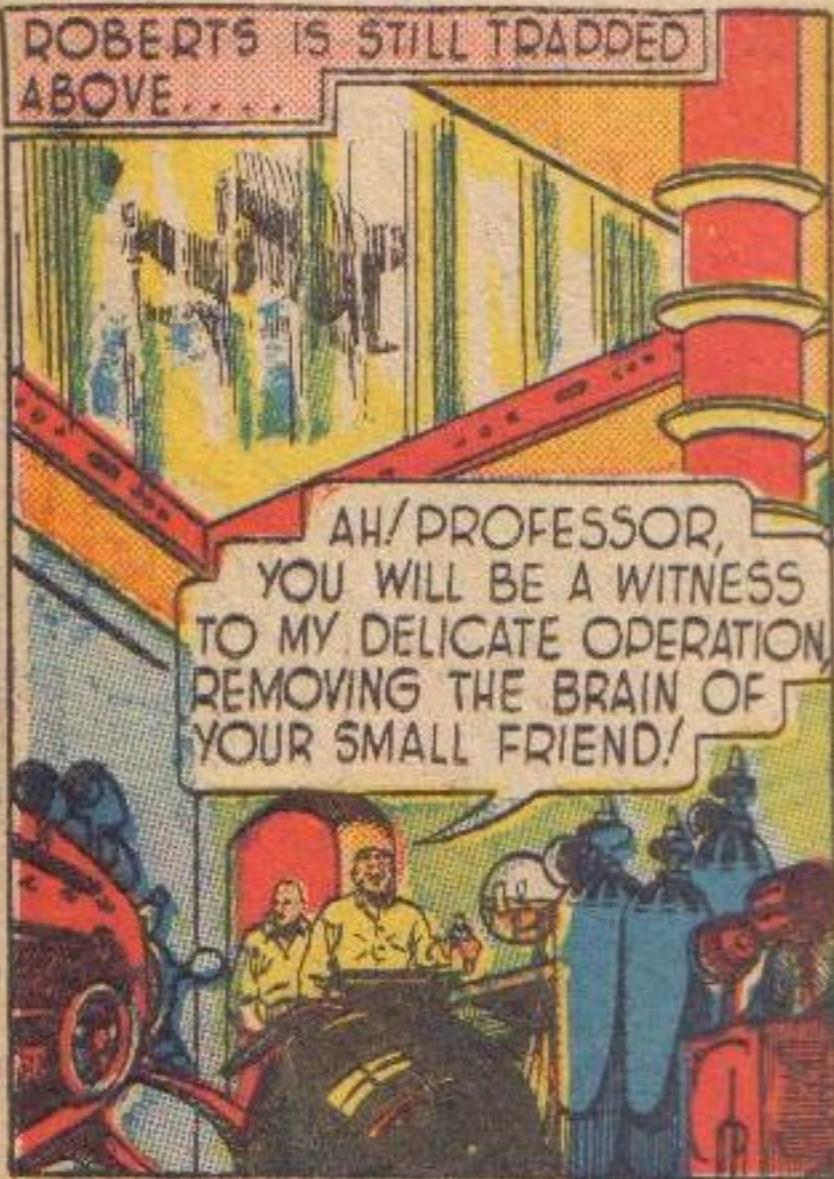








ROBERTS IS STILL TRAPPED  
ABOVE...

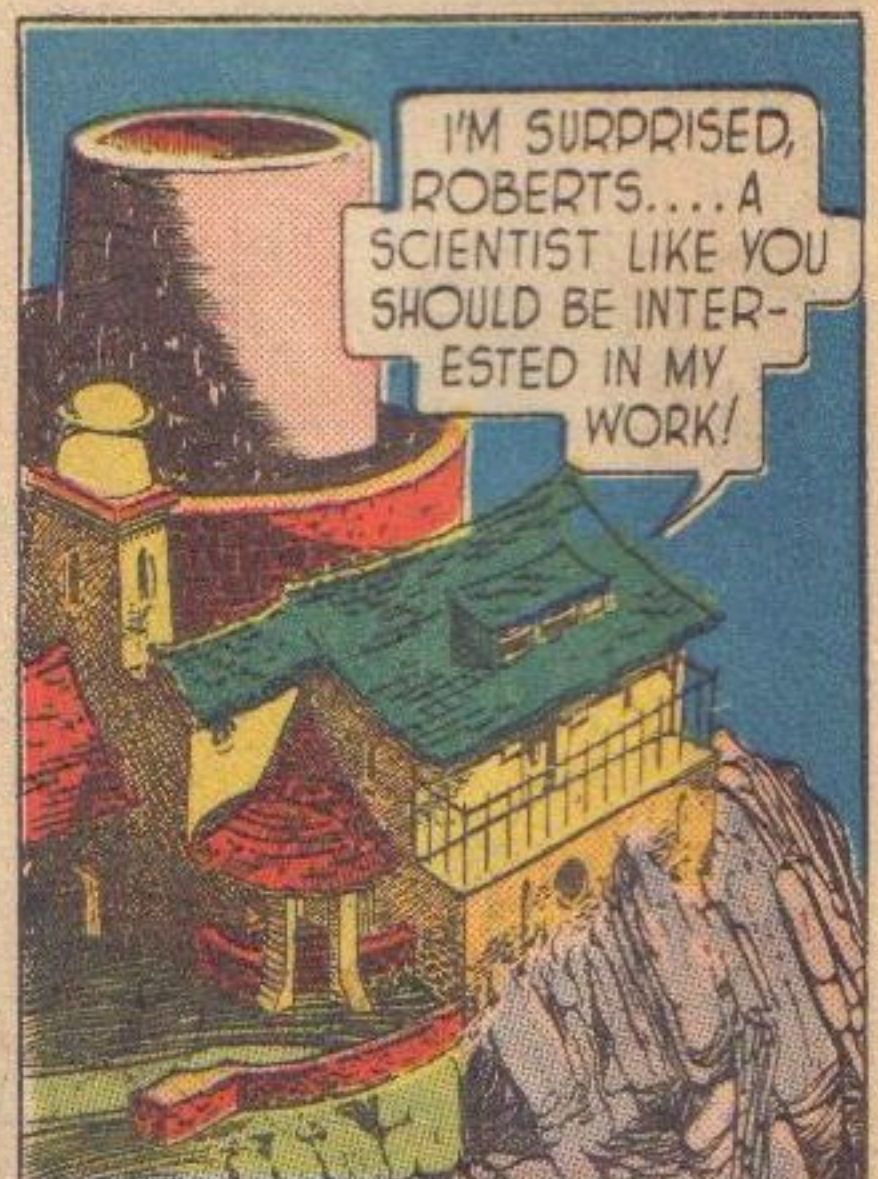


AH/PROFESSOR,  
YOU WILL BE A WITNESS  
TO MY DELICATE OPERATION  
REMOVING THE BRAIN OF  
YOUR SMALL FRIEND!

YOU  
INHUMAN  
FIEND!



I'M SURPRISED,  
ROBERTS.... A  
SCIENTIST LIKE YOU  
SHOULD BE INTER-  
ESTED IN MY  
WORK!

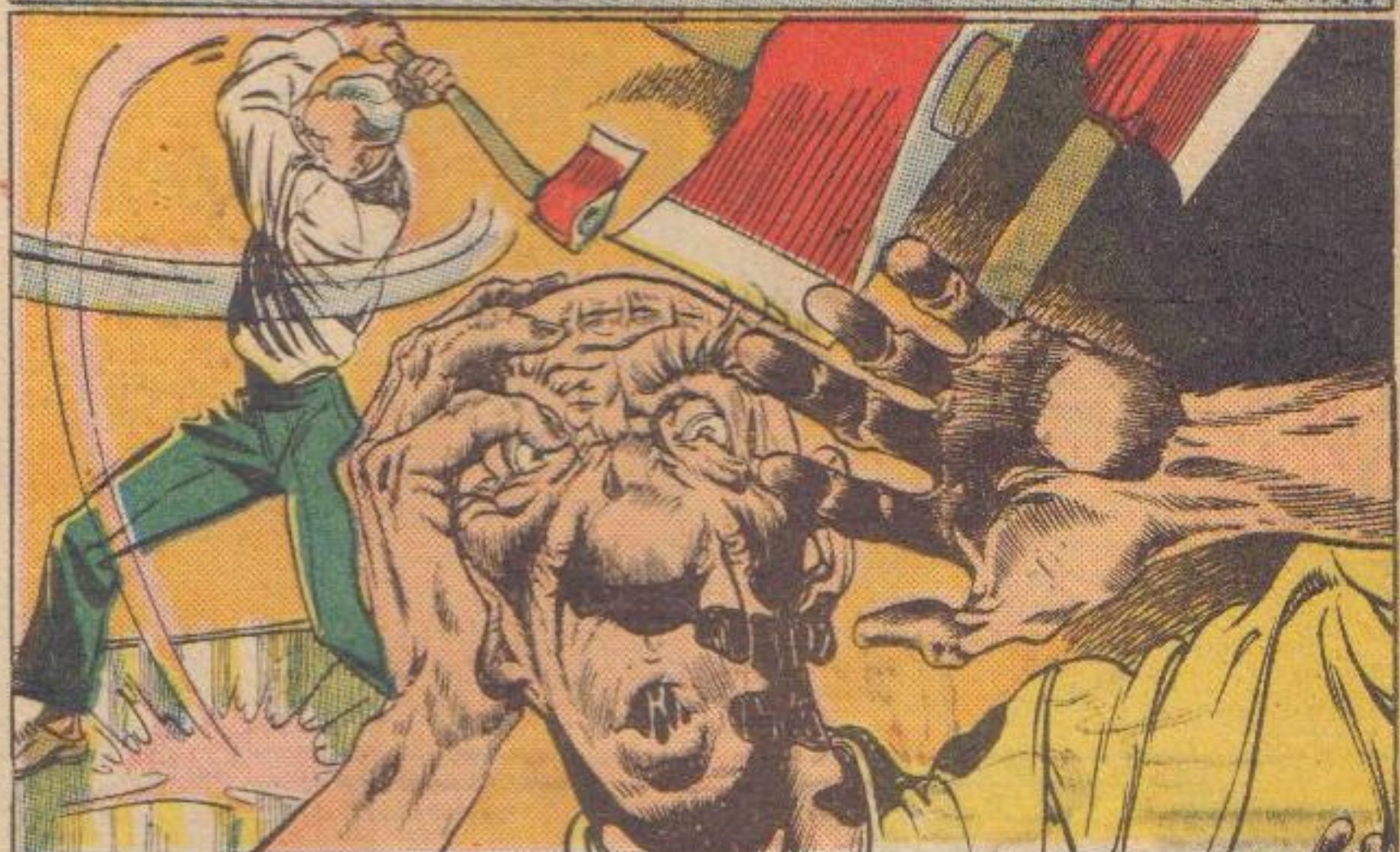


SUDDENLY ROBERTS FINDS THE AXE  
THAT KREEPER HAD DROPPED...



I'VE GOT TO GET  
THROUGH TO SAVE  
HIM!

THE GLASS FLOOR IS IMPENETRABLE, BUT THE CONSTANT POUNDING  
WAKES A GLIMMER OF REMEMBRANCE IN PYTHON'S SLAVE, KREEPER...



MADLY, HE LEAPS AT PYTHON!



YOU... YOU STOLE MY MIND..  
YOU'VE MADE ME A SLAVE!

ROBBER!  
MONSTER!  
I'LL KILL YOU..  
I'LL....



KREEPER BECOMES A  
TORNADO OF UNLEASHED  
FURY...





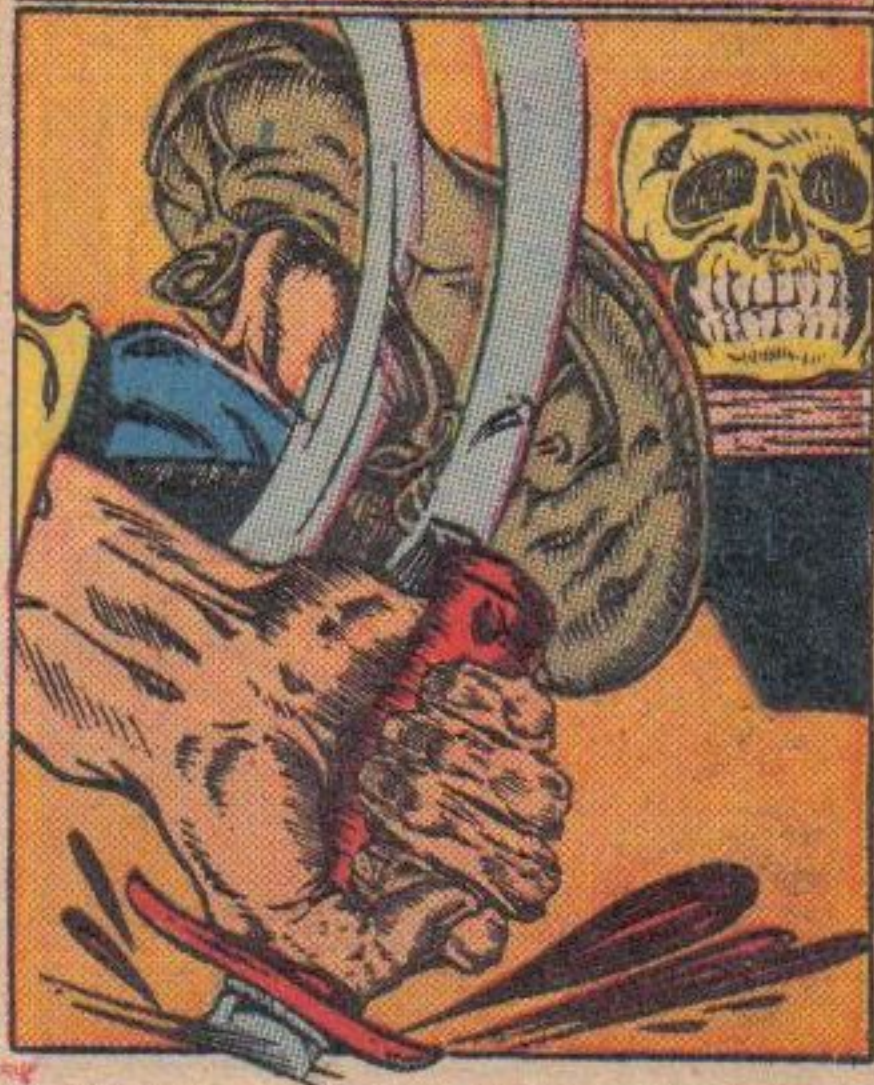
THE LABORATORY RESOUNDS WITH INFURIATED CRIES AND CURSES...



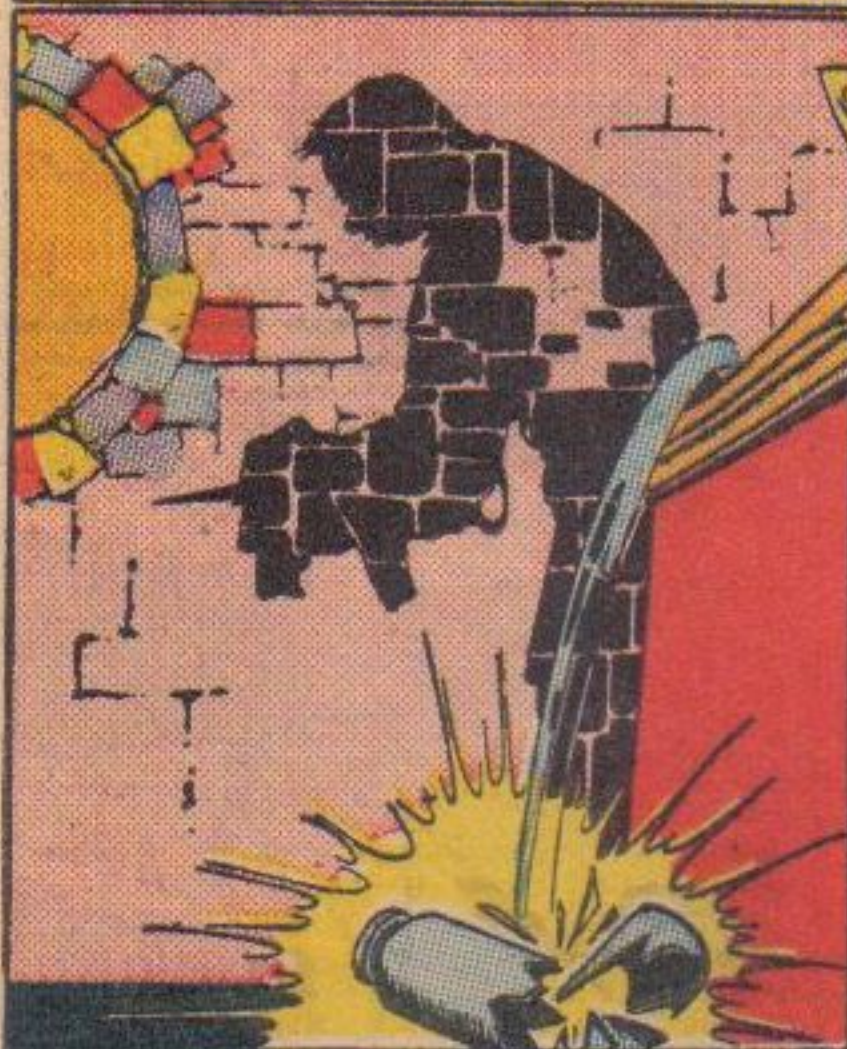
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES, THE DOLL MAN SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEMPT AN ESCAPE...



KREEDER MEETS HIS DOOM AS THE KNIFE PLUNGES THROUGH HIS HEART!



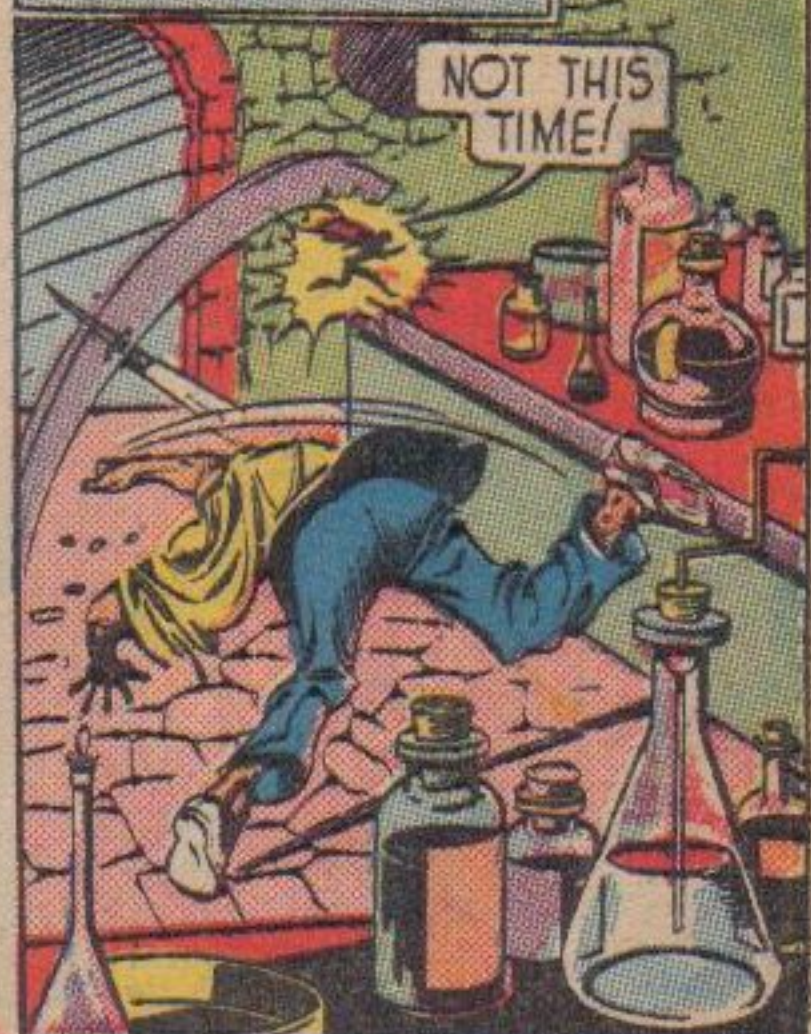
DR. PYTHON DOES NOT HEAR THE SMASH OF GLASS BEHIND HIM, UNTIL...



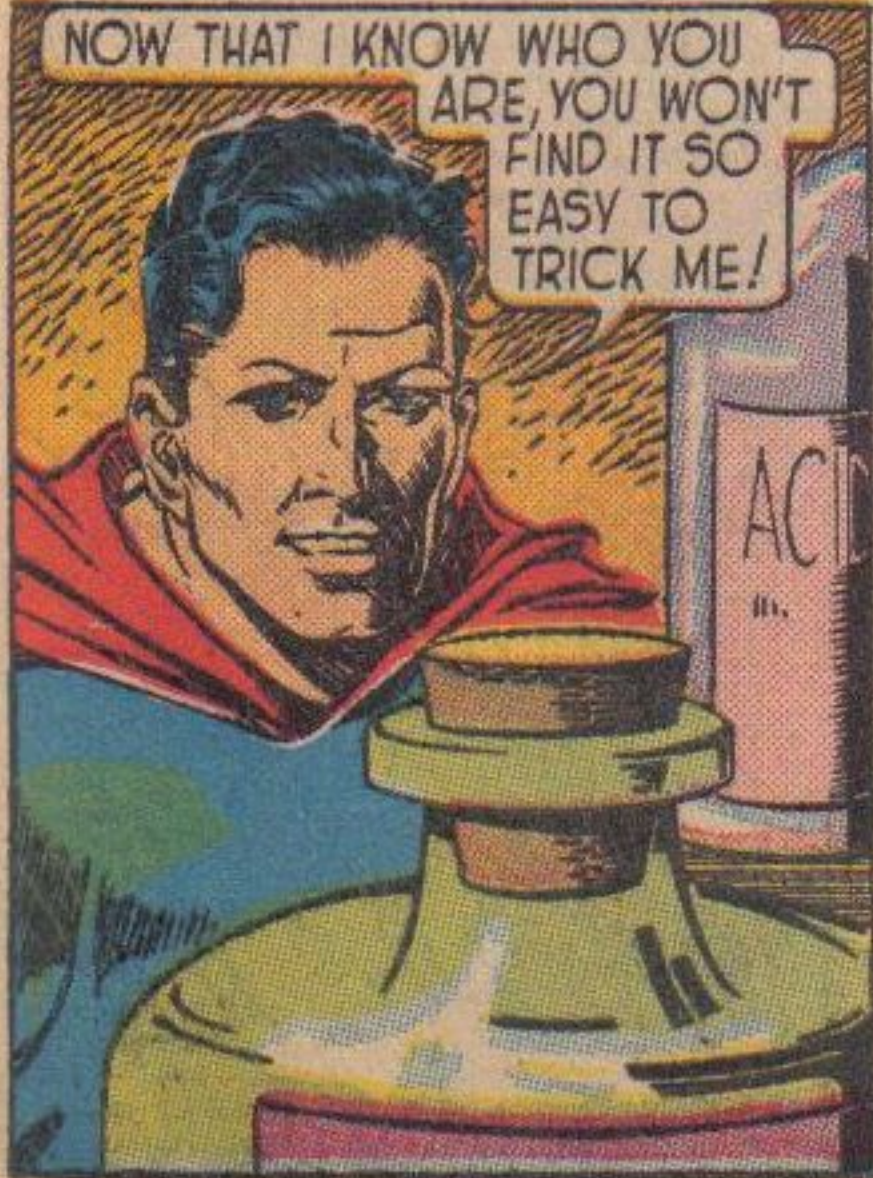
YOUR FIENDISH EXPERIMENT HAS COME TO AN END, DOCTOR!



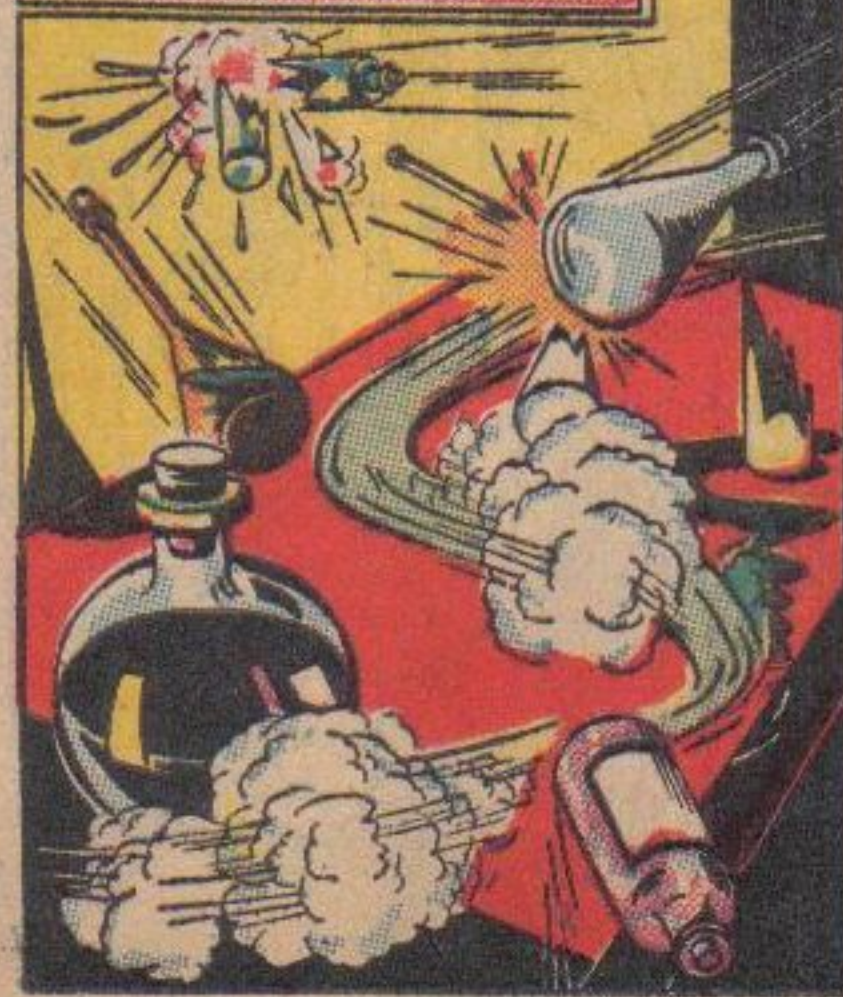
IN SUDDEN FURY, THE DOCTOR HURLS HIS BLADE...



NOW THAT I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU WON'T FIND IT SO EASY TO TRICK ME!



A RAIN OF BOTTLES SENDS A SHOWER OF BROKEN GLASS ABOUT THE ROOM...



THAT'S A NASTY DISPLAY OF TEMPER!





ROUSED TO A TERRIBLE PITCH OF ANGER, PYTHON REACHES FOR A VIAL OF BUBBLING FLUID...



AS IT SPATTERS AGAINST THE WALL, THE ROOM BURSTS INTO FLAMES.



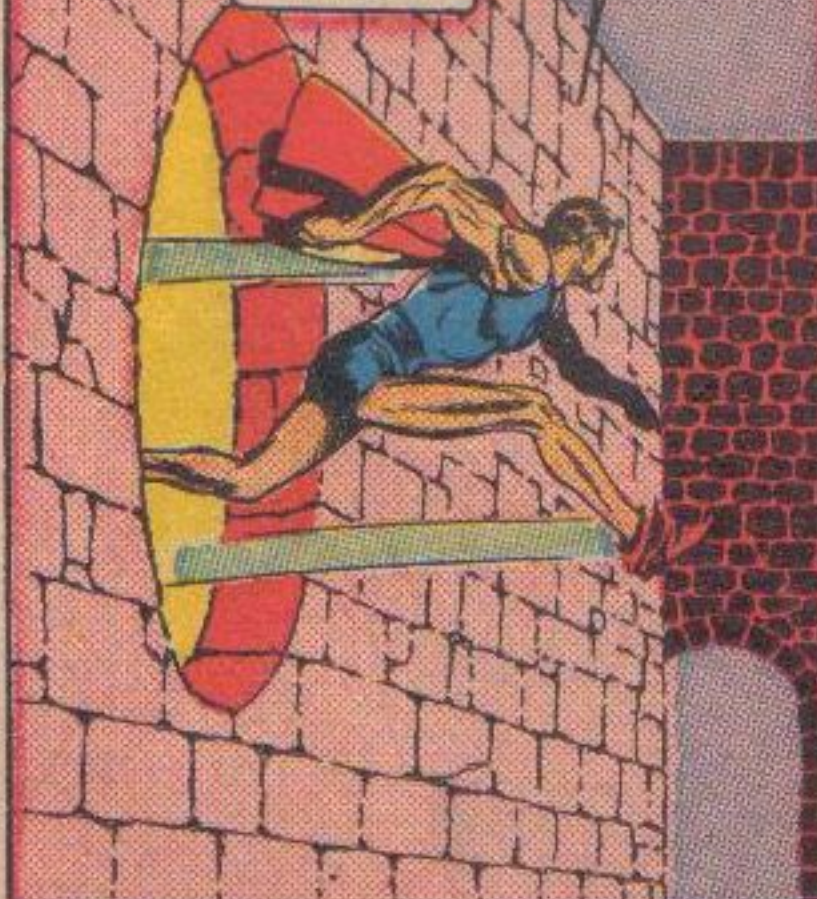
DANCING TONGUES OF FIRE LICK THE DOCTOR'S CLOTHING...



SHRIEKING IN TERRORIZED AGONY, HE RACES FROM THE BURNING BUILDING...



I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY... HE'LL SET THE WOODS ON FIRE...



LIKE A HUMAN TORCH, THE DOCTOR BLAZES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE...



SUDDENLY...



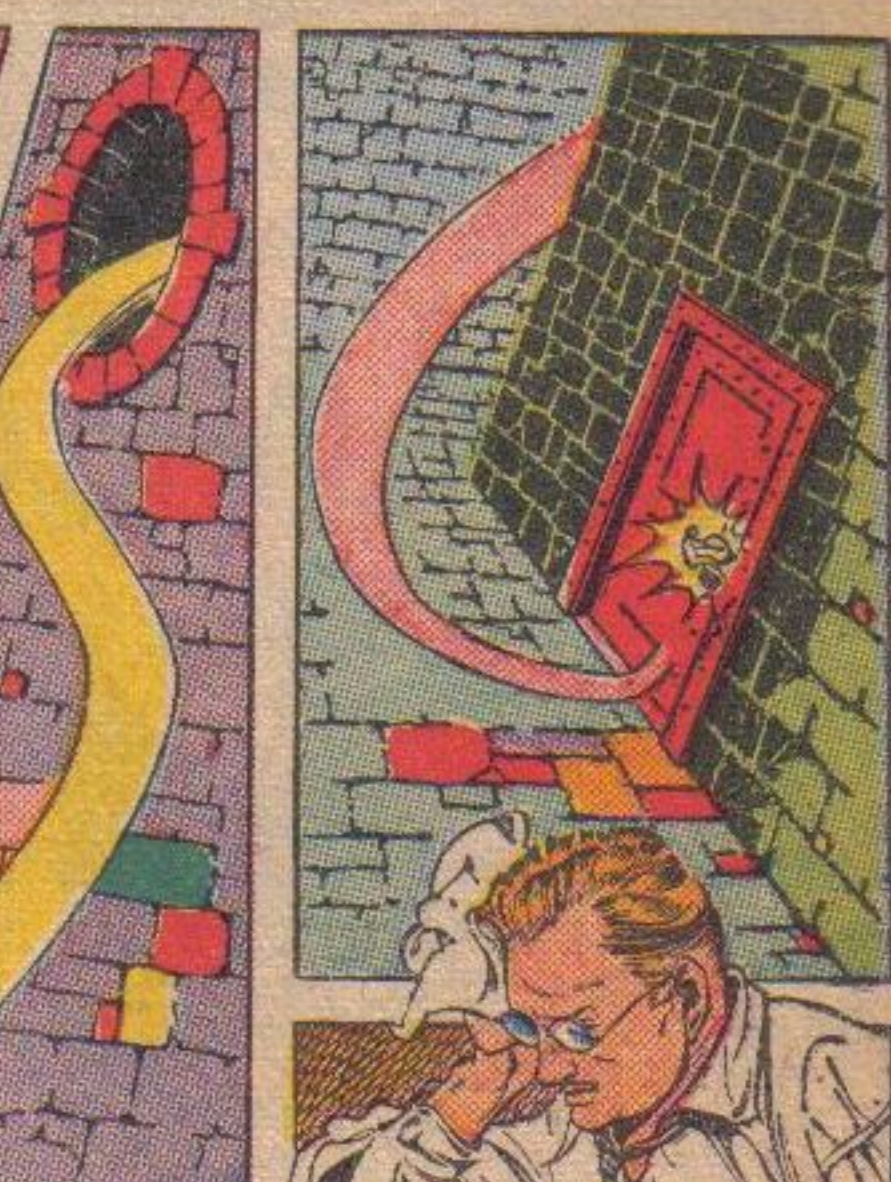
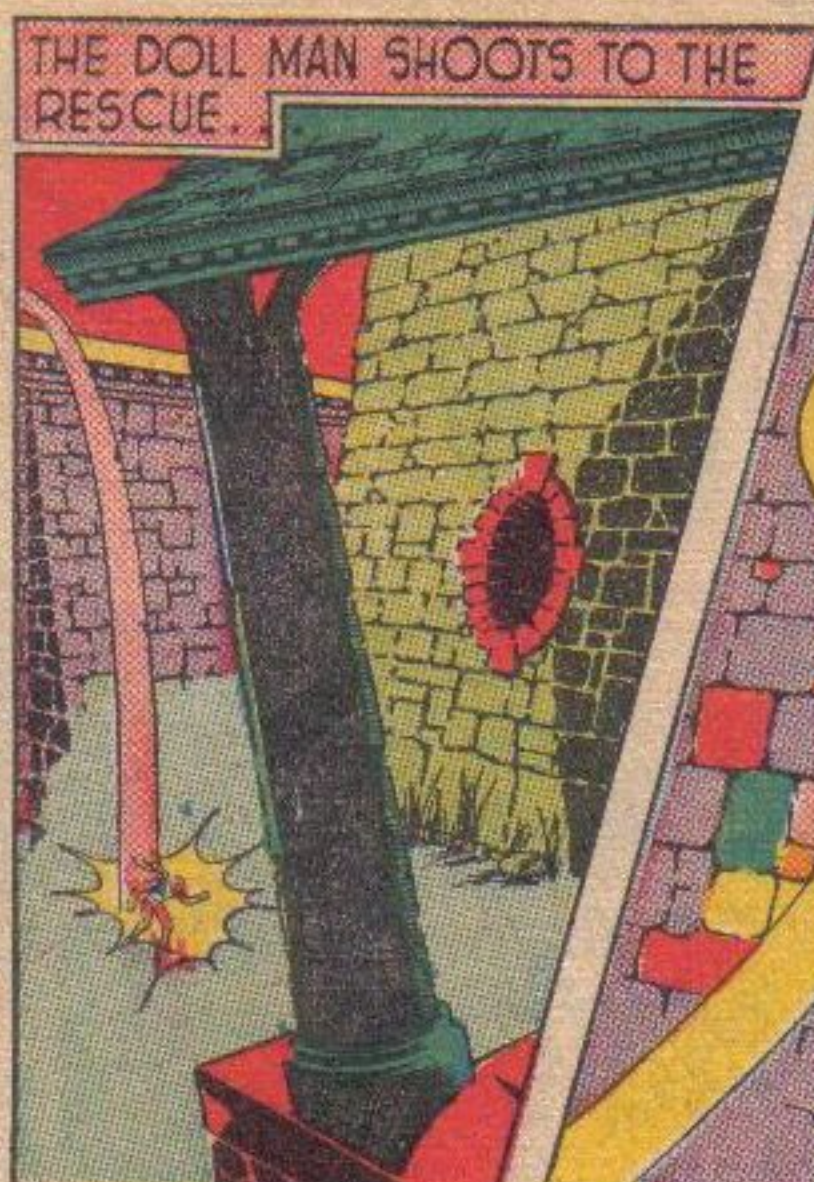
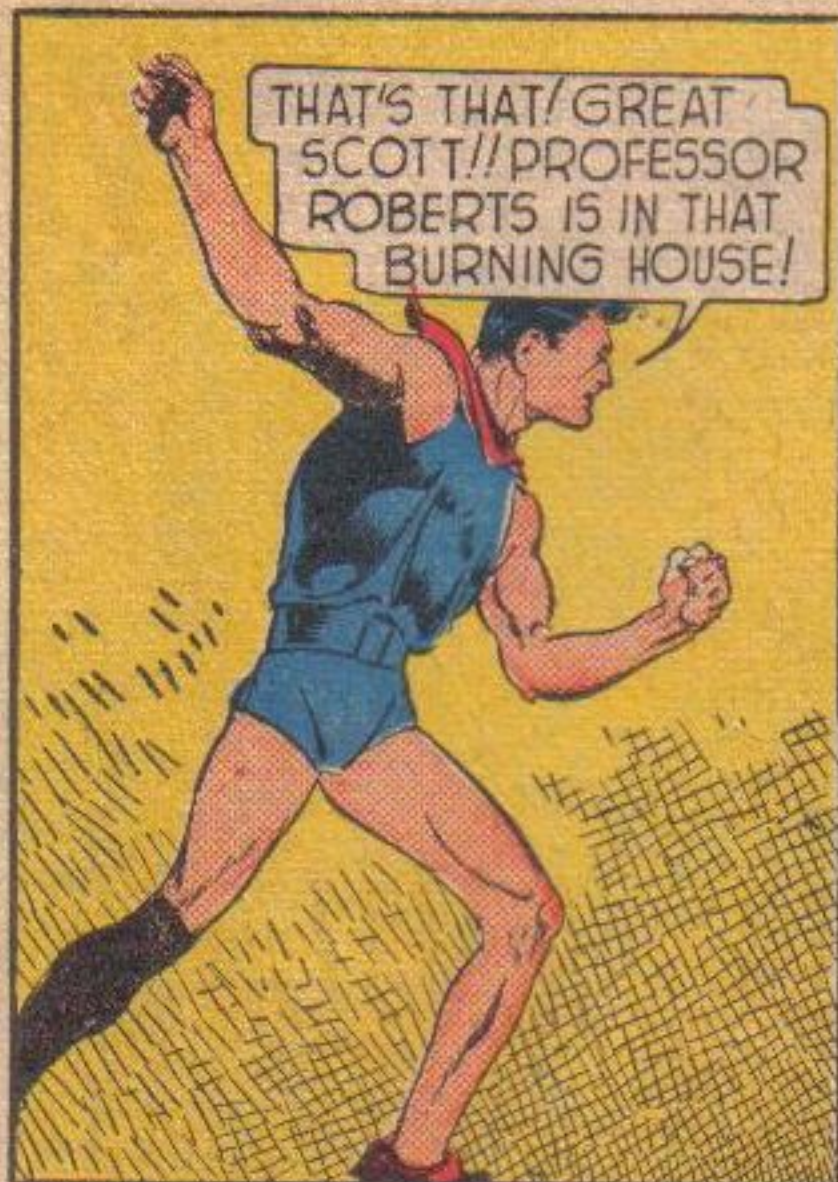
HE STAGGERS AND DROPS...



DOWN TO THE GLISTENING STREAM AND THE ROCKS BELOW...



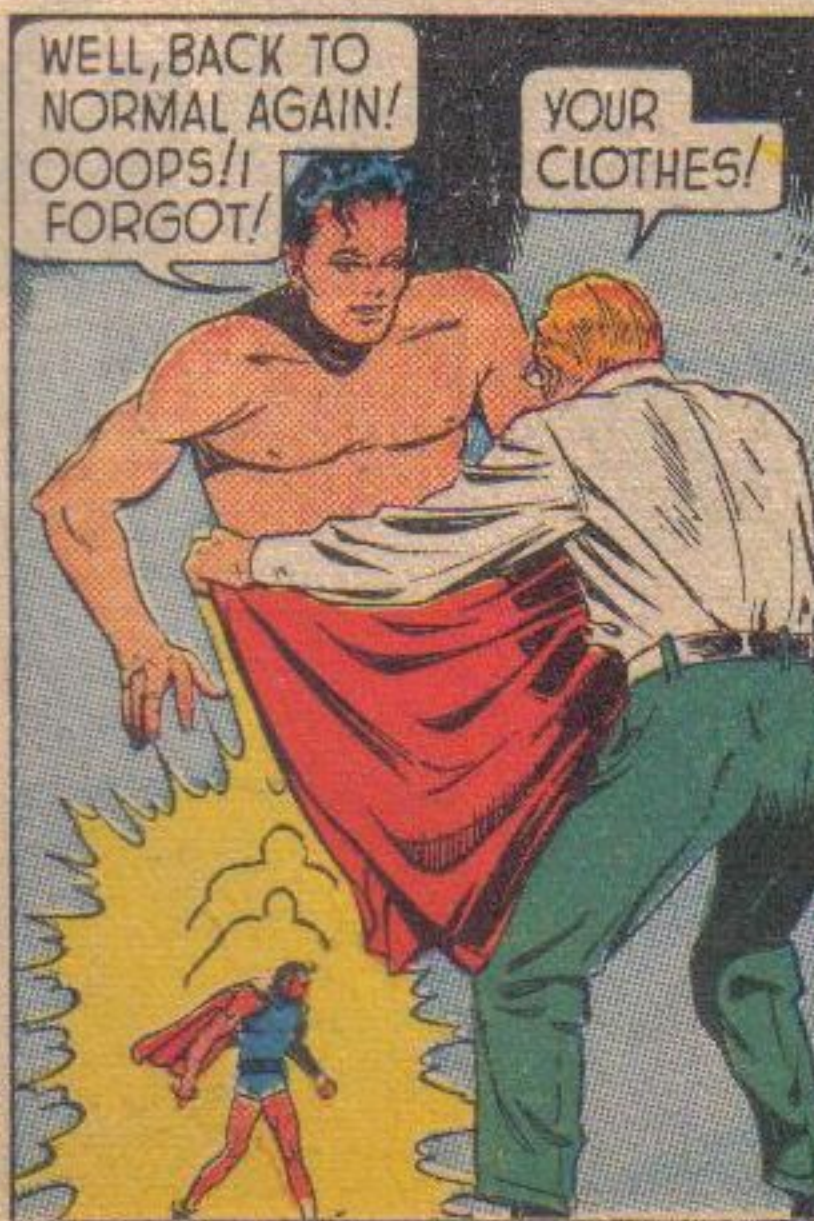
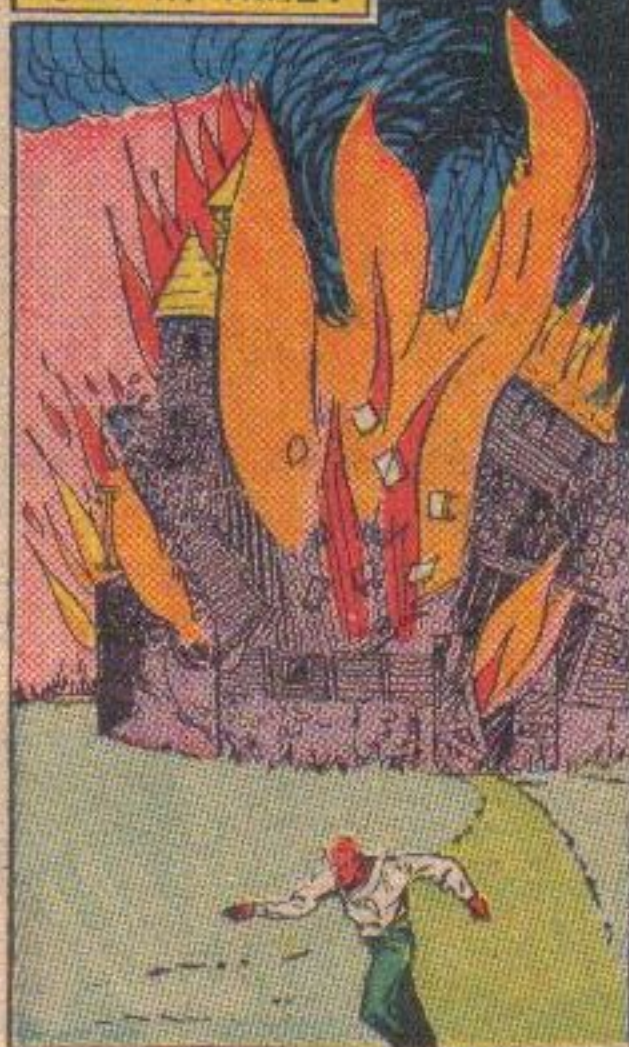




HE RELEASES THE TRAPPED MAN...



JUST IN TIME!





# RANCE KEANE

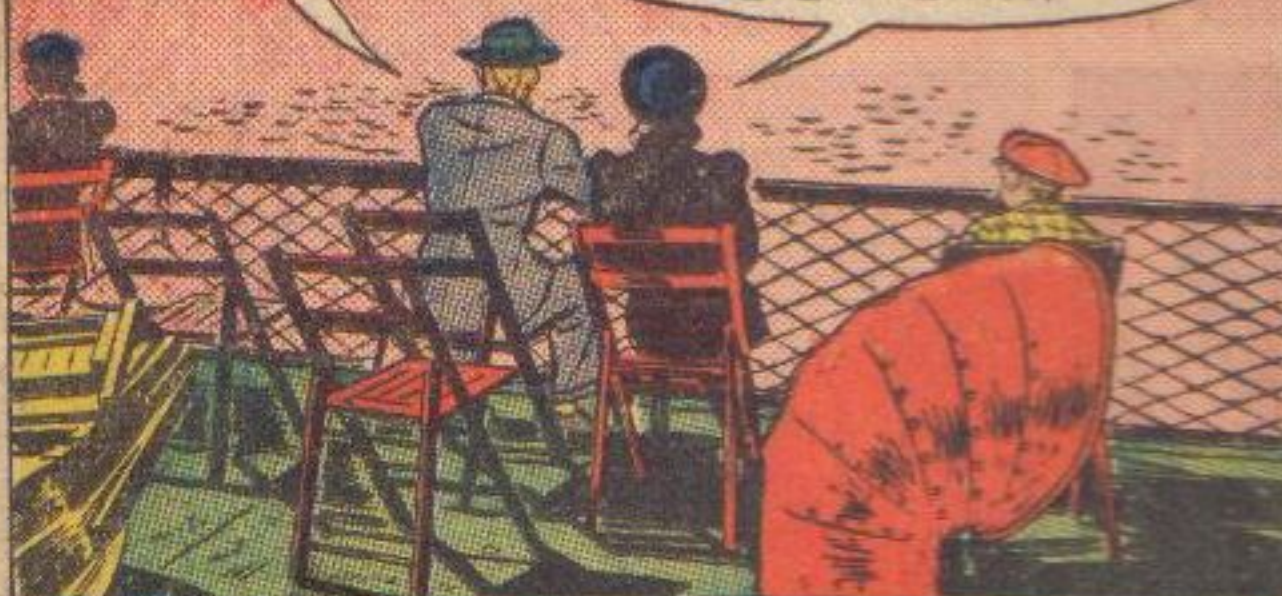
By  
Will Arthur

AFTER A FINE CHOP SUEY DINNER IN CHINATOWN, LOLA PRITCHARD TAKES RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE LEE SIGHTSEEING TO THE STATUE OF LIBERTY OUT IN NEW YORK'S BUSY HARBOR..... ON THEIR WAY BACK.....



I DON'T SAVVY HOW IT'S STILL SO LIGHT SO LONG AFTER SUPPER, LOLA.....

NEW YORK'S ON DAYLIGHT-SAVING, RANCE, AN HOUR AHEAD OF STANDARD TIME. IT GIVES US AN EXTRA HOUR OF LIGHT IN THE EVENING.....



GEE, AIN'T RANCE AND LOLA CHUMMY THOUGH? I COULDN'T WISHT NOTHIN' BETTER FER RANCE THAN T' HAVE LOLA FOR A STEADY GIRL.... ONLY I WISHT I HAD HER MYSELF.....



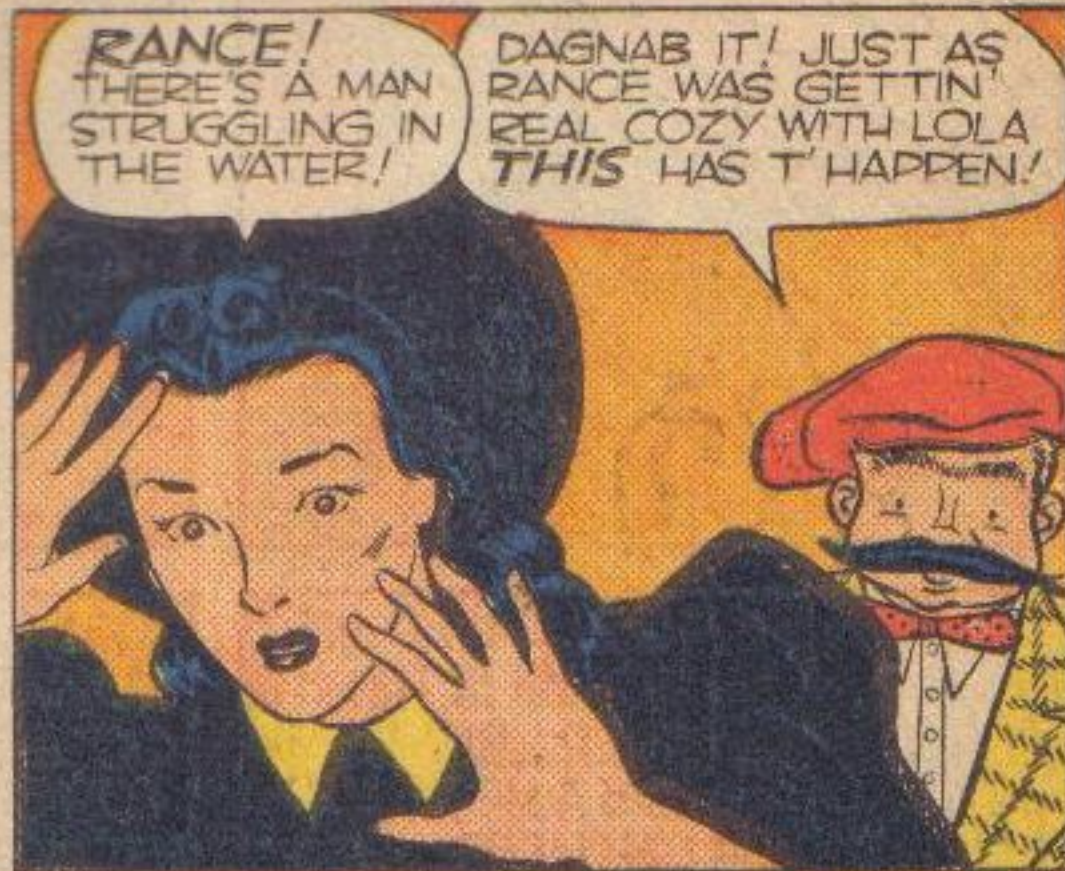
ON THE DECK BELOW A TRAGIC FIGURE COWERS ALONE BY THE RAIL OF THIS SAME BOAT THAT IS TAKING OUR FRIENDS BACK TO MANHATTAN ISLAND.....

I CAN'T FACE THE DISGRACE... IT'LL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS. I'LL BE SENT TO PRISON... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT!!



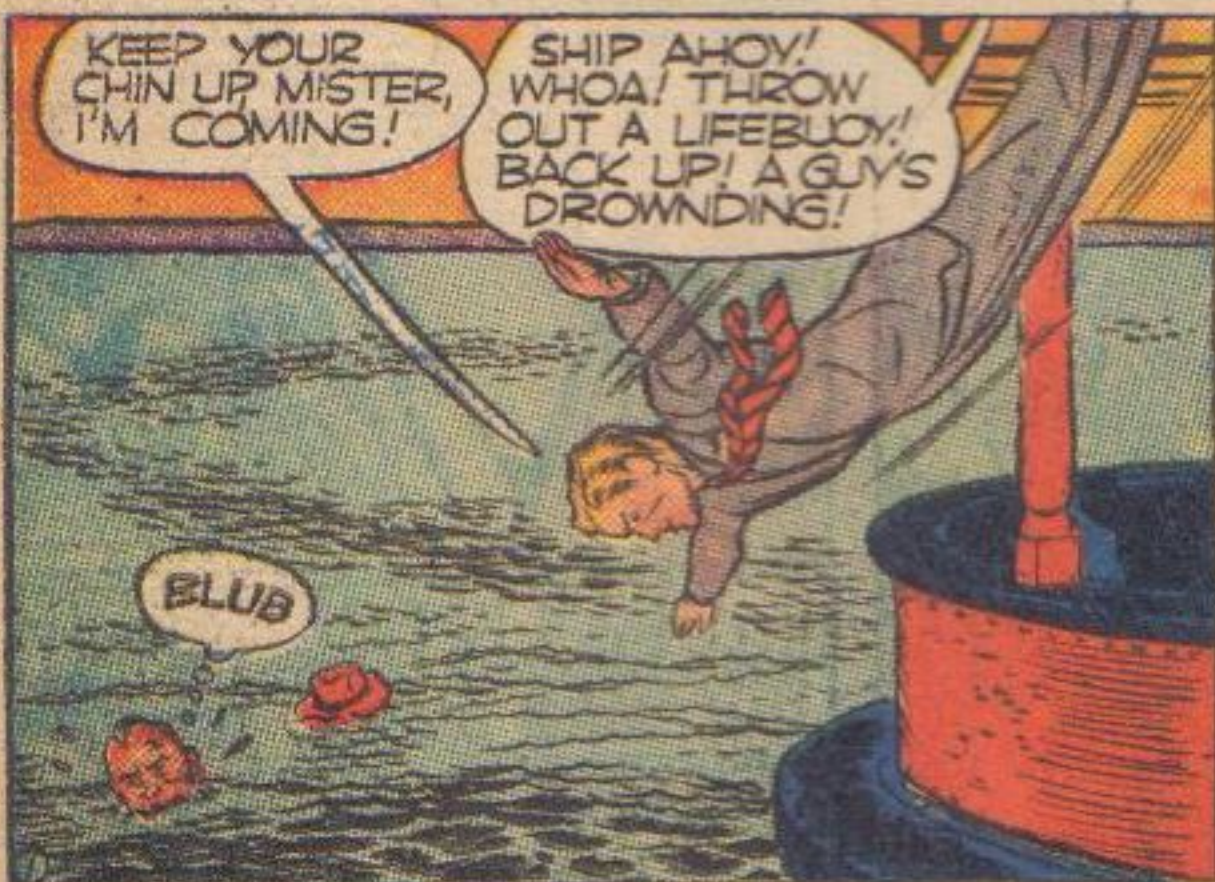
RANCE! THERE'S A MAN STRUGGLING IN THE WATER!

DAGNAB IT! JUST AS RANCE WAS GETTIN' REAL COZY WITH LOLA THIS HAS T' HAPPEN!



KEEP YOUR CHIN UP MISTER, I'M COMING!

SHIP AHOY! WHOA! THROW OUT A LIFEBUOY! BACK UP! A GUY'S DROWNDING!

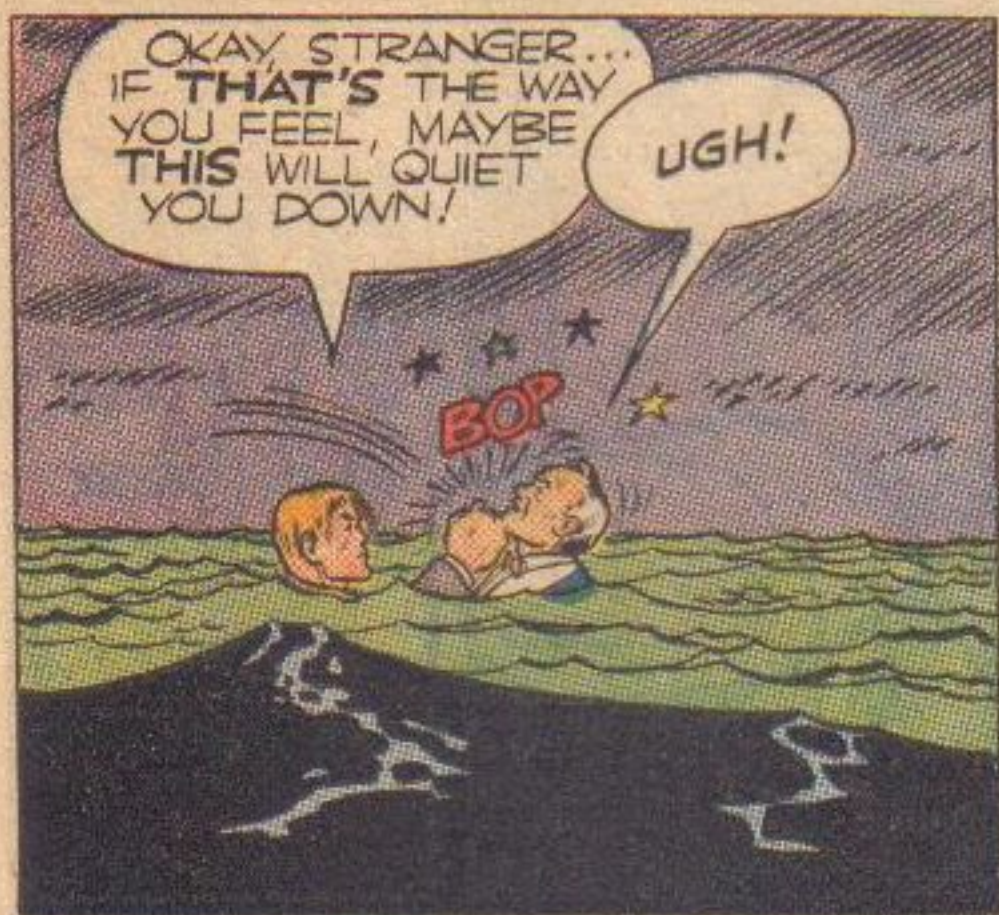


TAKE IT EASY, STRANGER!

LET ME GO! I WANT TO DIE!



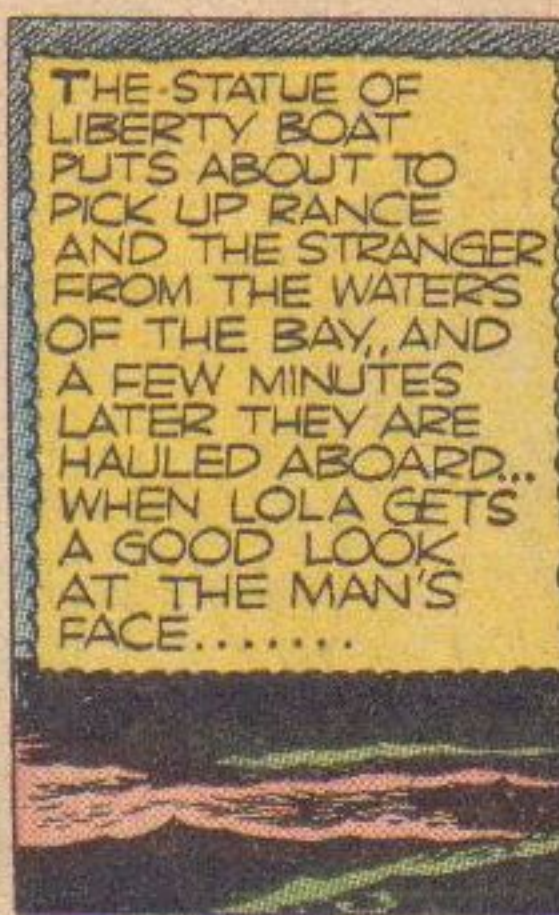




OKAY, STRANGER... IF **THAT'S** THE WAY YOU FEEL, MAYBE **THIS** WILL QUIET YOU DOWN!

UGH!

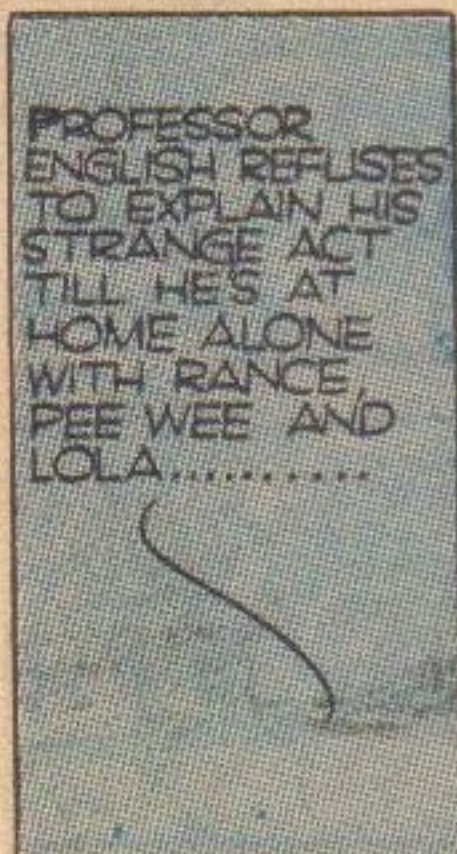
BOP!



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY BOAT PUTS ABOUT TO PICK UP RANCE AND THE STRANGER FROM THE WATERS OF THE BAY, AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY ARE HAULED ABOARD... WHEN LOLA GETS A GOOD LOOK AT THE MAN'S FACE.....



GOODNESS GRACIOUS PEE WEE! THE MAN RANCE SAVED IS PROFESSOR ENGLISH, FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT AT ARNOLD UNIVERSITY!



PROFESSOR ENGLISH REFUSES TO EXPLAIN HIS STRANGE ACT TILL HE'S AT HOME ALONE WITH RANCE, PEE WEE AND LOLA.....

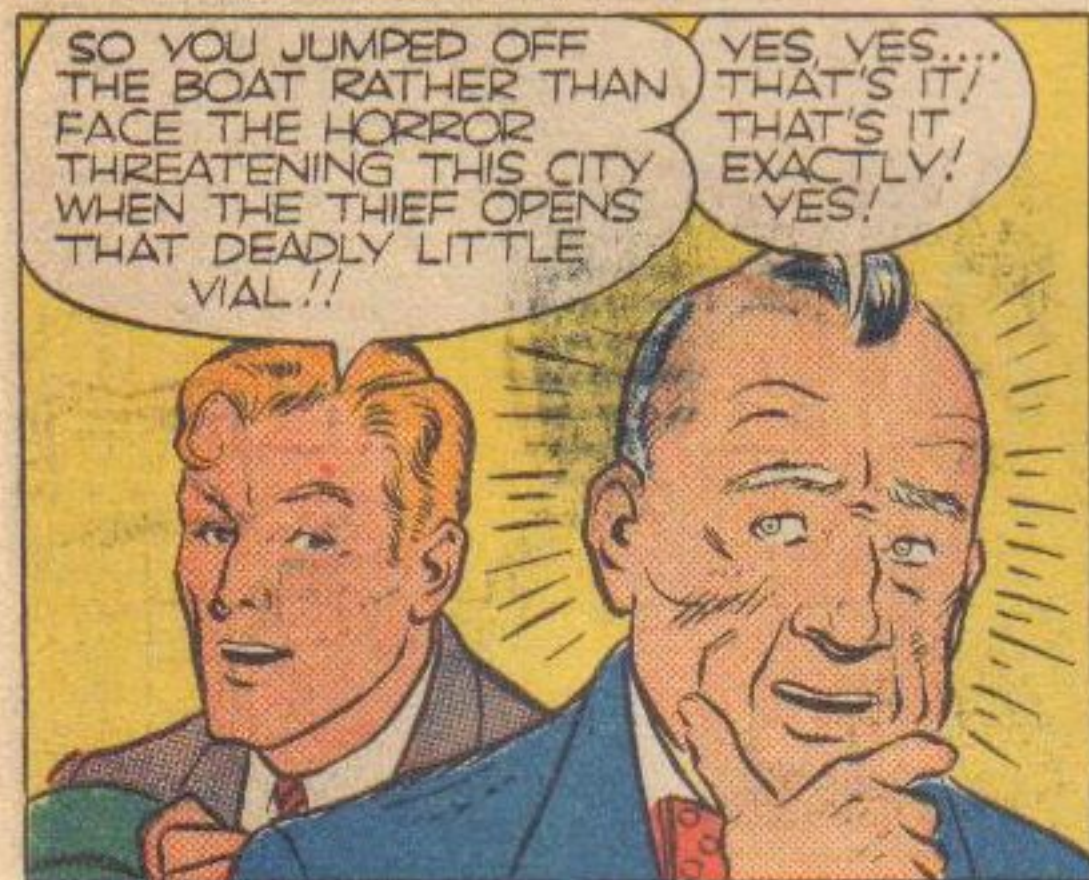


I'M SORRY TO BE SO INSISTENT, PROFESSOR, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL US YOU FELL FROM THE BOAT BECAUSE MR. LEE HERE SAW YOU JUMP!

AN' THAT'S WHAT I'M GONNA TELL TH' NEWSPAPERS UNLESS YOU TELL US TH' TRUTH!

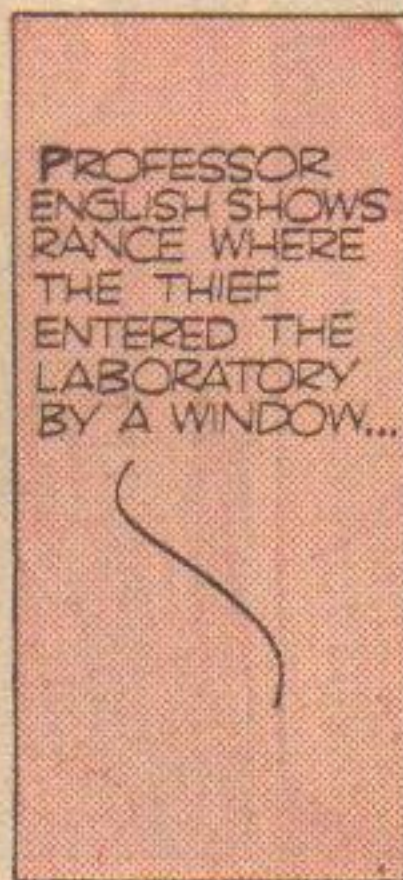


ALL RIGHT, I'LL EXPLAIN... I'M A BIOCHEMIST. I'VE DISCOVERED A POWERFUL ANTI-CANCER SERUM, BUT IN THE WRONG HANDS THAT SERUM IS A DEADLY MENACE AND IT HAS BEEN **STOLEN**!



SO YOU JUMPED OFF THE BOAT RATHER THAN FACE THE HORROR THREATENING THIS CITY WHEN THE THIEF OPENS THAT DEADLY LITTLE VIAL!!

YES, YES... THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT EXACTLY! YES!



PROFESSOR ENGLISH SHOWS RANCE WHERE THE THIEF ENTERED THE LABORATORY BY A WINDOW...



HERE IS WHERE THE THIEF JIMMIED THE WINDOW TO GET IN.....

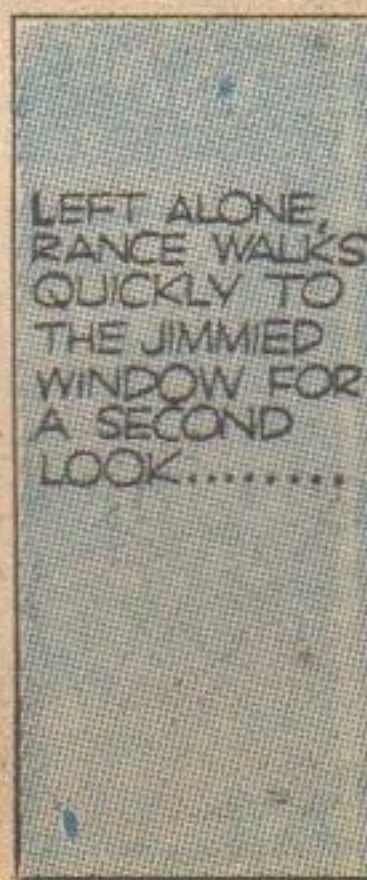
OH YES, I SEE!



LEAVE ME ALONE HERE FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES, PROFESSOR, AND I'LL GET YOUR SERUM BACK FOR YOU!

YOU WILL?

SURE! RANCE IS REAL GOOD AT THAT KINDA THING, PROF./ YOU COME WITH ME AND LOLA FOR A LITTLE WHILE.



LEFT ALONE, RANCE WALKS QUICKLY TO THE JIMMIED WINDOW FOR A SECOND LOOK.....



I THOUGHT SO! THE FIRE ESCAPE DOESN'T COME TO **THIS** WINDOW... HAH! BUT THERE **IS** A WAY UP TO THE **NEXT** WINDOW!





I'LL JUST FIDDLE AROUND MAKING A NOISE WITH THIS CHEMICAL APPARATUS TO MAKE THEM THINK I'M UP TO SOMETHING. THEN I'LL UNLATCH THE WINDOW BY THE FIRE ESCAPE AND CALL ENGLISH BACK!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I'VE PREPARED EVERYTHING THE WAY I WANT IT, PROFESSOR. PLEASE DON'T ALLOW ANYONE IN HERE TILL I GIVE THE WORD.

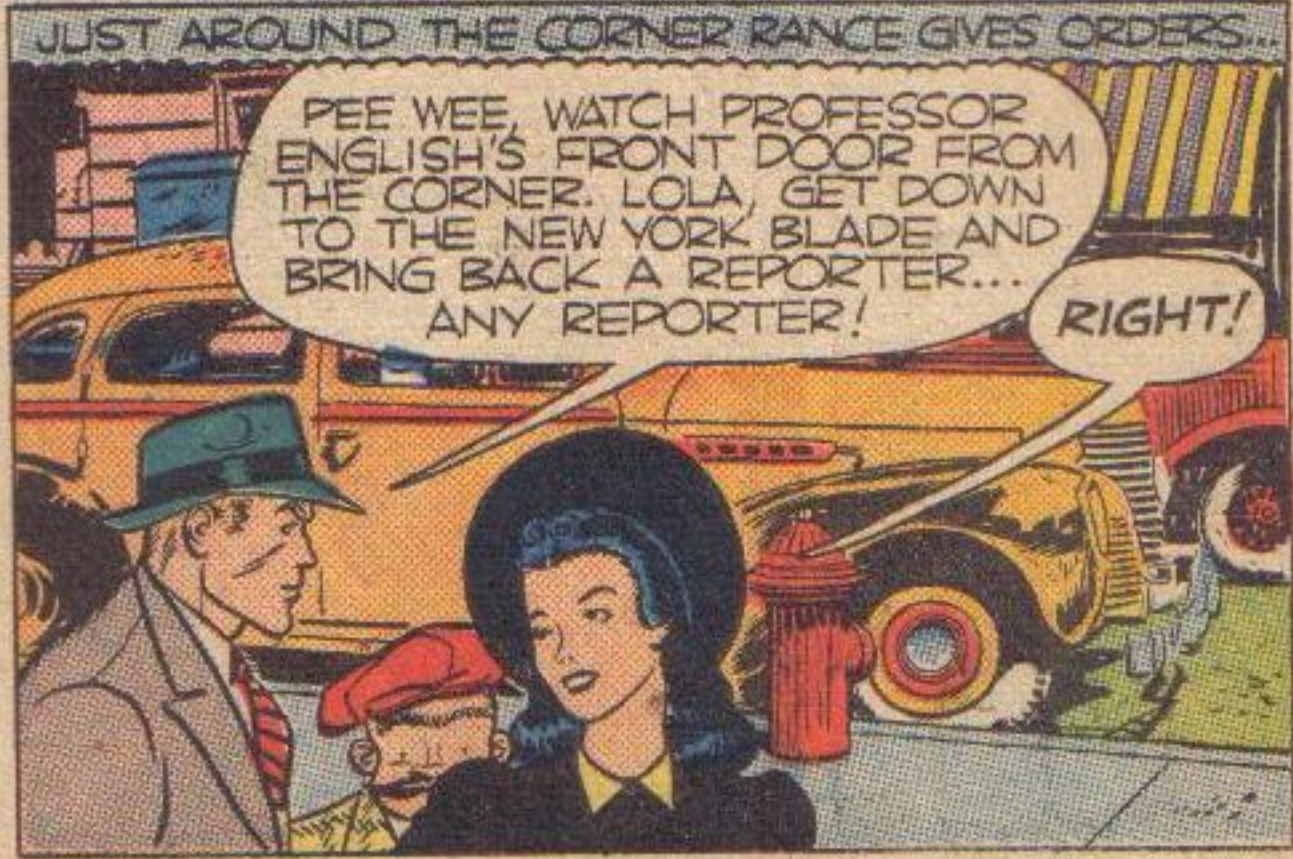
BUT I DON'T SEE....

RANCE, LOLA AND PEE WEE ARE USHERED DOWNSTAIRS TO THE DOOR BY THE VERY PUZZLED PROFESSOR ENGLISH.....



WHERE YOU GOING NOW, MR. KEANE?

TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE. YOU'LL SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT TOMORROW MORNING, PROFESSOR!



JUST AROUND THE CORNER RANCE GIVES ORDERS...

PEE WEE, WATCH PROFESSOR ENGLISH'S FRONT DOOR FROM THE CORNER. LOLA, GET DOWN TO THE NEW YORK BLADE AND BRING BACK A REPORTER... ANY REPORTER!

RIGHT!

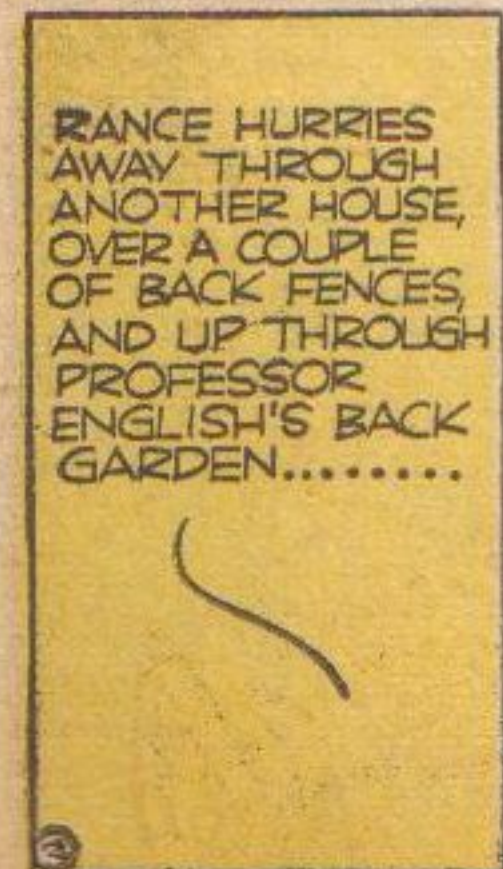


LISTEN, PEE WEE, IF PROFESSOR ENGLISH COMES OUT THE FRONT WAY BEFORE LOLA RETURNS, FOLLOW HIM. IF HE DOESN'T COME OUT, BRING LOLA AND THE REPORTER RIGHT INTO HIS HOUSE AT ONCE!



BUT, RANCE! AIN'T WE GOING TO LOOK FER THIS THIEF?

WE'RE GOING TO HANG AROUND HERE AND PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK, PEE WEE... JUST YOU AND ME!



RANCE HURRIES AWAY THROUGH ANOTHER HOUSE, OVER A COUPLE OF BACK FENCES, AND UP THROUGH PROFESSOR ENGLISH'S BACK GARDEN.....



HM.. LIGHTS IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY. THIS IS WORKING OUT FINE!



I THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR WAS PLAYING GAMES WITH ME! MY LITTLE ACT HAS HIM WORRIED!



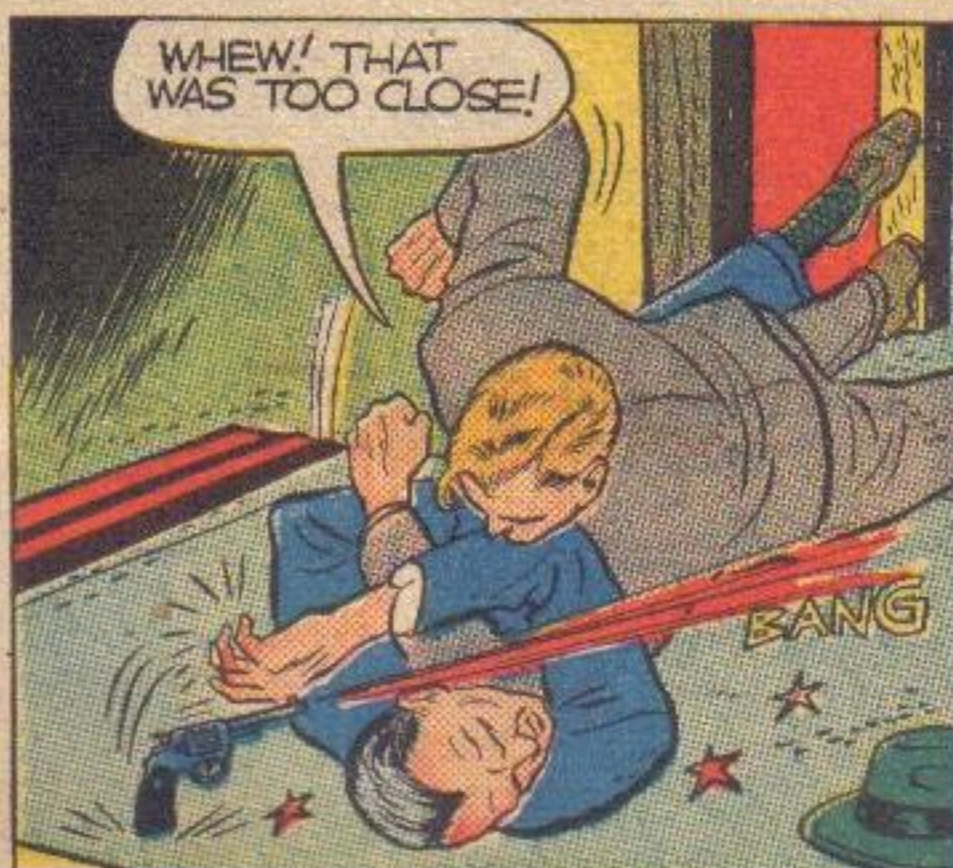
STEALTHILY RANCE  
OPENS THE  
LABORATORY WINDOW  
WITHOUT THE  
PROFESSOR  
HEARING HIM.  
BUT JUST AS HE  
STEPS THROUGH...



APPARENTLY  
CRAZED WITH  
FEAR, THE  
PROFESSOR  
POINTS THE  
GUN AT HIS  
OWN HEAD...  
RANCE WHIPS  
OFF HIS HAT  
AND SLAMS  
IT IN THE  
PROFESSOR'S  
FACE.....



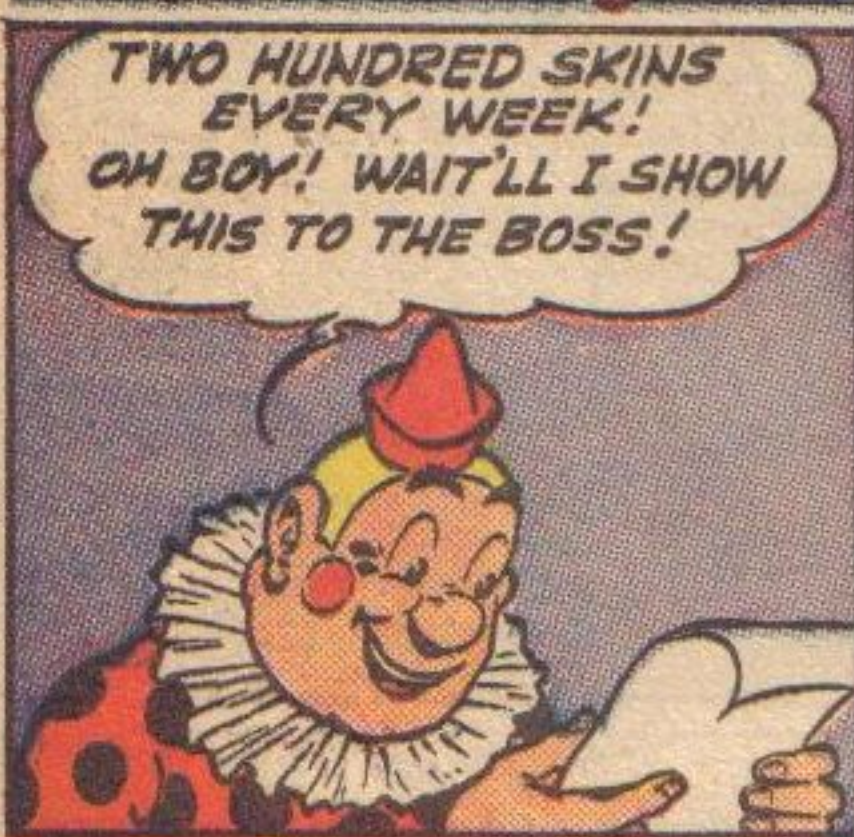
FOLLOWING UP  
HIS MOMENTARY  
ADVANTAGE,  
RANCE GRAPPLES  
WITH THE  
CRAZED MAN.....



FOLLOW RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

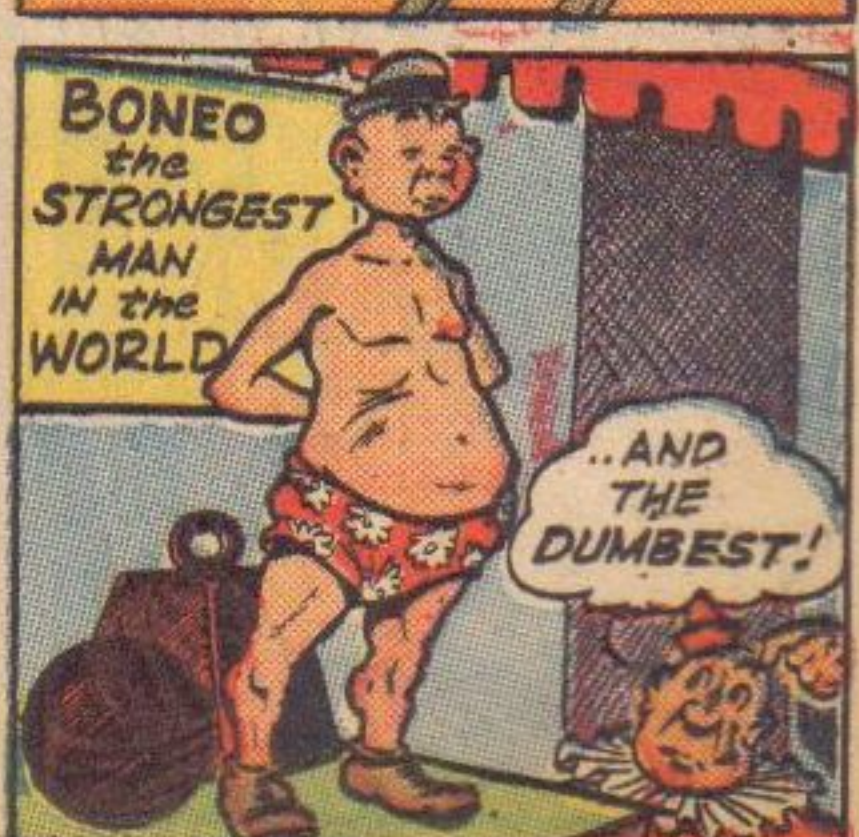
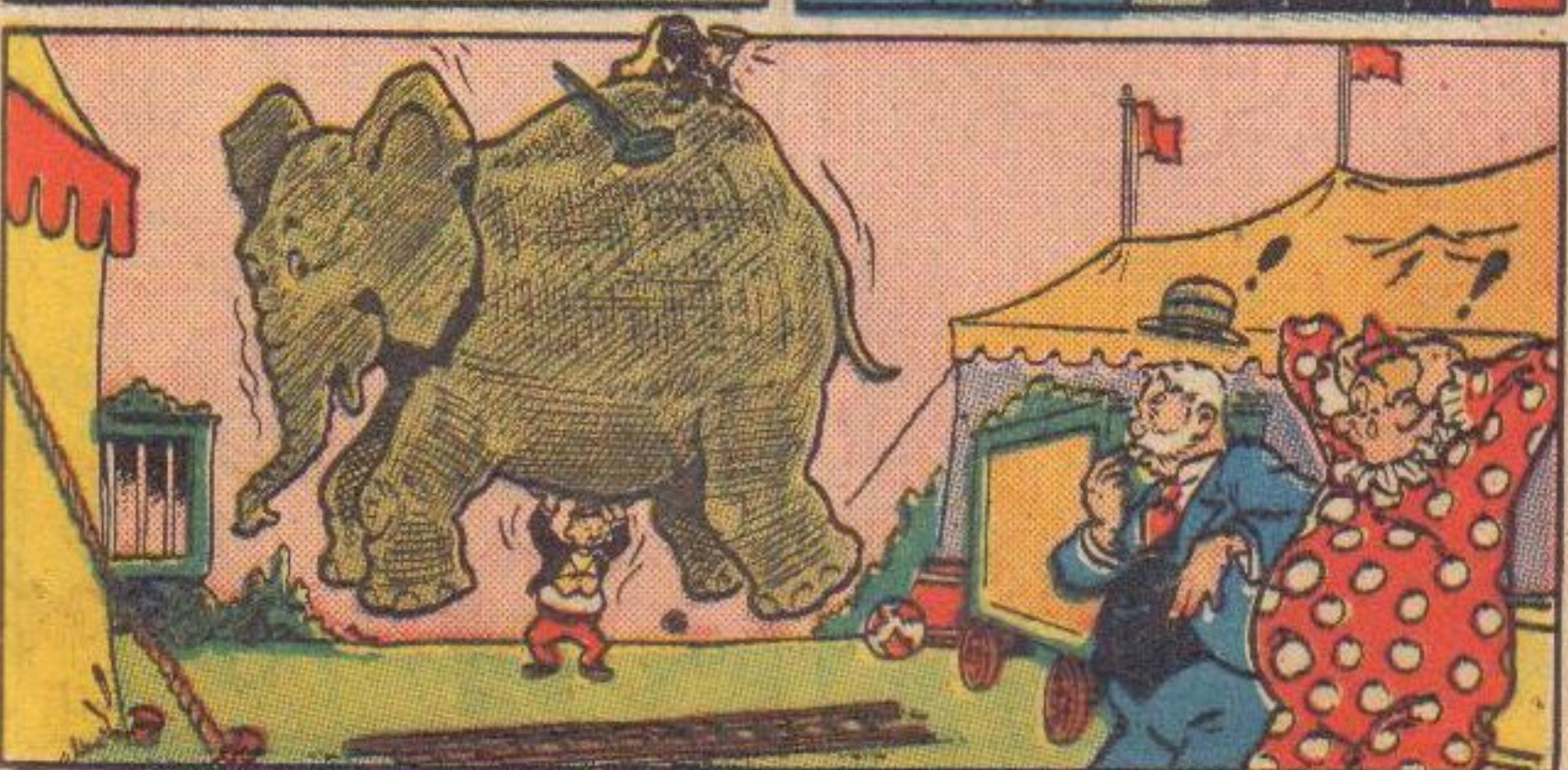
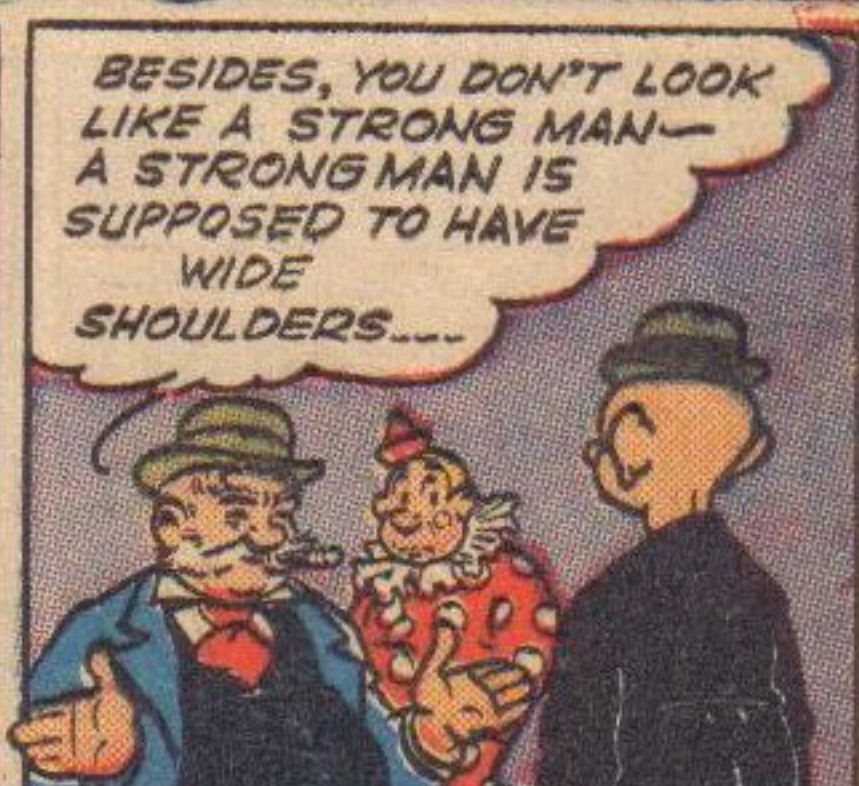


# BIG TOP

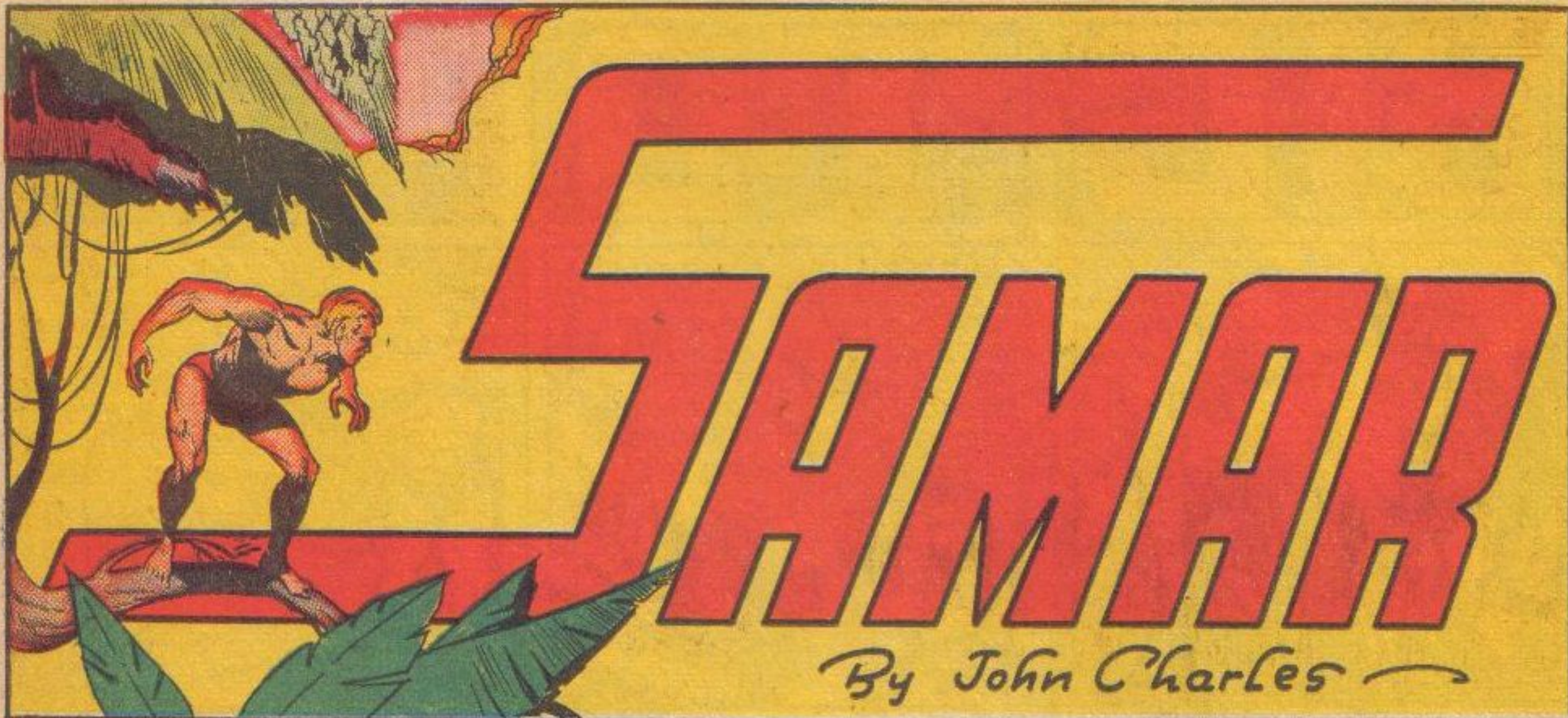




# BIG TOP







TWO JUNGLE FRIENDS SWING IDLY AMONG THE VINES AND BRANCHES... SAMAR AND HIS PAL, THE APE.



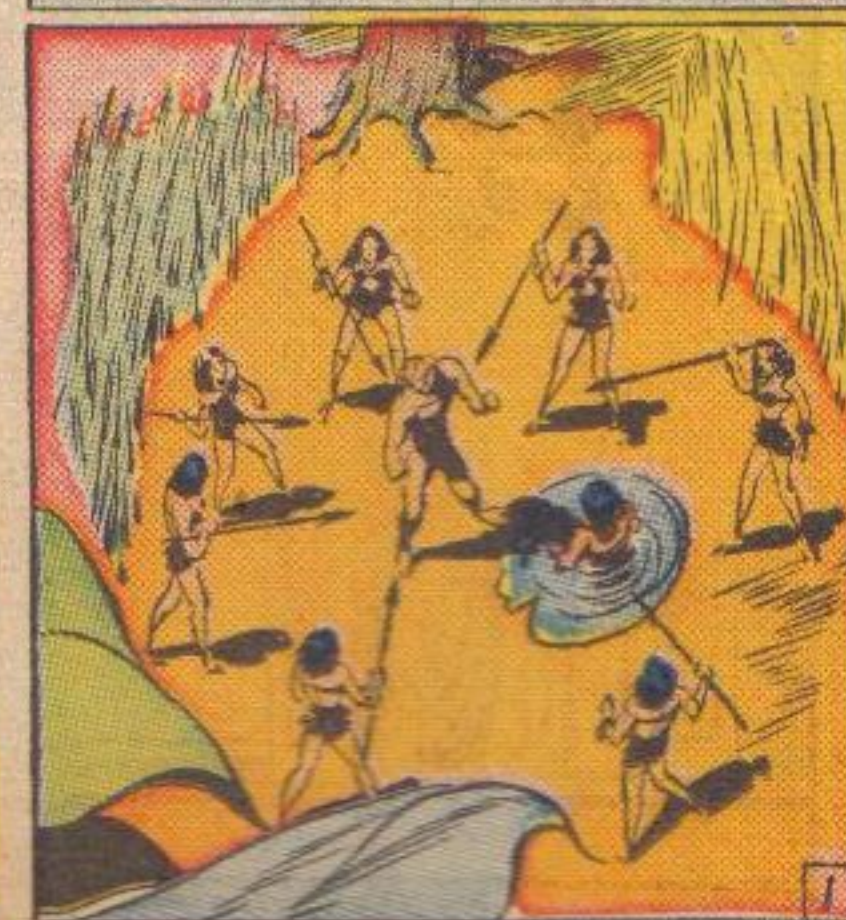
SUDDENLY...



SAMAR SWINGS TO THE RESCUE, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER THAT LURKS IN THE TALL REEDS....



BUT IN ANOTHER INSTANT, HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS FALLEN INTO A CLEVER TRAP! HE IS SURROUNDED BY A RING OF DAZZLING AMAZONIAN BEAUTIES.



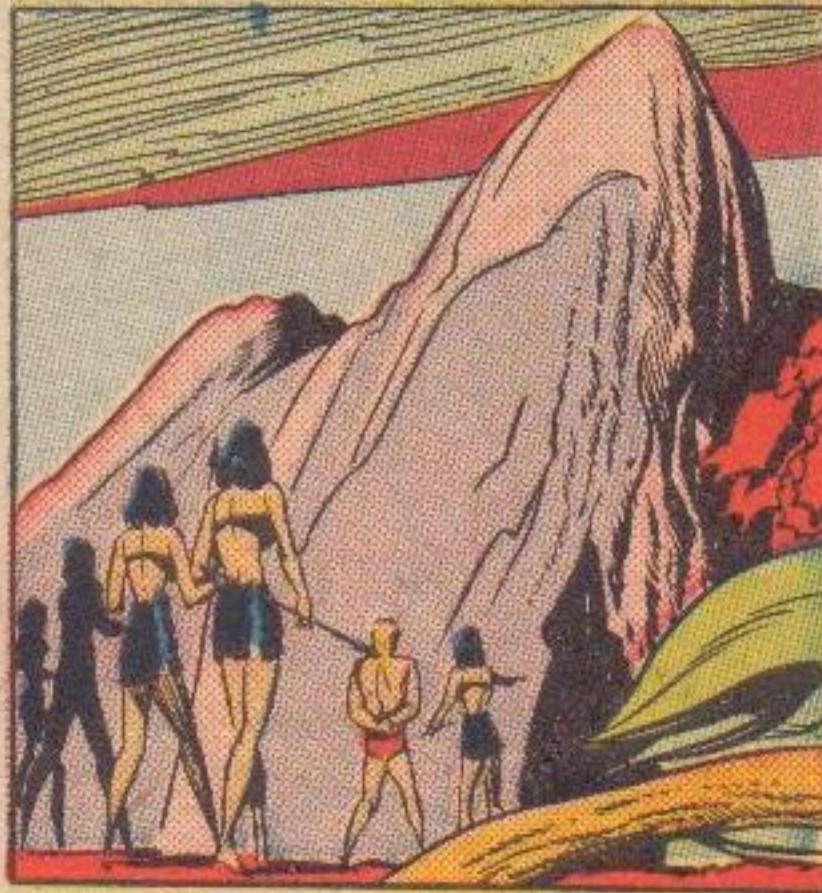


HE IS BOUND AND LED AWAY.

LAZANA, OUR  
QUEEN, WILL REWARD  
US RICHLY FOR  
THIS PRIZE!



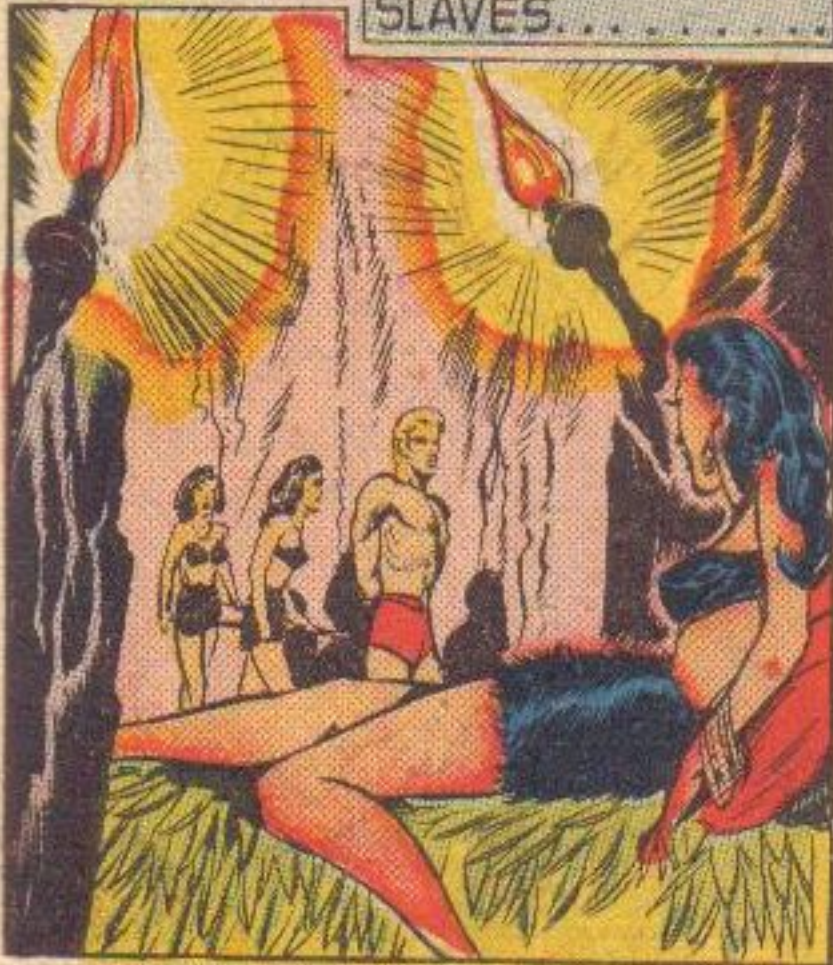
..THROUGH MANY MILES OF THE  
DENSE JUNGLE..THEY REACH A  
LITTLE KNOWN MOUNTAIN  
RANGE...A HUGE CAVERN  
YAWNS AHEAD....



STRANGE...I HAVE  
NEVER COME UPON  
THIS PLACE  
BEFORE!



WITHIN GORGEOUS WOMEN RE-  
CLINING IN SPLENDOR, SHOUT  
HARSH ORDERS TO THEIR MALE  
SLAVES.....



SAMAR IS CRUELLY LASHED ON  
HIS WAY TO THE FAR END OF THE  
GREAT CAVE...



BOW BEFORE  
LAZANA,  
SLAVE!



NO! LET HIM REMAIN  
STANDING...HMM...  
FINE SPECIMEN!



I'M GLAD YOU  
APPRECIATE  
THAT...BUT...  
WHAT.?

SILENCE!!  
NO MAN MAY  
SPEAK TO  
LAZANA!  
GUARDS, BRING  
IN MY FAVORITE  
SLAVE!



AH, YES...THE NEW  
ONE IS TALLER...HIS  
HAIR MORE GOLDEN...  
HIS SHOULDERS MORE  
POWERFUL!





LAZANA GESTURES TO  
HER GUARD AND...

THIS BLONDE GIANT  
WILL TAKE HIS  
PLACE!



A KNIFE IN THE BACK SPELLS  
THE END OF THE FORMER  
FAVORITE OF THE QUEEN.

EEYOW!



NOW, SLAVE, YOU  
MAY CARRY AWAY  
THE BODY AND RETURN  
FOR FURTHER  
ORDERS!



DO YOU EXPECT ME TO  
STAND FOR THIS BARBARISM,  
YOU DAUGHTER OF  
SATAN?!



BUT AS HE WHIRLS ABOUT  
ANGRILY, SAMAR IS FACED  
WITH A RING OF ARCHERS,  
THEIR BOWS DRAWN.....



THE QUEEN SPEAKS  
WITH RESTRAINED FURY.

PERHAPS THIS WILL SHOW  
YOU HOW FORTUNATE YOU ARE,  
UNGRATEFUL WRETCH..TO BE  
CHOSEN AS MY FAVORITE!  
THIS IS WHAT MY OTHER  
SLAVES MUST SUFFER!



SAMAR GAZES IN HORROR AT THE  
HIDEOUSLY STARVED BODIES OF  
THE CRINGING MEN!

YOU WOULD HAVE  
ESCAPED ALL  
THAT, BUT...



..YOUR IMPUDENCE SHALL SEND  
YOU TO THE LIZARD PIT! MY  
PET WILL PUNISH  
YOU THERE!



A WRITHING, SCALY MANEATER  
DRAGON-LIZARD WEAVES  
TOWARD HIM....

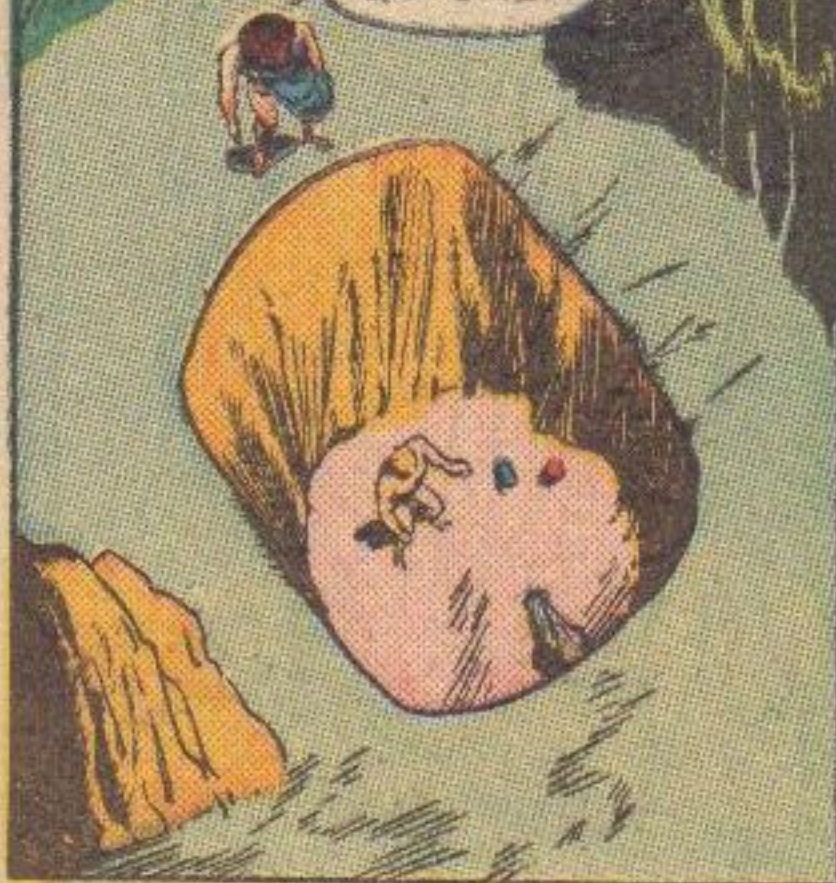




YOU SHALL NOT BE  
RELEASED UNTIL YOU ARE  
CLAWED AND BITTEN  
BEYOND RECOGNITION...  
UNLESS....



UNLESS YOU CHANGE  
YOUR ATTITUDE AND  
SWEAR TO OBEY...  
CHOOSE  
QUICKLY!



FOR AN ANSWER, SAMAR  
STOOPS TO PICK UP A  
ROCK... SILENTLY, HE  
FACES THE MONSTER..



AS THE HUNGRY JAWS GAPE MENACINGLY  
BEFORE HIM, HE LIFTS THE STONE...



AND HURLS IT INTO  
THE FLAMING  
THROAT.....



LIKE A SWIFT PANTHER, HE LEAPS  
TO THE HOWLING LIZARD'S NECK.



AND WITH ANOTHER ROCK, DASHES  
OUT THE CREATURE'S LIFE!!



AS THE BEAST ROLLS OVER ON  
ITS SIDE... DEAD... THE QUEEN  
SCREAMS IN OUTRAGED FURY.

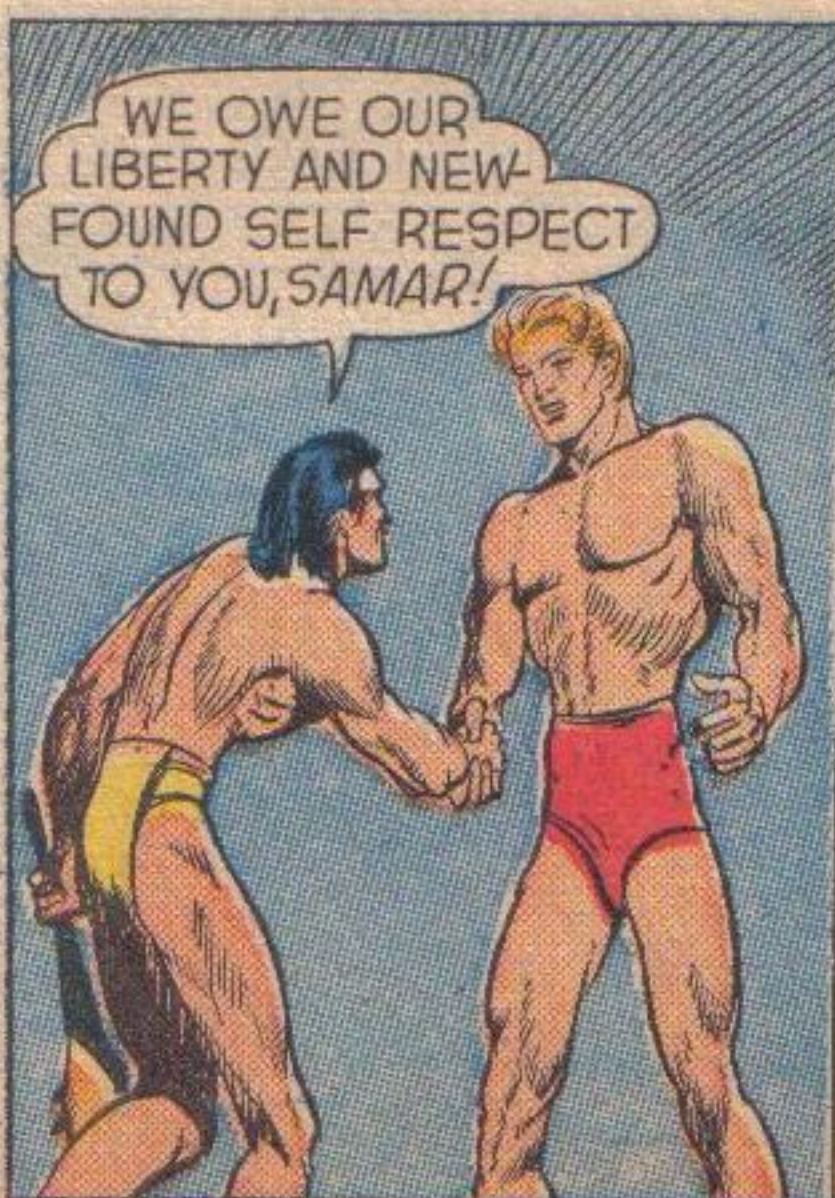
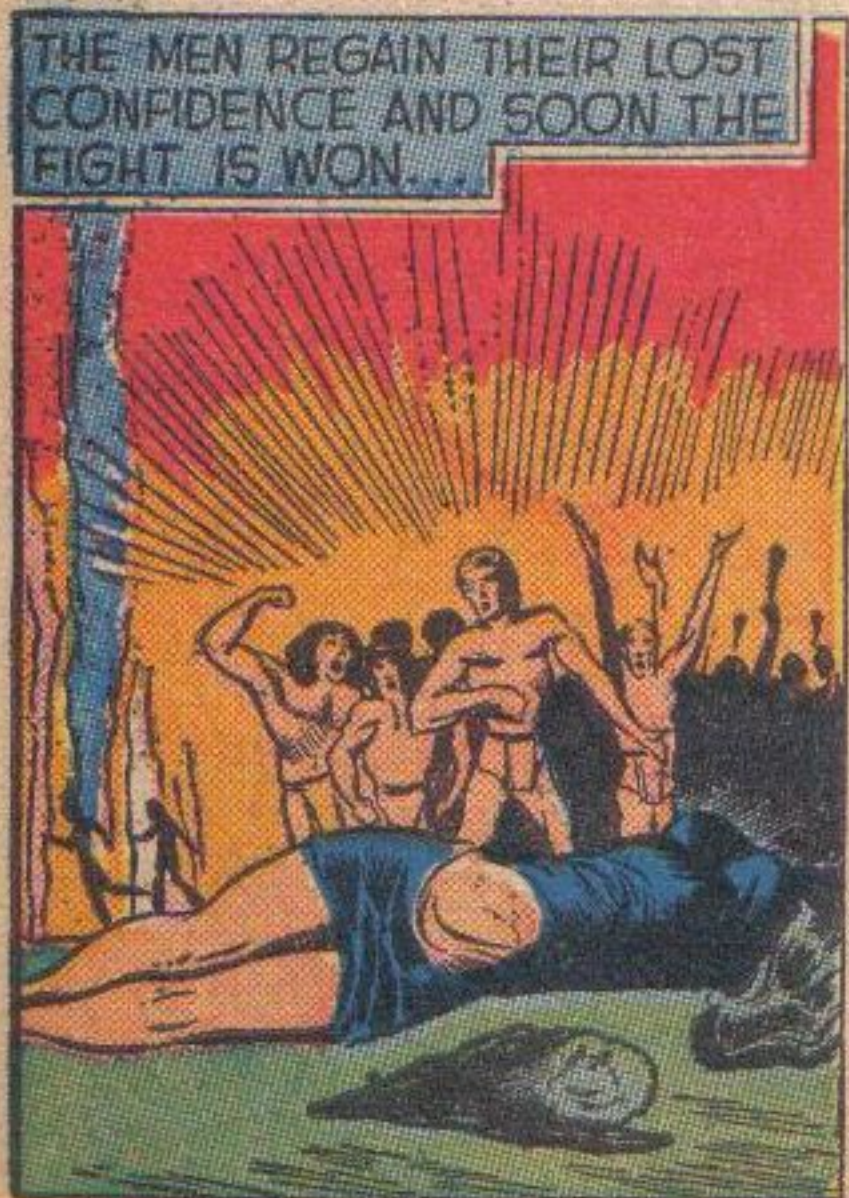


LIFT HIM  
OUT OF  
THERE!

OH, YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY  
FOR KILLING MY LIZARD...  
YOU SHALL YET BE SORRY  
THAT YOU SHOWED SUCH  
STRENGTH!









# REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ART PINAYAN

ON THE TRAIL OF A VICIOUS NARCOTICS RING OPERATING IN WESTERN CANADA, SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS CALLED TO THE SHORE OF HIDDEN RIVER...TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECKAGE OF A DORY...



POOR FELLOW...HE'S DONE FOR—LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THAT BOX HE WAS CARRYING!



JUST AS I THOUGHT—NARCOTICS...WELL—THAT'S ONE LESS MEMBER OF THAT GANG WE HAVE TO COPE WITH!



WE'LL SMASH THE RING YET—AH! HERE COMES THE RIVER STEAMER!



LOOK, CAPTAIN—A MOUNTIE'S WAVING AT US FROM SHORE!

OKAY—WE'LL PICK 'IM UP!



LATER - ON BOARD...

WHO WAS THE "STIFF" WE BROUGHT ON BOARD, SERGEANT?

ONE OF THE NARCOTICS RING, CAP.... WE'VE ARRESTED OTHERS LIKE HIM LATELY—SINCE THEN THE RINGLEADER HAS DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!!



SERGEANT—I WANT YOU TO MEET OUR FAIREST PASSENGER—MISS CARR—SHE'S A SCHOOL TEACHER ON VACATION!!

DELIGHTED...



OH, SERGEANT—YOU MUST TELL ME OF YOUR EXPERIENCES WITH THE INDIANS—I'M STUDYING INDIAN CULTURE...IT'S SO INTERESTING!!

WHY—I'D BE GLAD TO, MISS CARR!



MR. JONAS—PICKED 'IM UP AN HOUR AGO!

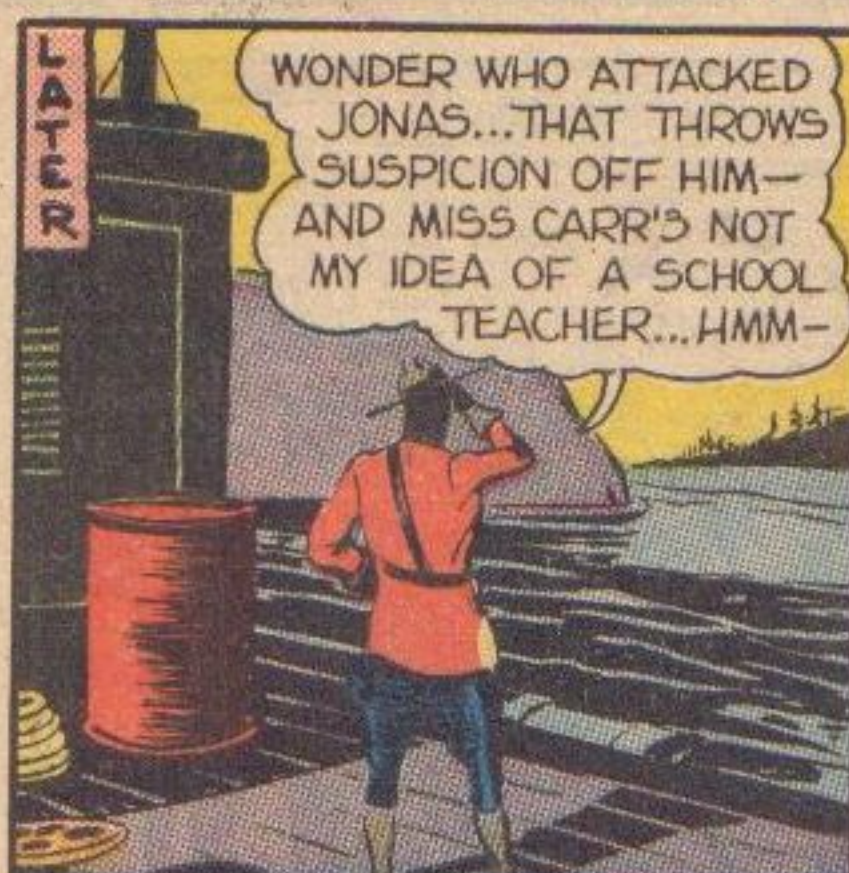
WHO'S THAT?



CAPTAIN! COME QUICK—THE MAN IN CABIN THREE HAS BEEN MURDERED!!

GLORY BE—!! LET'S GO, SERGEANT... I'LL BE NEEDIN' YOU!!





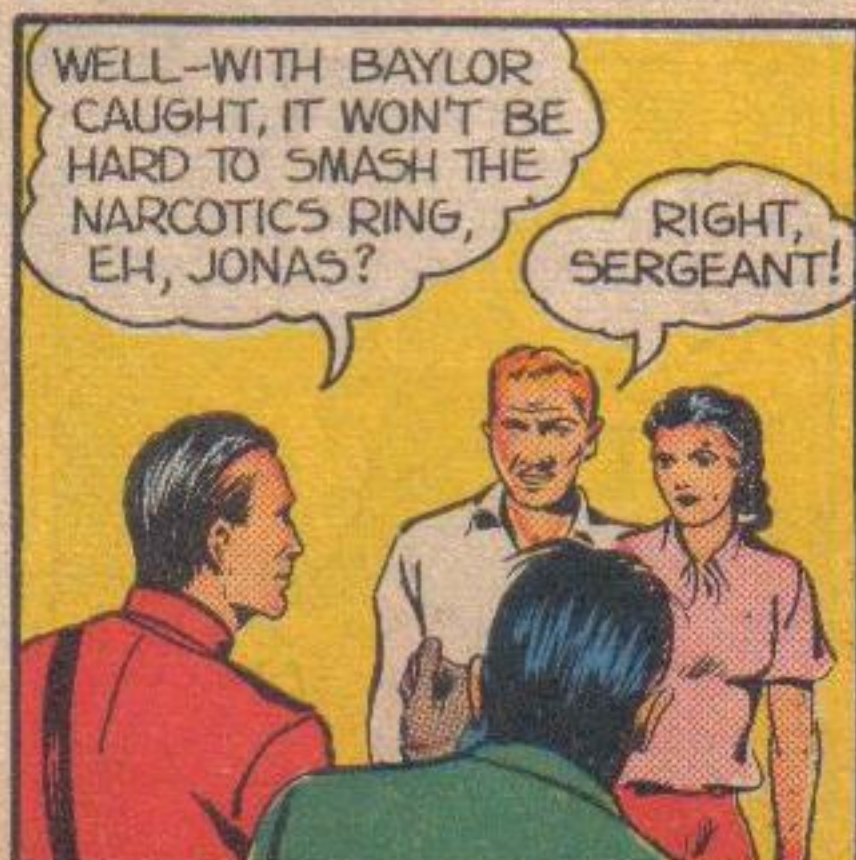














# SPIN SHAW

By Rex Smith



## OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

A NEW AIRMAIL ROUTE IS BEING OPERATED IN SOUTH AMERICA BY A UNITED STATES CONCERN. CERTAIN FOREIGN COUNTRIES DON'T RELISH THE IDEA!



IF THE COMPANY SUCCEEDS IN DELIVERING THE MAIL ON SCHEDULE FOR THE NEXT MONTH, THE CONTRACT IS THEIRS, AND THE BONDS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE STRONGER THAN EVER! WE FEAR SABOTAGE, AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN...



RIGHT! I ASSUME THAT MY TRUE IDENTITY IS TO REMAIN A SECRET. I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



QUICKLY LEAVING THE STATES SPIN SAILS TO SOUTH AMERICA AND BY OX-CART PENETRATES TO THE COMPARATIVELY WILD AND HARSH INTERIOR...



HI THERE! YOU THE NEW PILOT? COME ON IN WHERE IT'S DRY!



HOWDY! I'M SPIN COLE... DAMP WEATHER YOU HAVE HERE. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! I'M GREG RUCKER. THIS ISN'T MUCH OF A FIELD, BUT WE GET UP O.K.!



I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR AWHILE, BUT PETE HERE WILL SHOW YOU AROUND... PETE, THIS IS THE NEW PILOT!



HI, AVIATOR. MAKE YOURSELF T'HOME!

SAAAY! YOU AIN'T BAD LOOKIN', STRANGER! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE WATCHIN' OVER YOU... MY POP RAN THIS PLACE, BUT SINCE HE'S GONE, I'VE TAKEN OVER. COME ON IN!



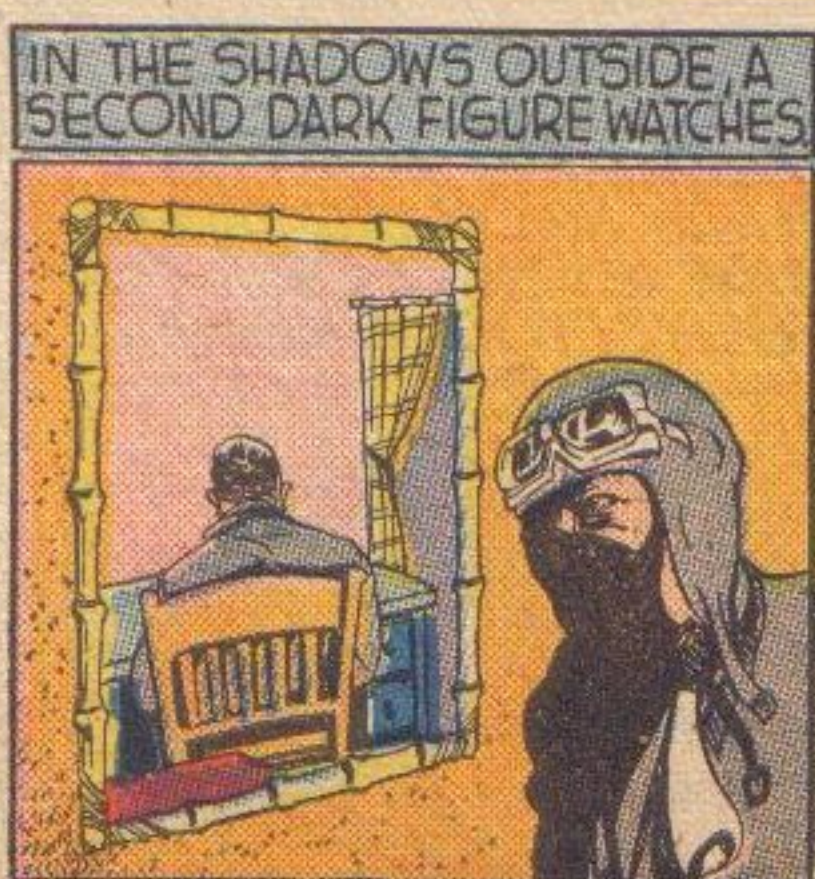
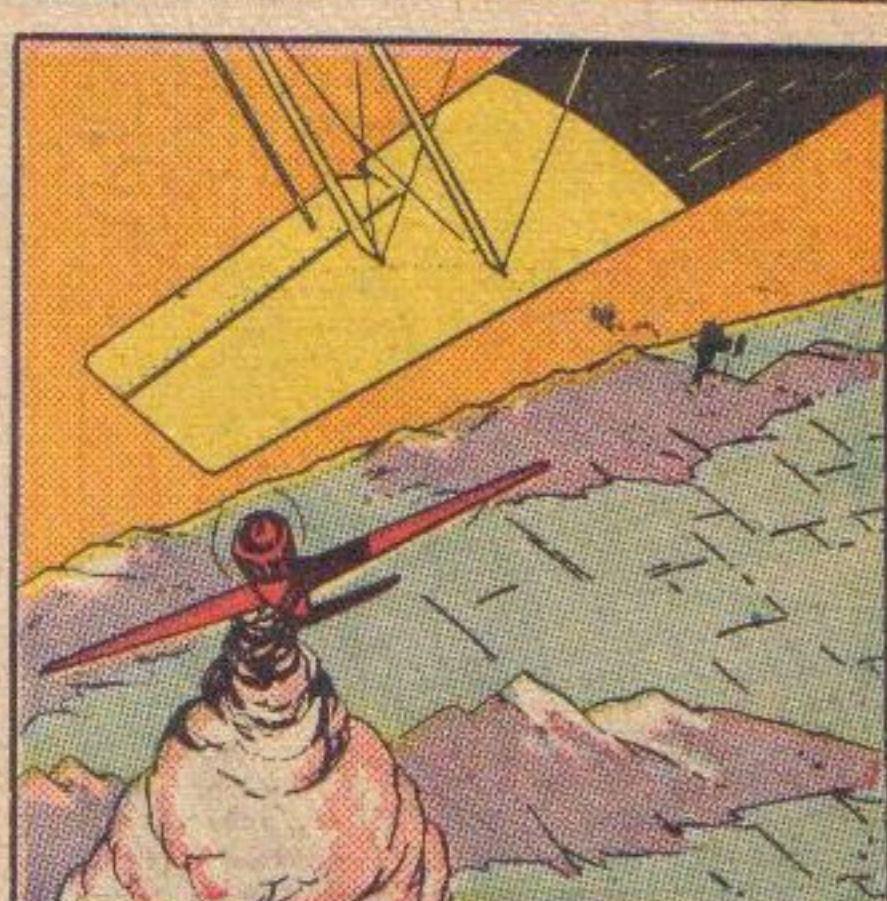
THE BOYS ARE ALL OUT NOW, BUT THIS IS HOME SWEET HOME! YOU CAN CHANGE UP-STAIRS.













QUICKLY THE DAYS SLIP BY. EACH FLIGHT LEAVES AND ARRIVES ON SCHEDULE... THEN ONE DAY AS HE LANDS, THE FIELD'S POLICE MEET SPIN.....



HI, JOSE! HI, JUAN! WHAT'S COOKIN'?

SENOR, I AM SORREE, BUT YOU MUST COME WEETH US!



A VEREE SERIOUS CHARGE HAS BEEN FILED AGAINST YOU, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU TO THE JAIL!



SPIN! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

SENOR SPEEN IS UNDER ARREST! HE CANNOT TALK TO YOU..GO ON DRIVER! ADIOS!



WELL, SO YOU GOT RID OF HIM AFTER ALL, EH GREG?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? SAAAY... HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW, PETE?



I KNOW ENOUGH TO SENSE WHICH SIDE OF MY BREAD THE BUTTER IS ON!

YEAH? SO WHAT?



YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN SWEET ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME, GREG. HOWS ABOUT BEIN' A LITTLE NICE TO ME?

YOU AREN'T A BAD LITTLE NUMBER AT THAT!



MEANWHILE, SPIN IS BROUGHT BEFORE COLONEL CARLOS LAUREZ.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, CARLOS?



SPEEN, MY FRAN, IT IS HARD FOR ME TO DO THEES, BUT I MUST PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST FOR ESPIONAGE AND ATTEMPTING TO SABOTAGE THE MAIL!



ESPIONAGE? SABOTAGE? YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE!

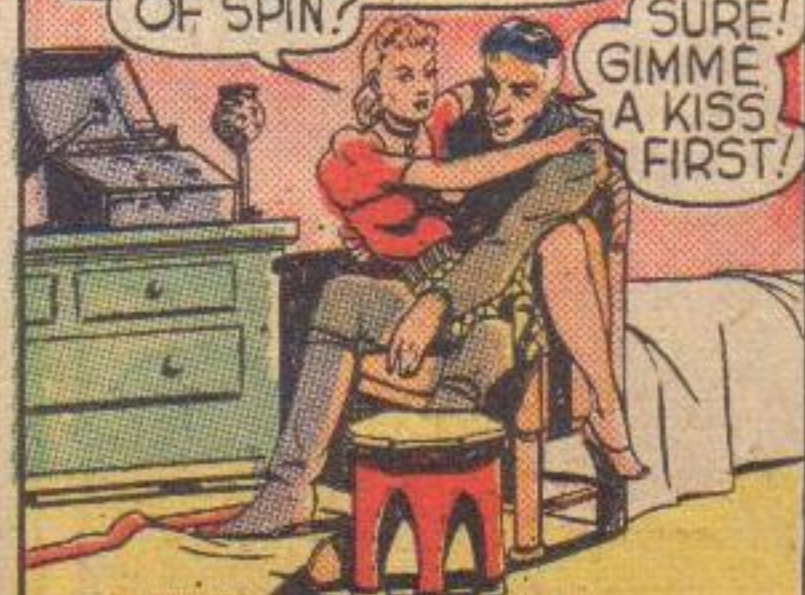
WHAT CAN I DO? RUCKER HAS MADE A FORMAL CHARGE!



BACK AT THE AIR FIELD PETE SPEAKS TO GREG RUCKER..

COME ON, SWEETHEART, TELL ME HOW YOU GOT RID OF SPIN?

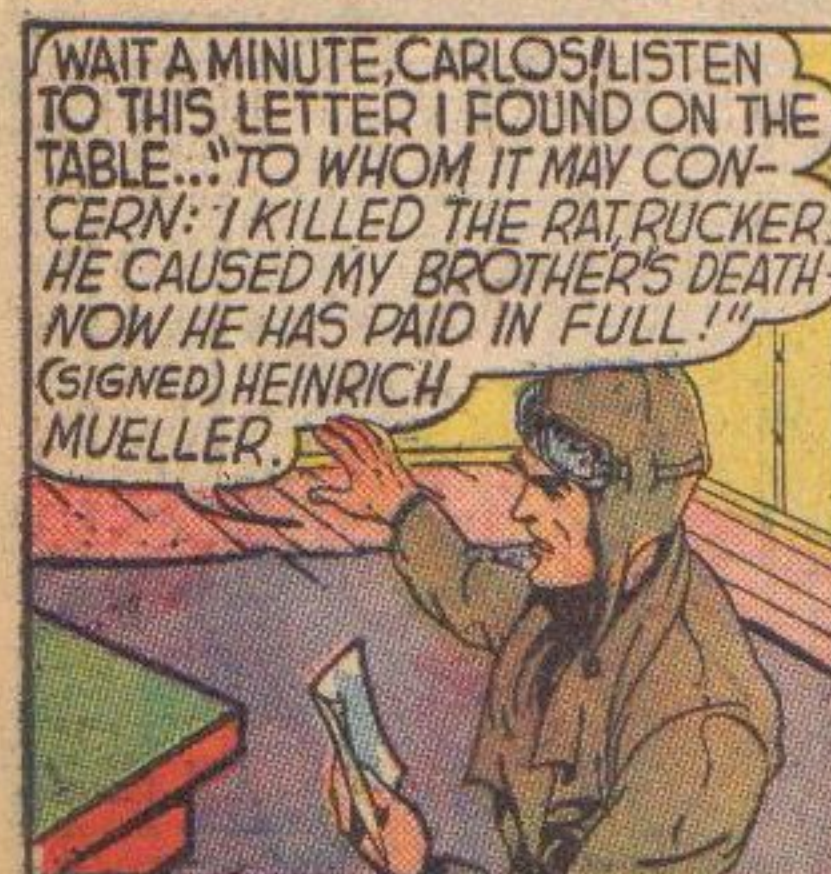
SURE! GIMME A KISS FIRST!



AS PETE KISSES THE FOUL GREG SHE SNAPS ON THE RECORDING SET.



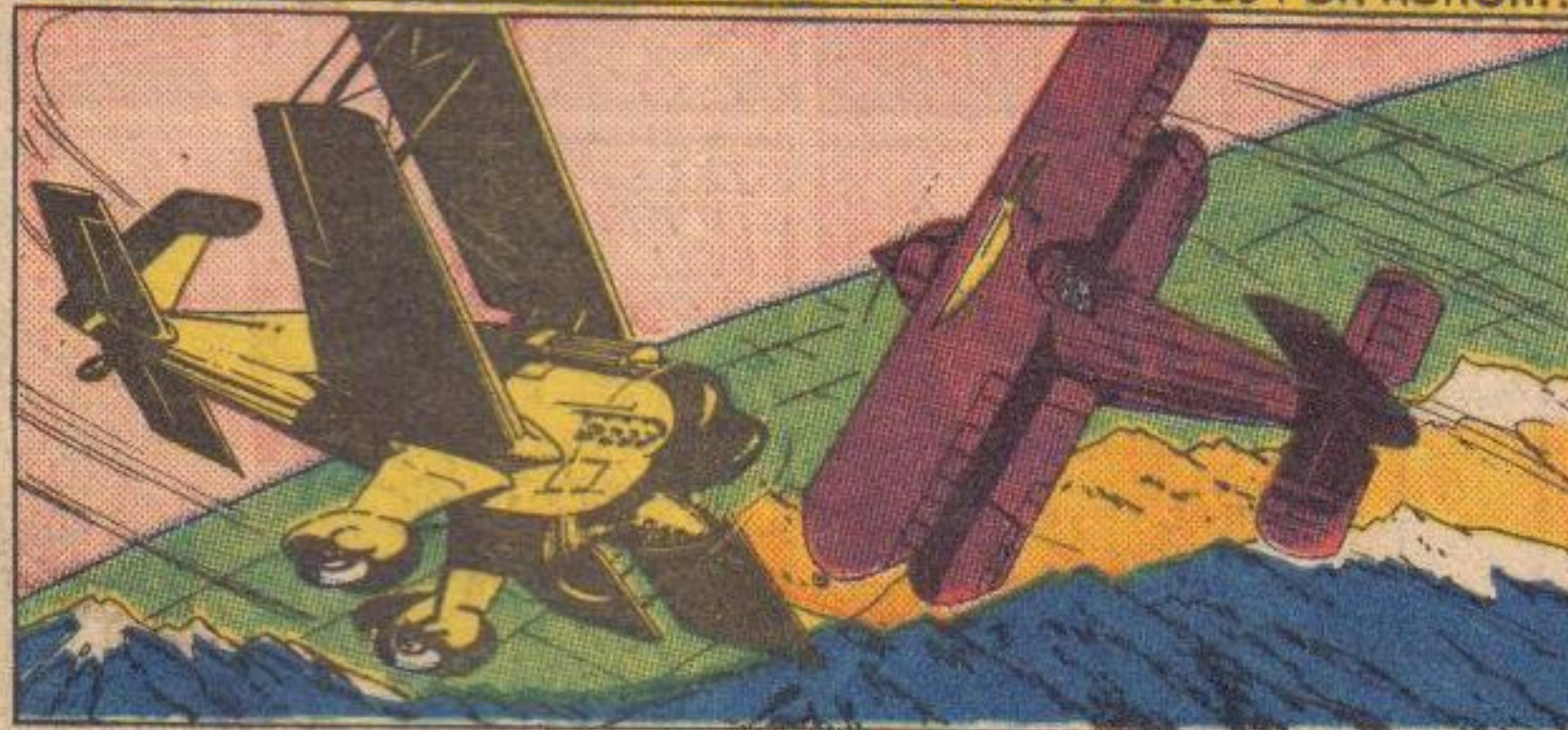




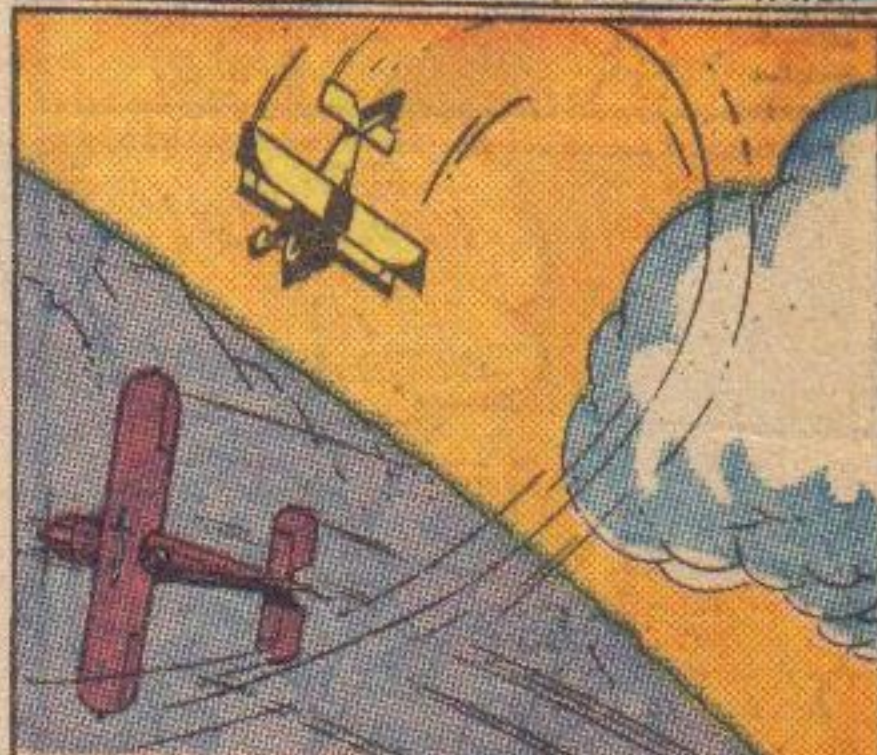




WIRES SCREAMING, ENGINES ROARING, THE TWO PLANES LOCK IN A TIGHT CIRCLE... AROUND AND AROUND, GUNS POISED FOR ACTION..



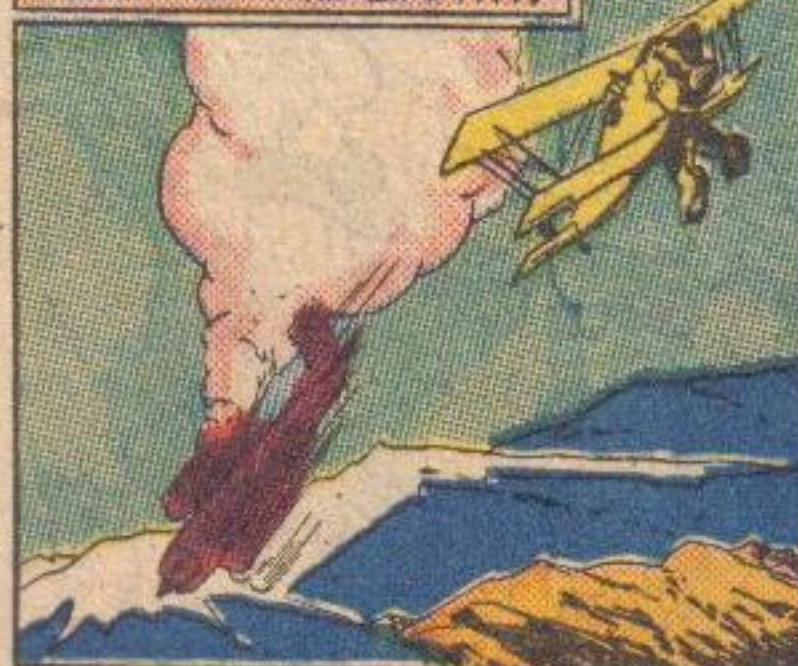
SPIN SUDDENLY EXECUTES AN IMMELMAN TWIST AND GETS ON HIS TAIL!



EYES NARROWED, STEEL NERVES TAUT, SPIN'S THUMBS CLOSE ON THE TRIGGERS... HE PRESSES!



THE STRUTS SCREAM A SONG OF DEATH AS MUELLER DIVES TOWARD THE EARTH!



THREE WEEKS LATER...

WITH THE CONTRACTS SIGNED, THE CASE IS COMPLETE, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND SEVERAL THINGS! WHO WAS GREG, AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE, PETE?



IF HE HAD SUCCEEDED, A EUROPEAN POWER WOULD HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE CONTRACT, AND WOULD HAVE GOTTEN A FOOTHOLD IN SOUTH AMERICA TO SPREAD ITS UNDEMOCRATIC PROPAGANDA! AS FOR ME, I'M ANNE ANTOS, A SECRET SERVICE AGENT OF THIS COUNTRY. BUT TELL ME, WHO ARE YOU??

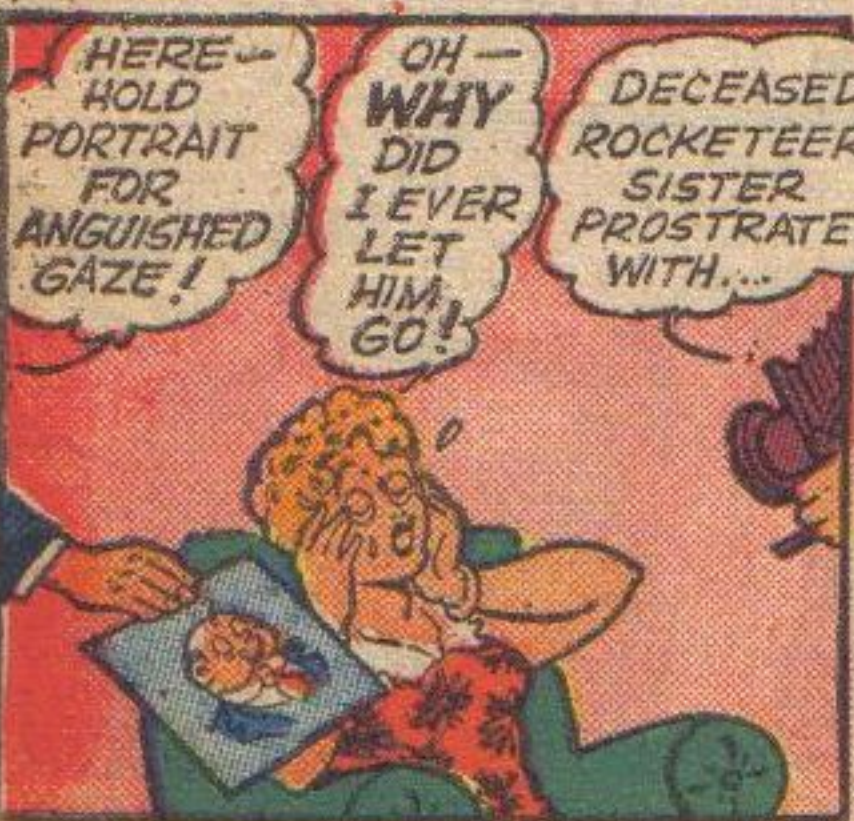
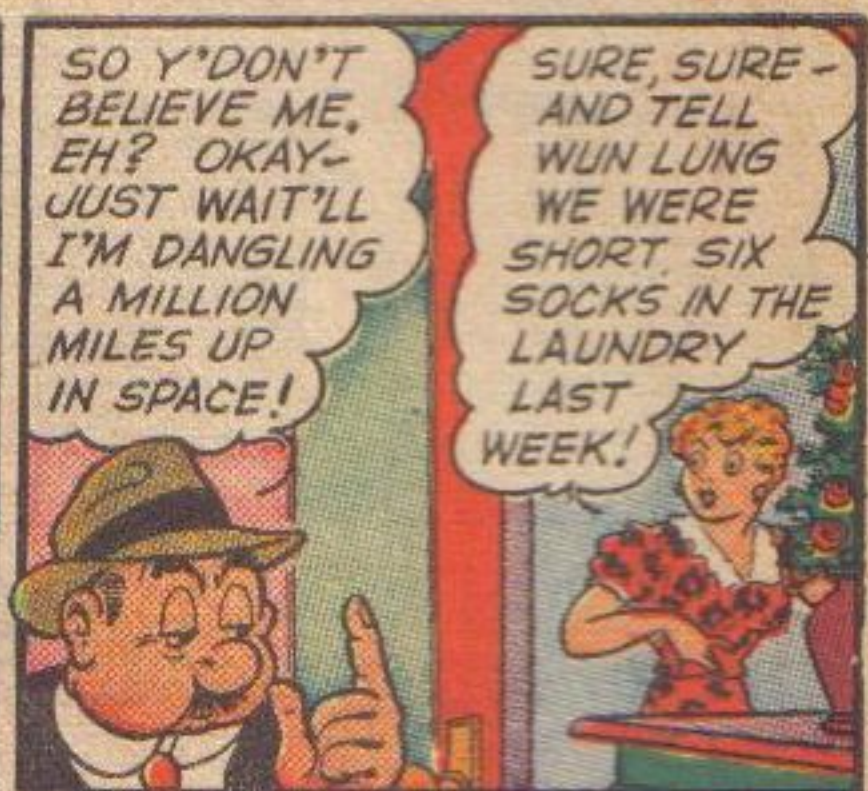


I AM CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY... MY BOAT IS WAITING, I MUST GO... GOODBYE... ADIOS, CAPTAIN! PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.





# LALA PALOOZA





# LALA PALOOZA

WANTED



NO—I'LL NOT GIVE YOU A SINGLE PENNY—BORROWING MONEY IS THE THING YOU DO BEST!

Y'MEAN TRYIN' T'BORROW MONEY!

BAH! WHAT GOOD IS BEIN' HONEST WHEN Y'GOT NO MORE NICKELS THAN A BALD EAGLE HAS DANDRUFF!

I GOT A GOOD IDEA T'BE AN **OUTLAW**—BURGLARS DON'T GO AROUND BUSTED!

I COULD BECOME A BIG-TIME HOLD-UP MAN, OR MAYBE...

...I SHOULD BE SOMETHING MORE ROMANTIC, LIKE A...

...TRAIN ROBBER... THERE'S MONEY IN THAT...

...OF COURSE, LATER ON I MIGHT EXPAND

U.S. MINT

YEP—I'LL EMBARK ON A CAREER OF GRADE-A CRIME—"VICIOUS VINCENT, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1" THAT'S WHAT I'LL BE KNOWN AS--HUH...THERE'S THE BELL!

RING

AH! GOOD MORNING, SIR!

GOOD MOR--HUH! OH GOOD GOSH!

CRASH

RED RASCAL LAUNDRY CO.

CRAZY AS A COOT!

LISTEN, BOSS—THIS SALES PROMOTION IDEA OF YOURS IS NOT SO HOT!

RED RASCAL LAUNDRY CO.

...BUT WHO D'YA WANT PROTECTION FROM?

Y'WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, SO JUST LOCK ME UP!

MORE OF LALA PALOOZA AND VINCENT IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

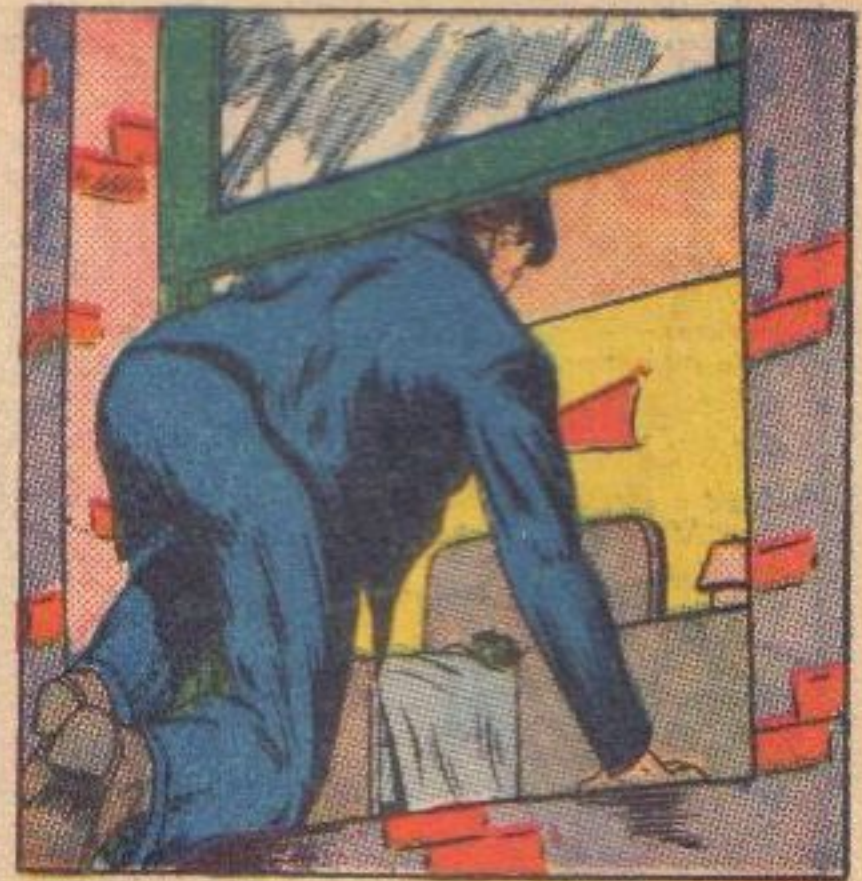


# RUSTY RYAN

OF BOYVILLE

by Paul Gustafson

IT IS LATE AT NIGHT...  
A FIGURE CREEPS INTO RUSTY AND SMILEY'S ROOM AT BOYVILLE



UGGG--HELP--  
RUSTY!



H-HEY!! WHAT'RE  
YOU DOIN' TO  
SMILEY--WHO ARE  
YOU?



SHUT UP, BRAT--  
OR IT'LL BE TH'  
END FER YER  
BROTHER HERE!



MY BROTHER??  
B-BUT.. SMILEY  
ISN'T MY  
BROTHER!



HE AIN'T YOUR BROTHER??  
AW RATS!! DON'T  
TELL ME I'M  
IN TH'WRONG  
JOINT!!



AND THE INTRUDER NOW  
MAKES A HASTY EXIT...



G-GOSH, RUSTY--  
WONDER WHO  
HE REALLY  
WAS AFTER!

C'MON!  
WE'LL GO  
OVER AND  
TELL SHERIFF  
DOLAN ABOUT  
THIS!

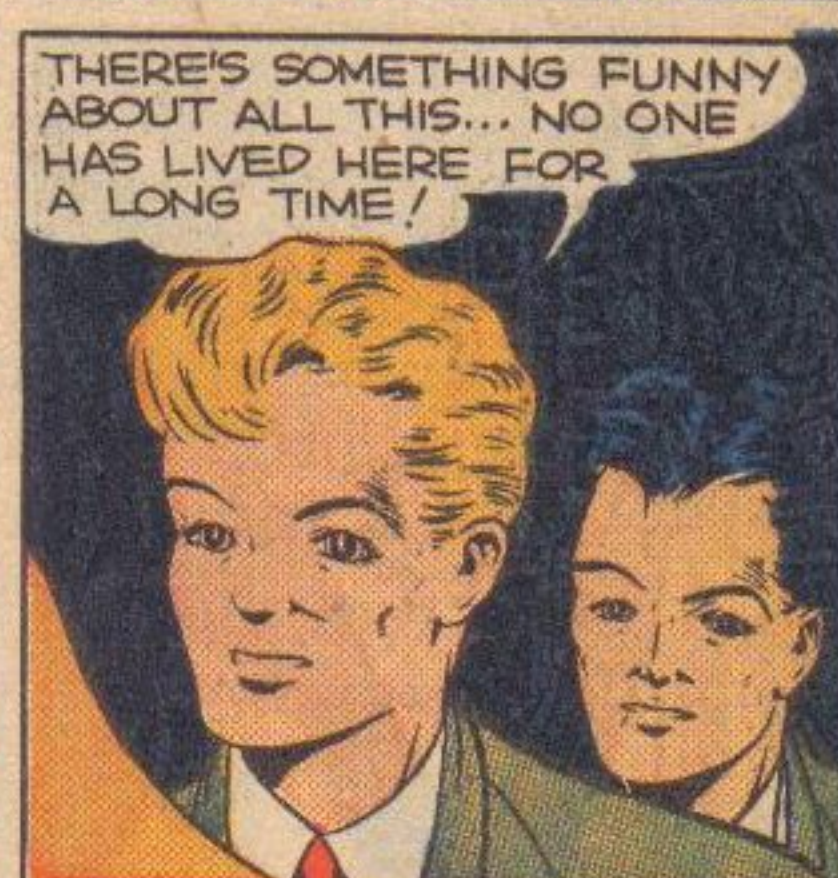


IT'S LATE... BUT MR.  
DOLAN IS STILL IN HIS  
OFFICE! SEE THE  
LIGHT?

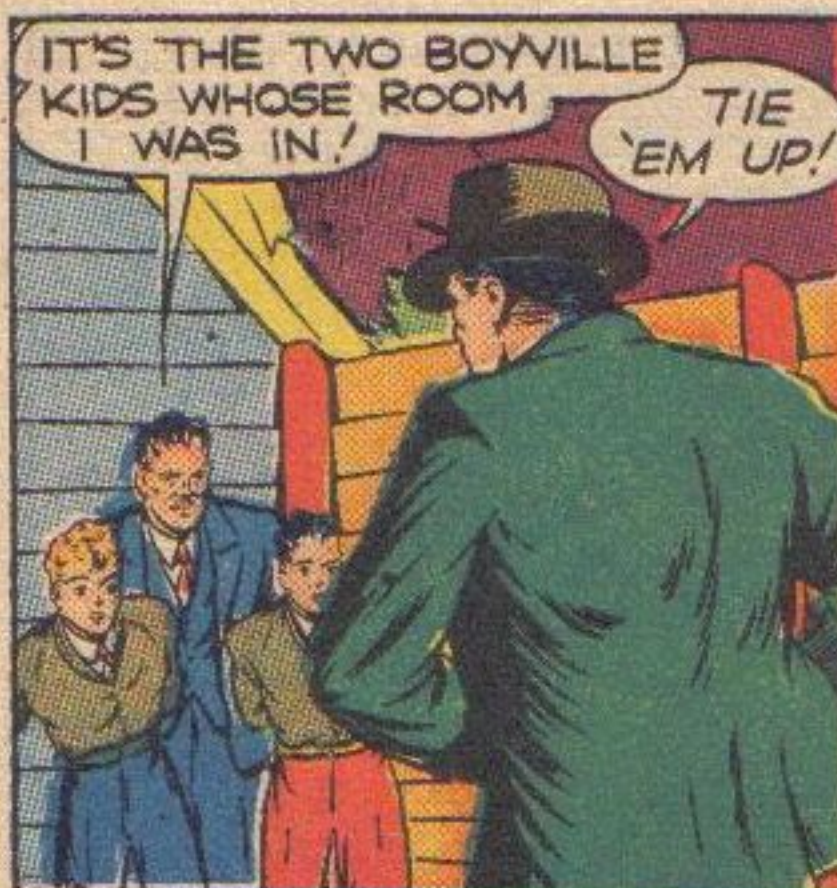
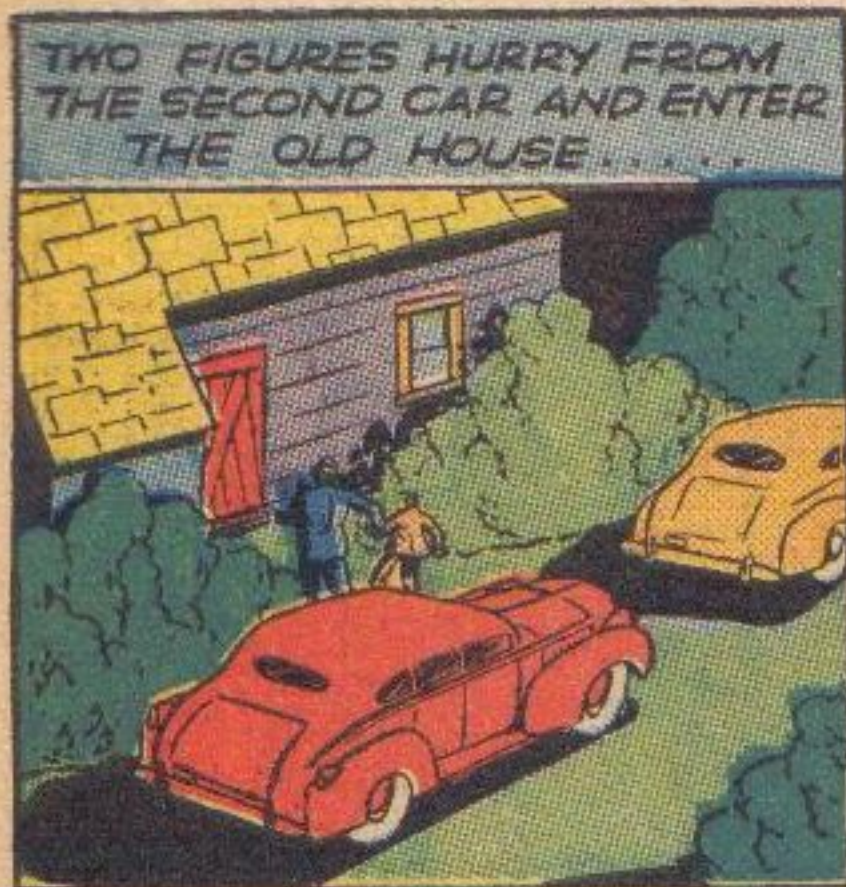


LOOK, SMILEY! THAT MAN  
SITTING WITH THE SHERIFF--  
WHY **HE'S** THE ONE WHO WAS  
IN OUR ROOM!

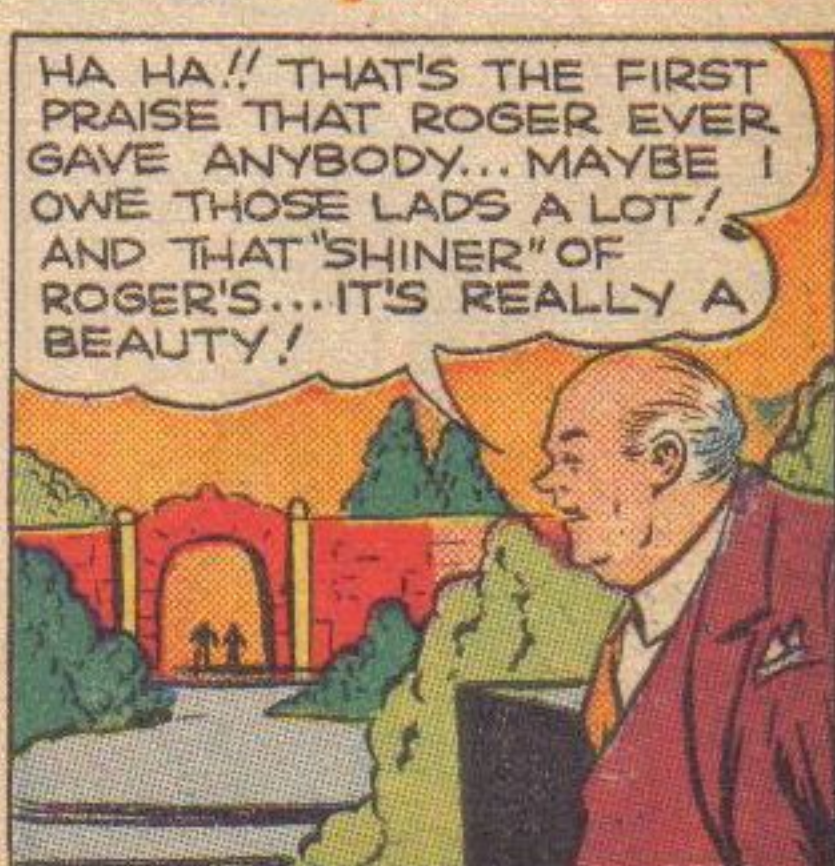
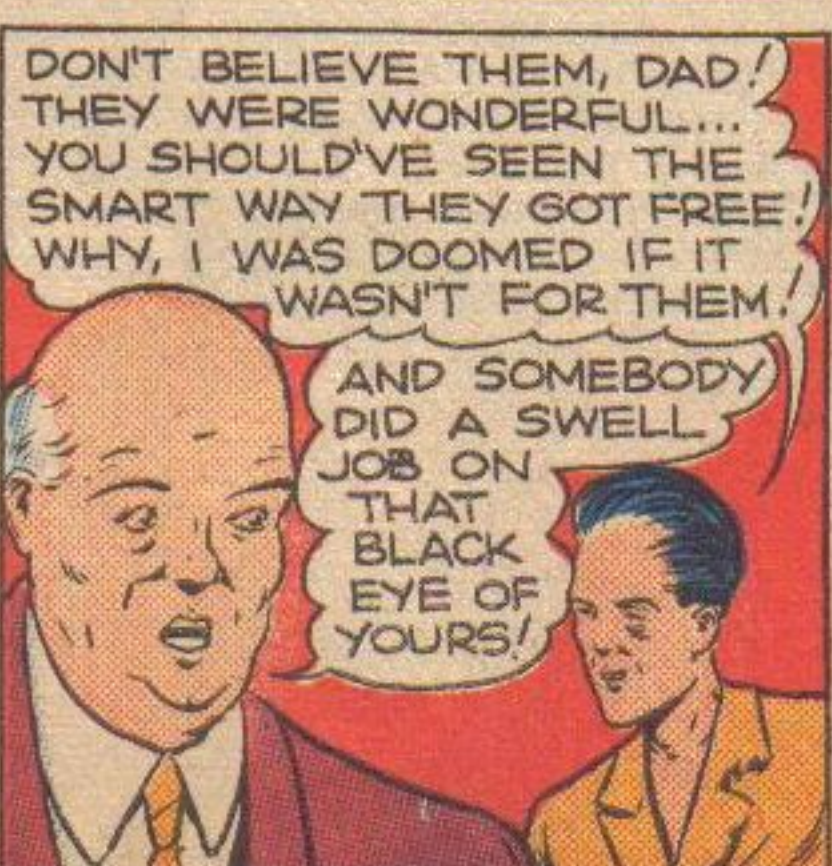
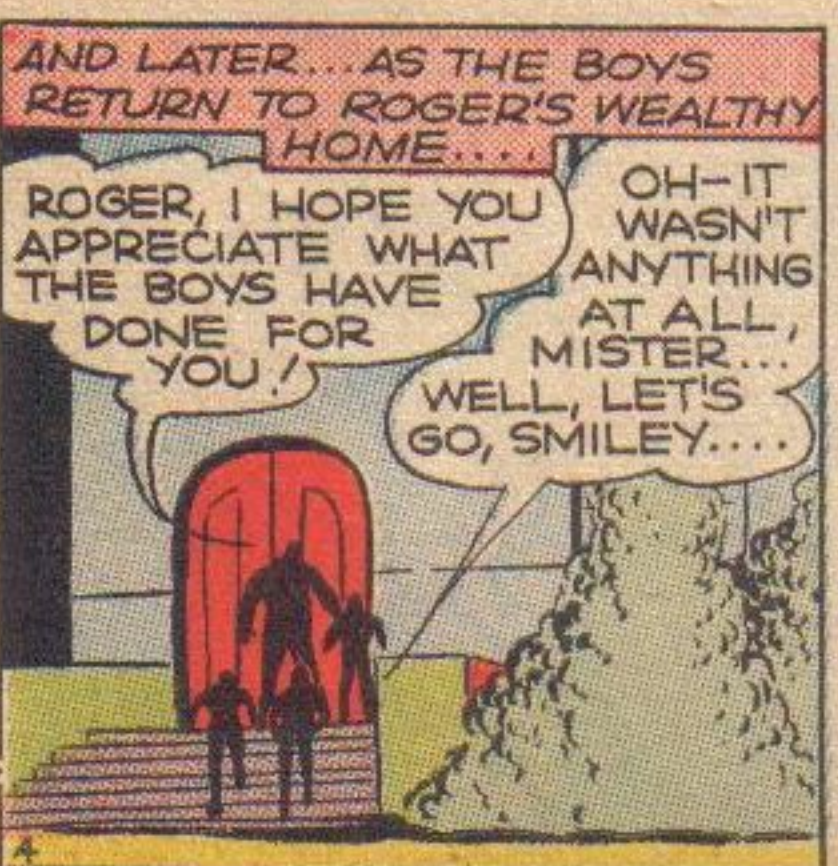














# DUSTY DANE

by VERNON HENKEL

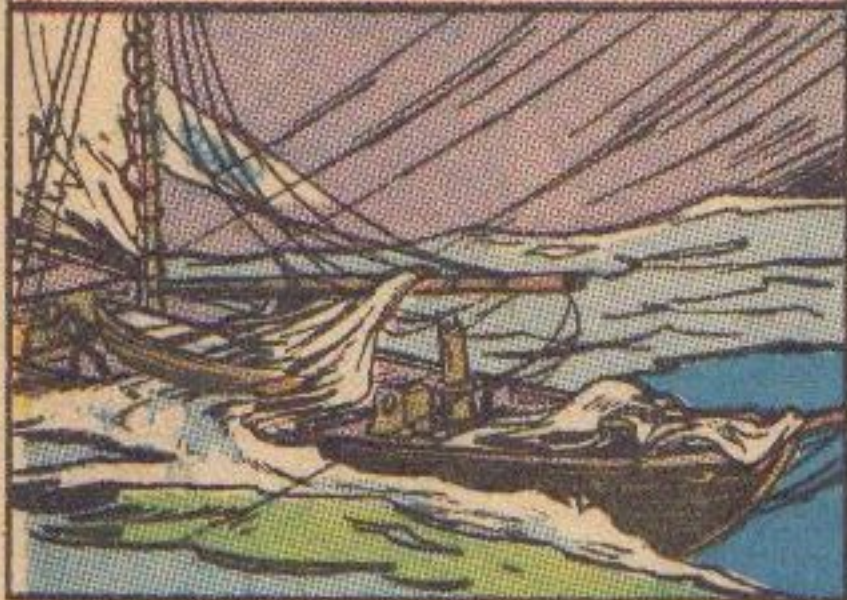


## TYPHOON!

THE STORM SWIFT SOUTH PACIFIC LASHES ALL SHIPPING WITHIN A HUNDRED MILE RADIUS!!



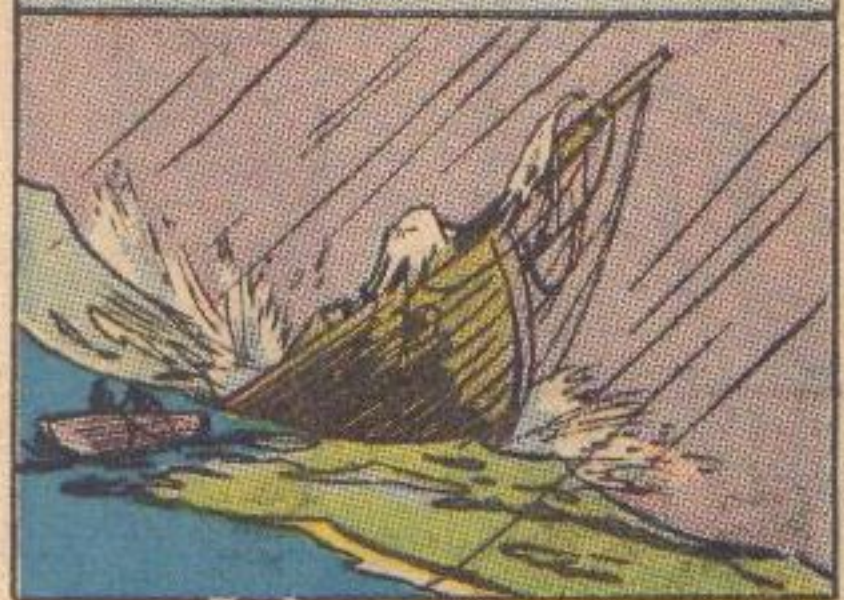
AND IN THE VERY CENTER OF THE STORM RIDES THE BATTERED SCHOONER "SEA WITCH", CAPTAINED BY DUSTY DANE..



BREAK OUT THE LIFE RAFT, MIKE! WE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!



BIG MIKE CARDIGAN OBEYS DUSTY DANE'S ORDER... AND MOMENTS LATER THE ANGRY SEA SWALLOWS THE SHIP!



THE NEXT MORNING TWO DERELICTS ARE WASHED ASHORE BY THE SWIFT RUNNING SEA..



WATER.. FRESH WATER!

SUDDENLY THE SHADOW OF A HUGE FIGURE FALLS ACROSS THE SHIPWRECKED MEN!



ON YOUR FEET, SCUM.. YOU'LL GET WATER!

YES! AND YOU SHALL WORK FOR EVERY DROP OF IT.. I NEED MEN TO REPAIR MY SHIP, THE "MALTA"!



WHY YOU BIG SEA APE-YOU CAN'T..



HOLD IT, MIKE!

INSOLENT DOGS! I'LL TEACH YOU TO INSULT CAPTAIN FROSK!



HEY!

AT A SIGNAL FROM FROSK A HARD LOOKING GROUP STEPS INTO VIEW..



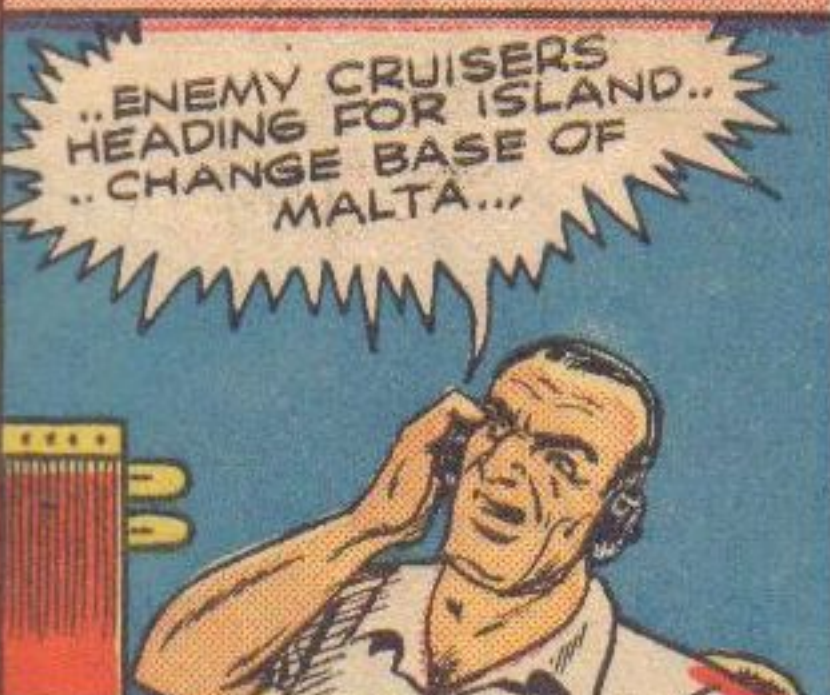
LOCK THEM UP!



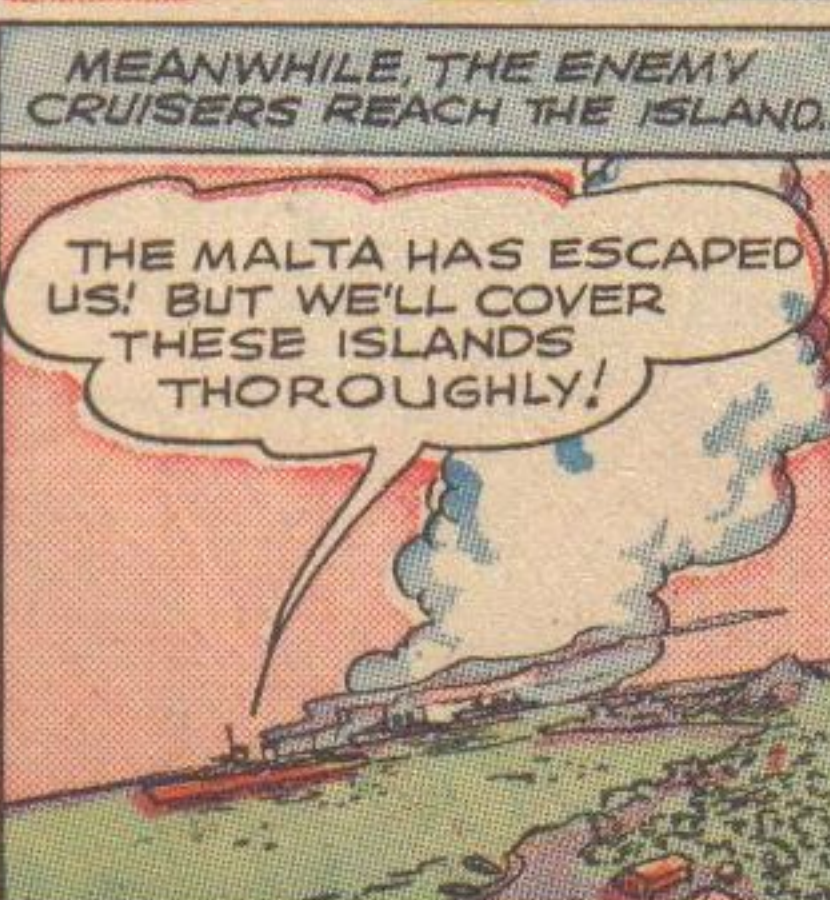
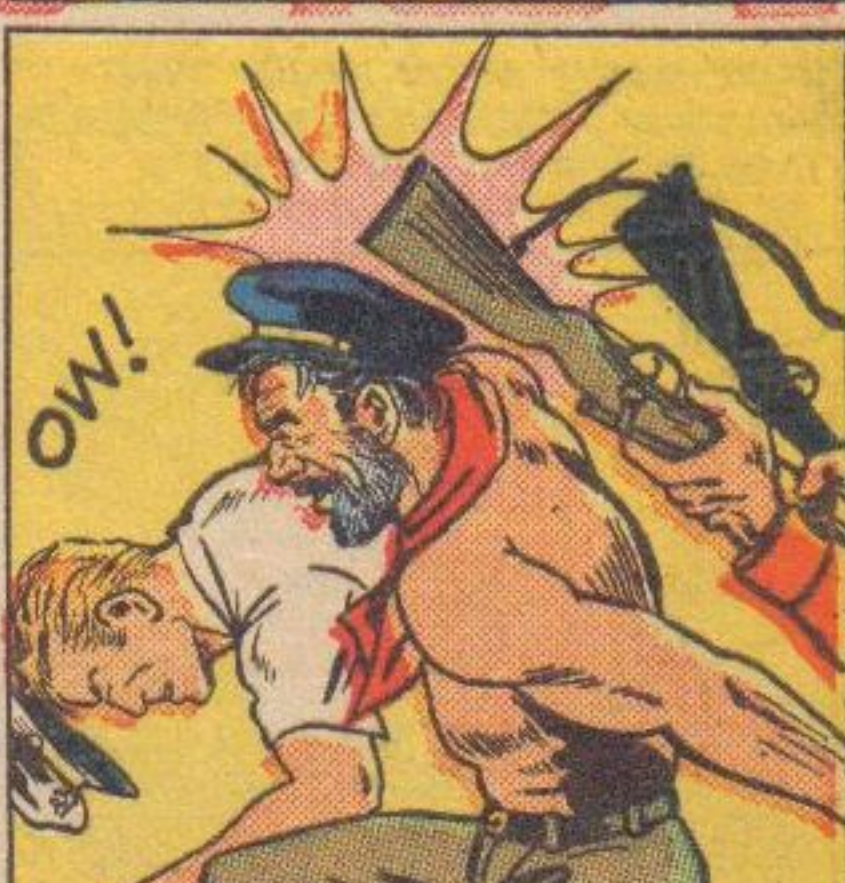
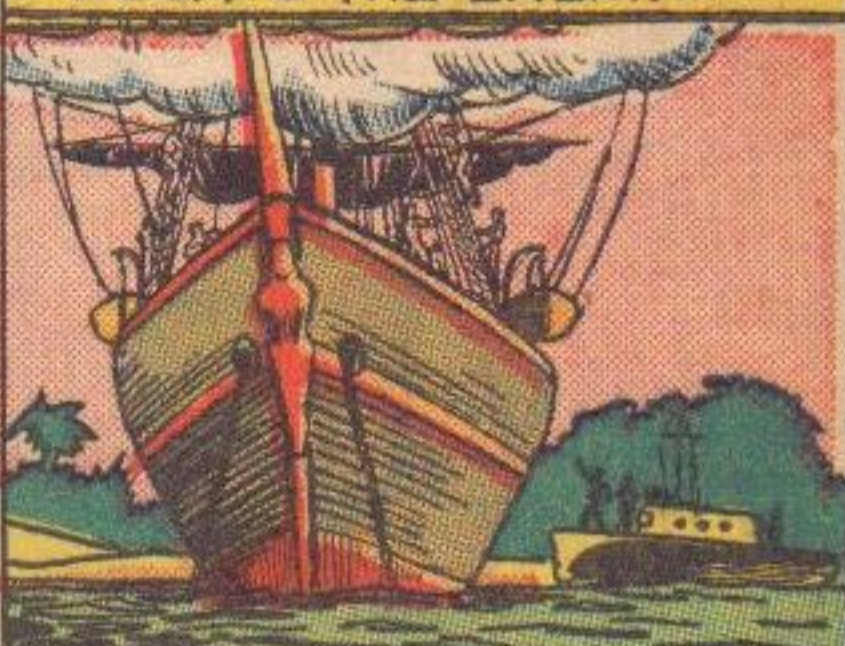
LATER..FROM A BARRED WINDOW  
OVERLOOKING THE ISLAND  
HARBOR..



THE ISLAND'S WIRELESS  
OPERATOR RECEIVES AN  
EXCITED CALL..



EXCITEMENT PREVAILS AS  
THE RAIDER PREPARES TO  
MOVE OUT, IN AN EFFORT TO  
ESCAPE THE ENEMY..



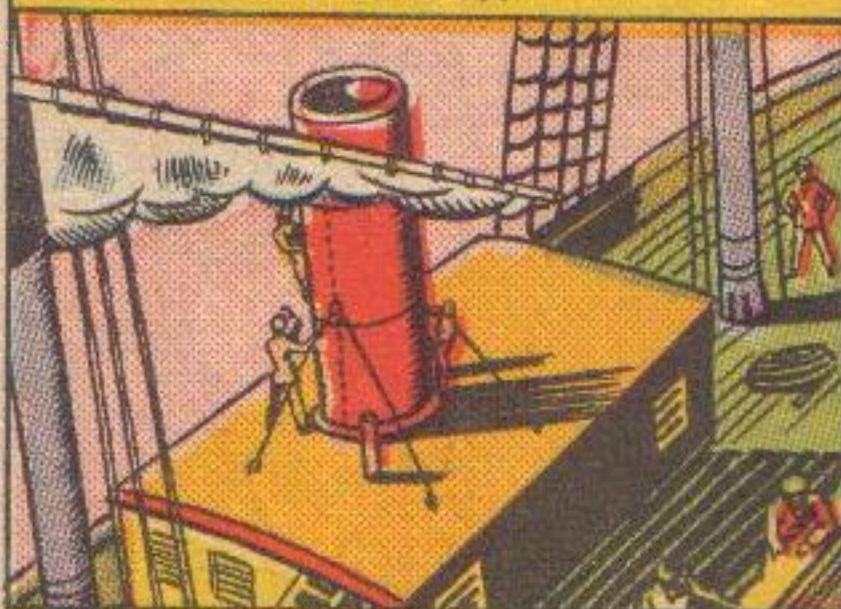


AT TUALA ISLAND..

YOU PRISONERS  
WILL HELP REPAINT  
THE SHIP-GET MOVING!



AS DUSTY AND MIKE WIELD  
PAINT BRUSHES, THE CREW  
ERECTS A FALSE FUNNEL,  
TO FURTHER DISGUISE THE  
MALTA...



THEIR ENEMY  
WILL NEVER  
SPOT THIS  
TUB NOW..  
WE MUST  
MAKE A  
BREAK TO  
THE ISLAND,  
MIKE!

I'D LIKE TO  
BOUNCE THIS  
PAINT BRUSH  
OFF FROSK'S  
THICK HEAD!



PLANNING AN ESCAPE,  
FRIENDS? IF I DON'T GET  
YOU, THE SHARKS WILL!



MIKE! YOU  
GAVE ME AN  
IDEA!

SPLOSH



STRIKE FOR  
THE  
ISLAND!



FROSK'S MEN WHIP THE  
WATER AROUND THE ESCAP-  
ING PRISONERS INTO A  
BULLET-CHURNED FROTH!

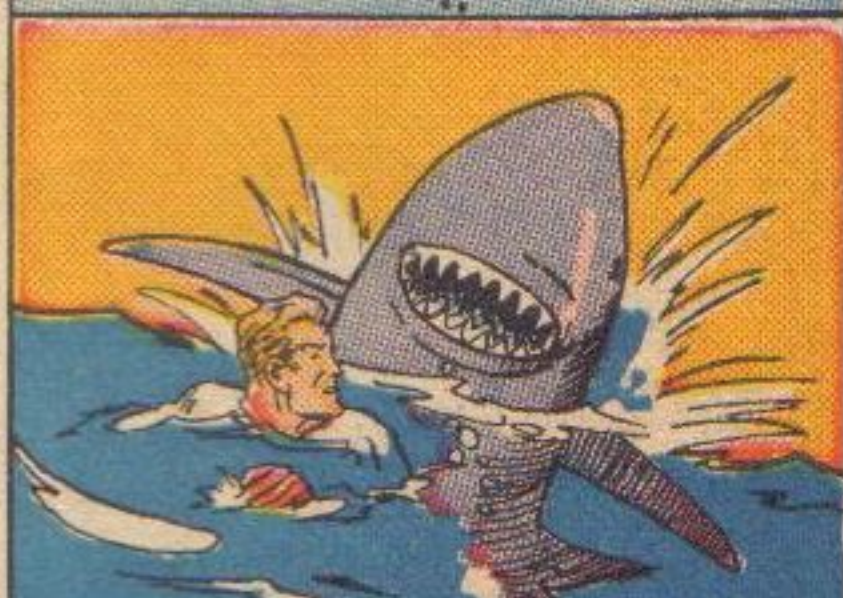


SUDDENLY A DREADED  
TRIANGULAR FIN CUTS THE  
WATER!

DUSTY! A  
SHARK!



AS THE "TIGER OF THE DEEP"  
DRAWS NEAR, DUSTY  
PREPARES FOR A FIGHT  
AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS  
!!



AND THEN..THE SEA REDDENS  
AS A STRAY BULLET FROM  
THE MALTA FINDS A VITAL  
SPOT...

WHEW! AND THAT  
SLUG WAS MEANT  
FOR ME!



WE'VE NEARLY  
MADE IT,  
MIKE!

YEAH!  
THAT LEADS  
GETTIN'  
TOO CLOSE  
FOR  
COMFORT  
!

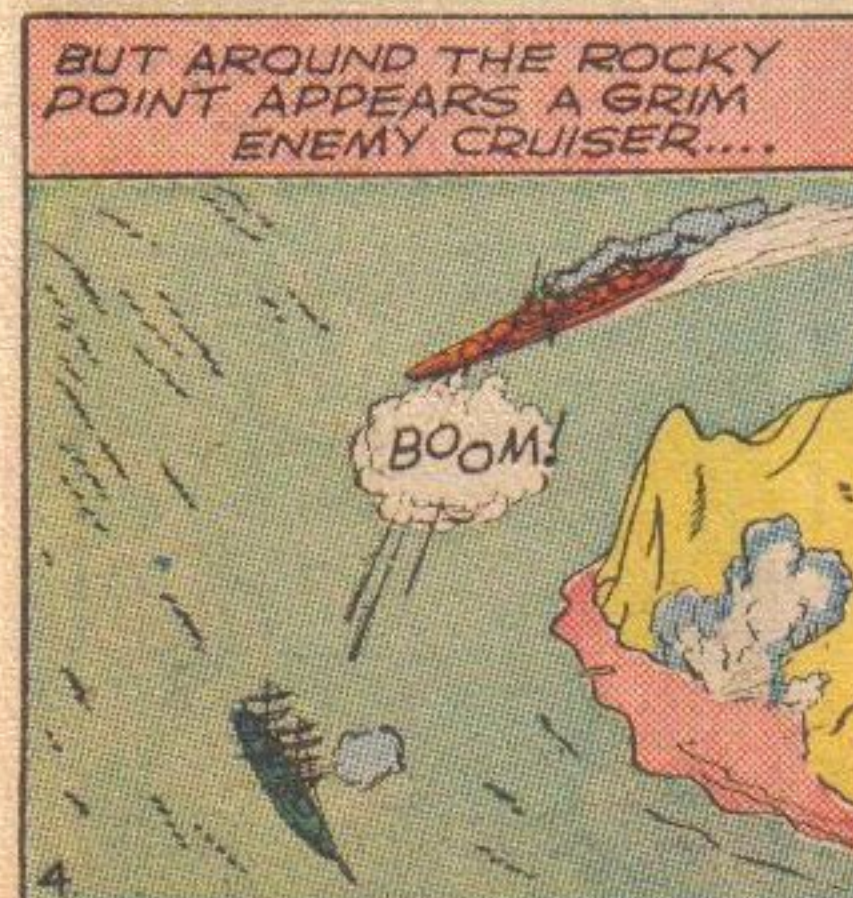
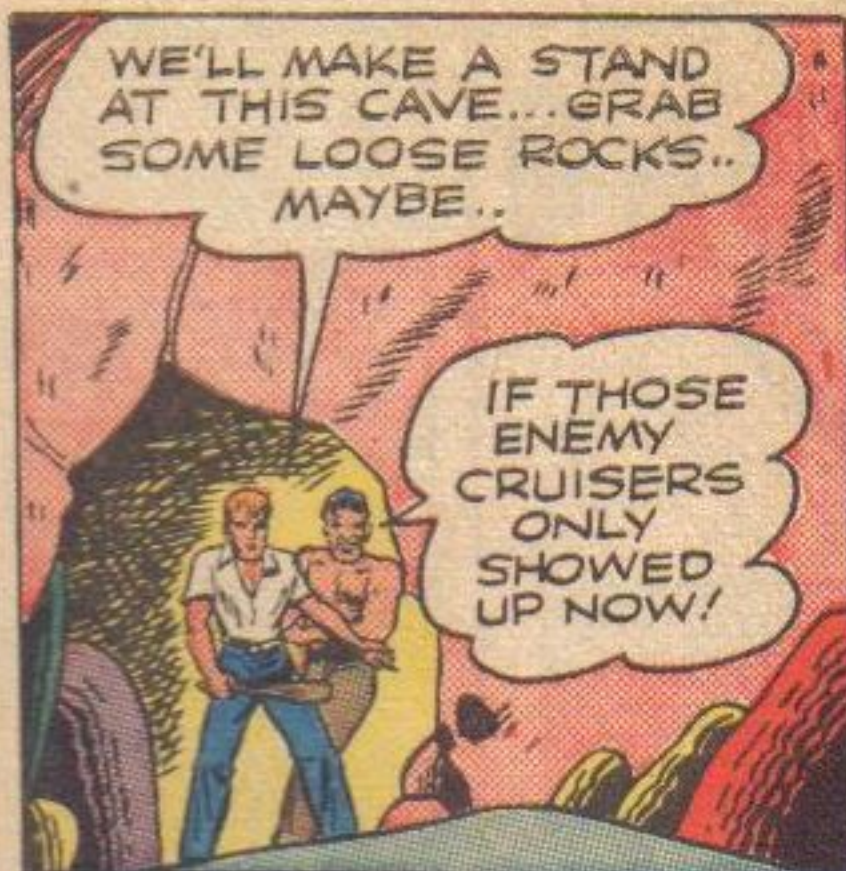


ABOARD THE SHIP FROSK  
RAGES AT THE ESCAPE OF  
HIS PRISONERS..

FOOLS! BLOCKHEADS!  
LOWER A BOAT..THEY  
MUST NOT GET AWAY!









# POISON IV

THE MIGHTY MITE by GILL FOX

THE PARENTS AND TEACHERS OF THE TOWN IN WHICH POISON LIVES HAVE PUT A BAN ON THE SALE AND USE OF CHEWING GUM.

THIS BAN ON CHEWING GUM IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL--- UNCONSTEETUTIONAL--- WELL, ANYWAY IT AIN'T RIGHT!

PUBLIC SCHOOL 113

AN' WE'RE GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

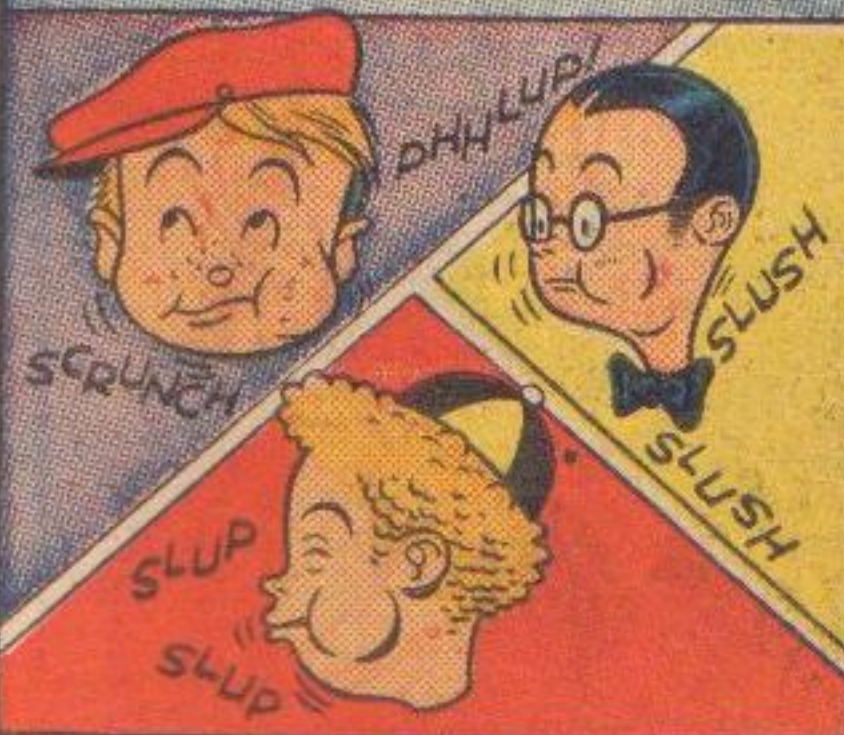
SOAP

NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN... I'M GONNA START A GUM-RUNNIN' RACKET-- I'LL SMUGGLE THE GUM IN FROM THE NEXT TOWN!

PSST.. HERE'S YOUR GUM! THAT'LL BE ONE BUCK, PLEASE..

WORKING ON THE SLY, POISON SOON HAS A PROFITABLE BUSINESS

AND ONCE AGAIN KIDS' JAWS AROUND TOWN WORK MERRILY...



BOY! LOOKIT THIS.. WE'RE MAKIN' MONEY FASTER THAN WE KIN BANK IT!

HOT GUM!

HEY, BOSS! DEM KIDS ARE MAKIN' MONEY FAST WITH DAT GUM-RUNNIN' RACKET! COULDN'T WE HI-JACK THEIR LOAD T'NIGHT?

DAT'S A GOOD IDEAR!

HERE HE COMES NOW!

THAT NIGHT..

GET OFF DAT WAGON, YA BRAT! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER DAT LOAD OF CHEWY!

HI-JACKERS!

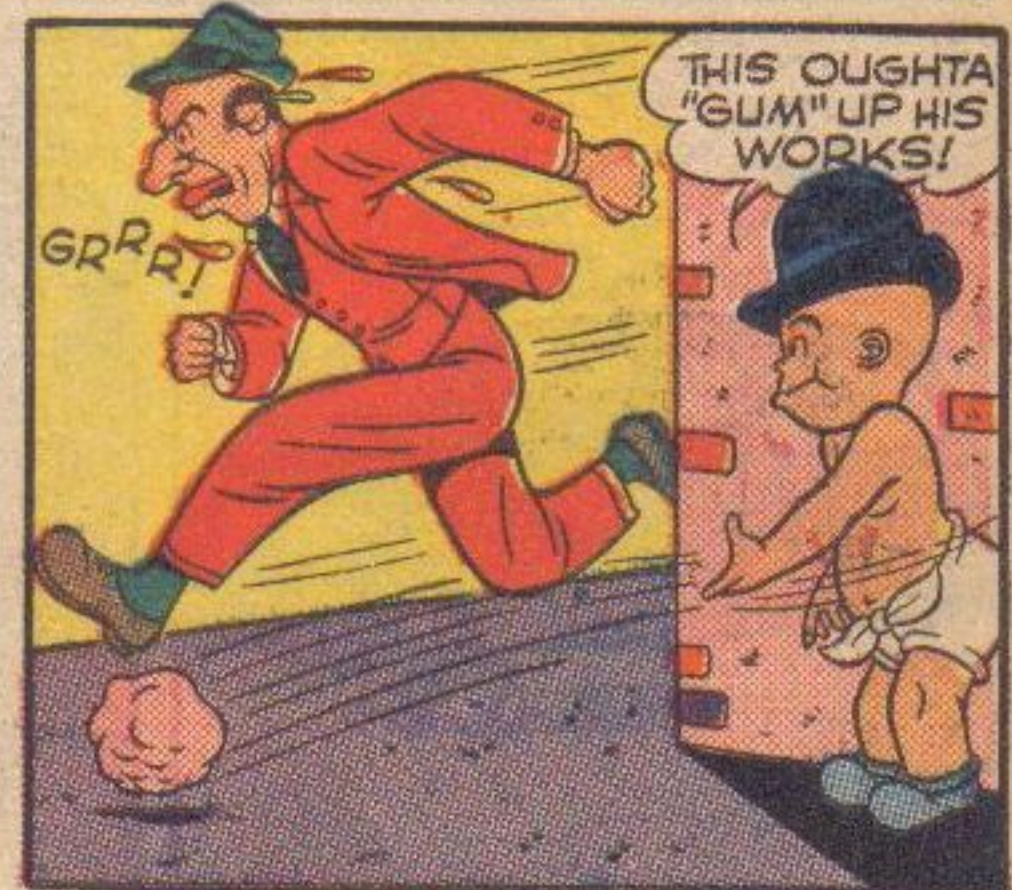
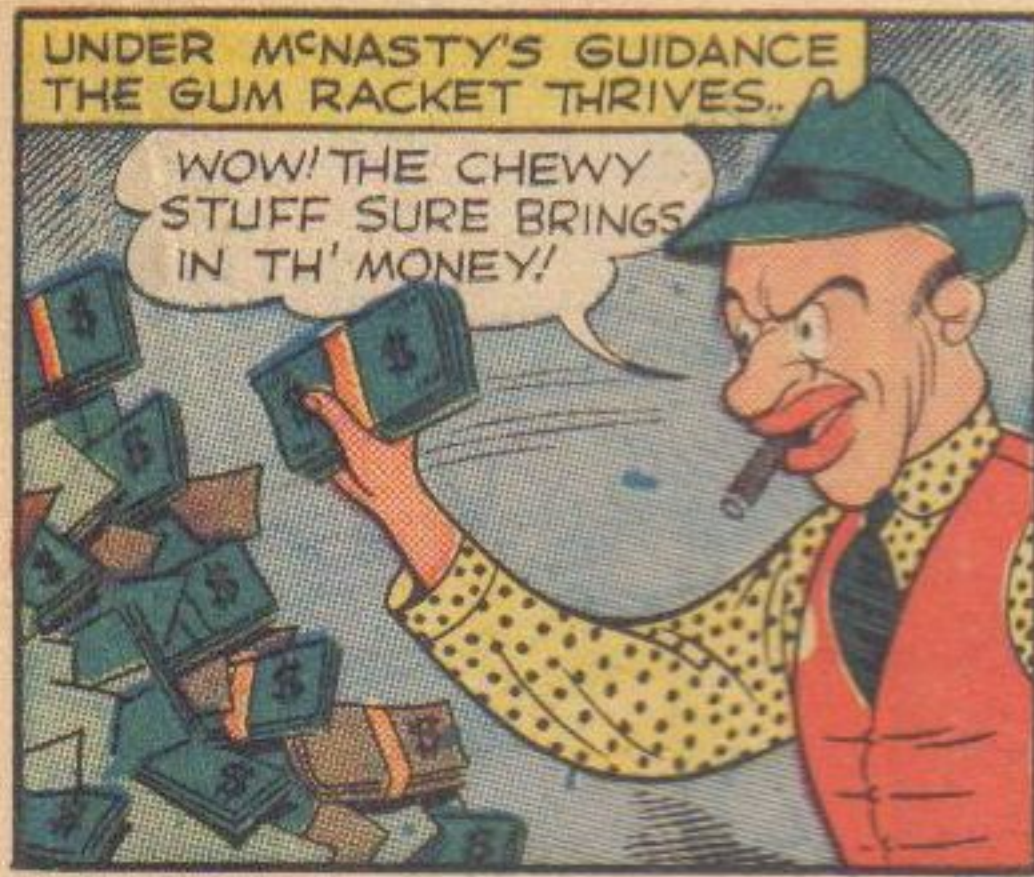
I KNOW YOU.. YOU'RE MCNASTY, THE GANGSTER! I'LL FIX YA FOR THIS!

SHUT UP, KID! IZZY! UNLOAD THAT WAGON!!

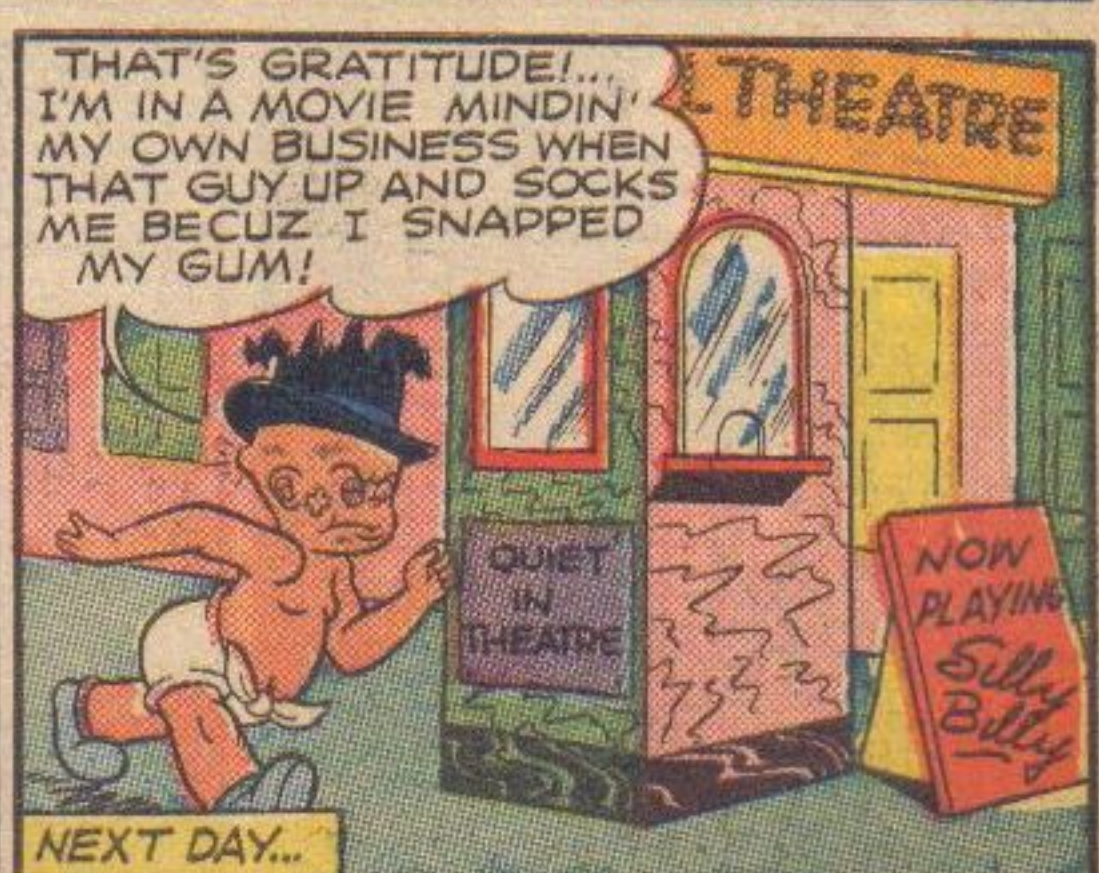
OKE!

I'M NOT SO DUMB! I'LL LET THEM TAKE OVER THE GUM RACKET.. AND AFTER THEY BUILD IT UP, I'LL JUST SNATCH THE BUSINESS BACK AGAIN!





AND THE WHOLE TOWN IS JUBILANT BECAUSE THE GREAT POISON'S WORK HAS PROMPTED THE MAYOR TO LIFT THE GUM BAN!

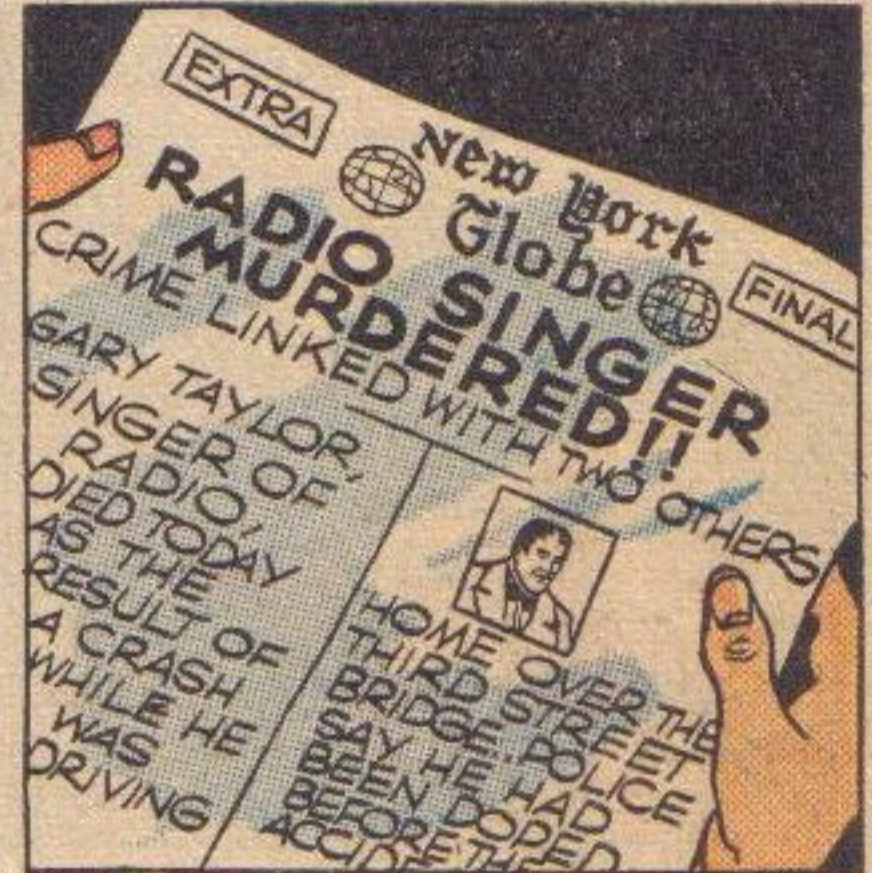
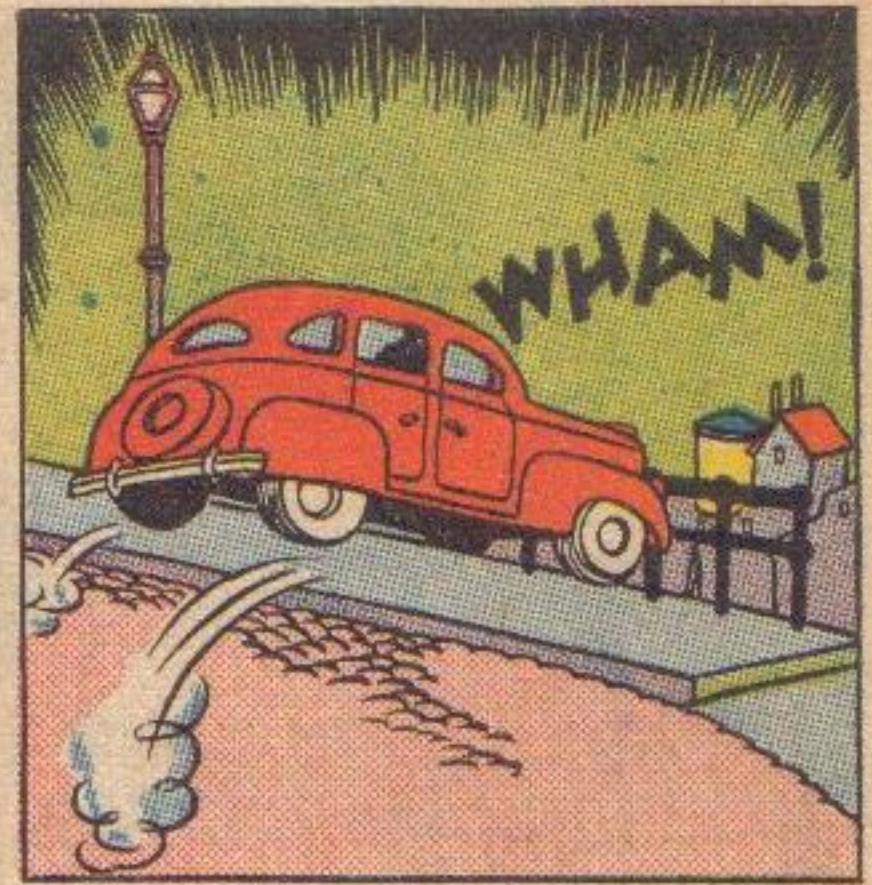




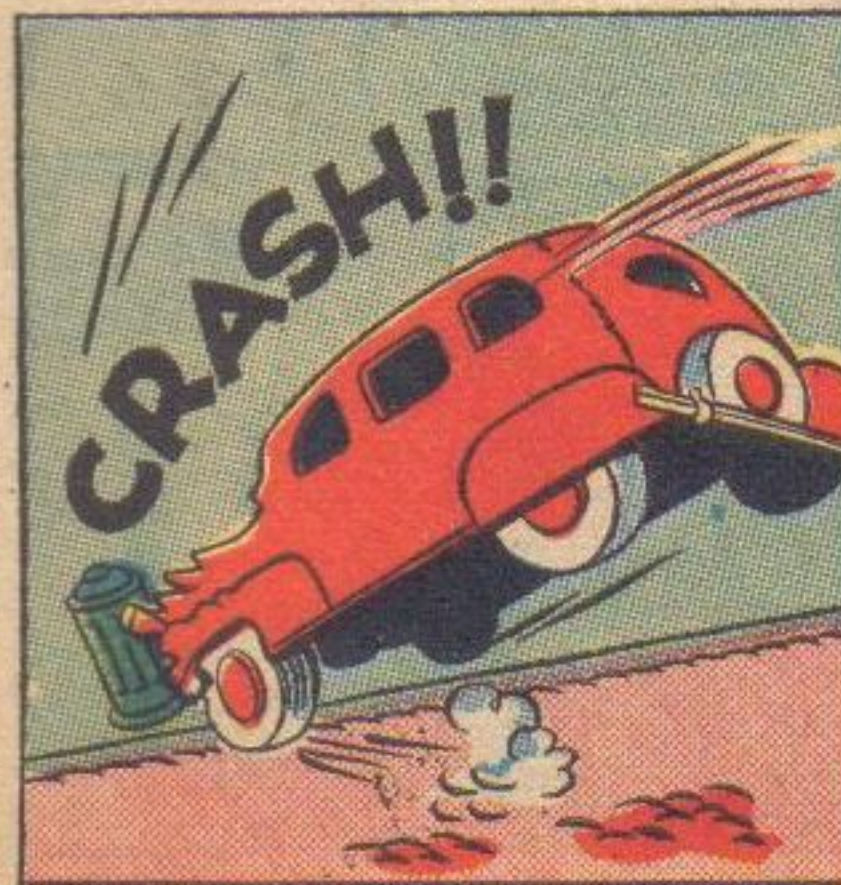
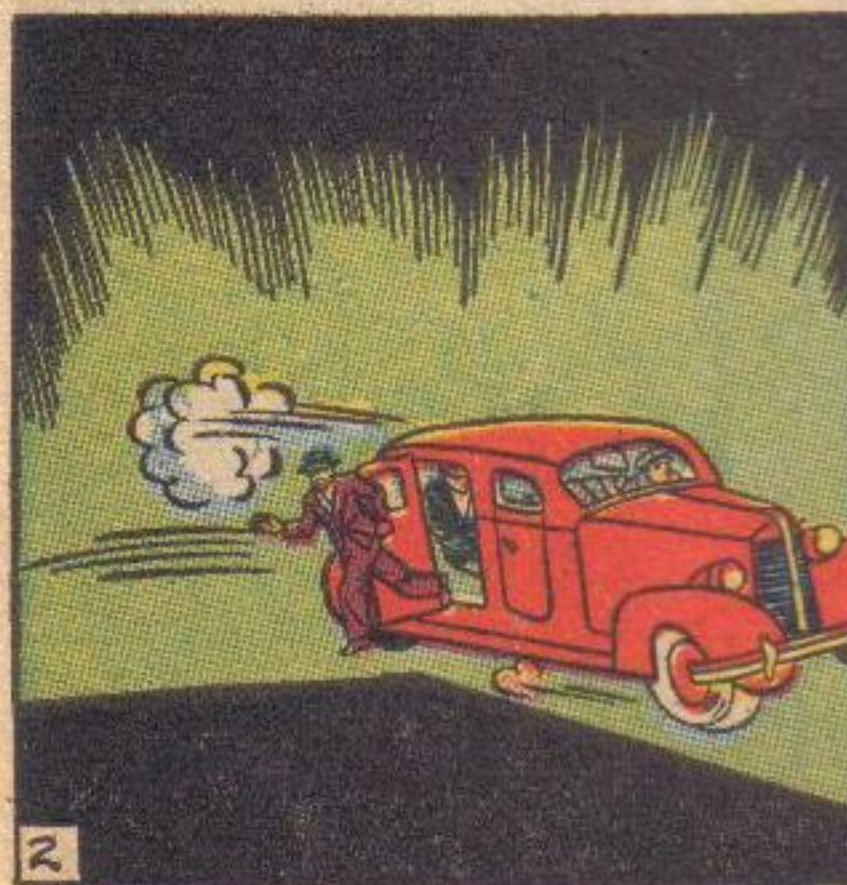
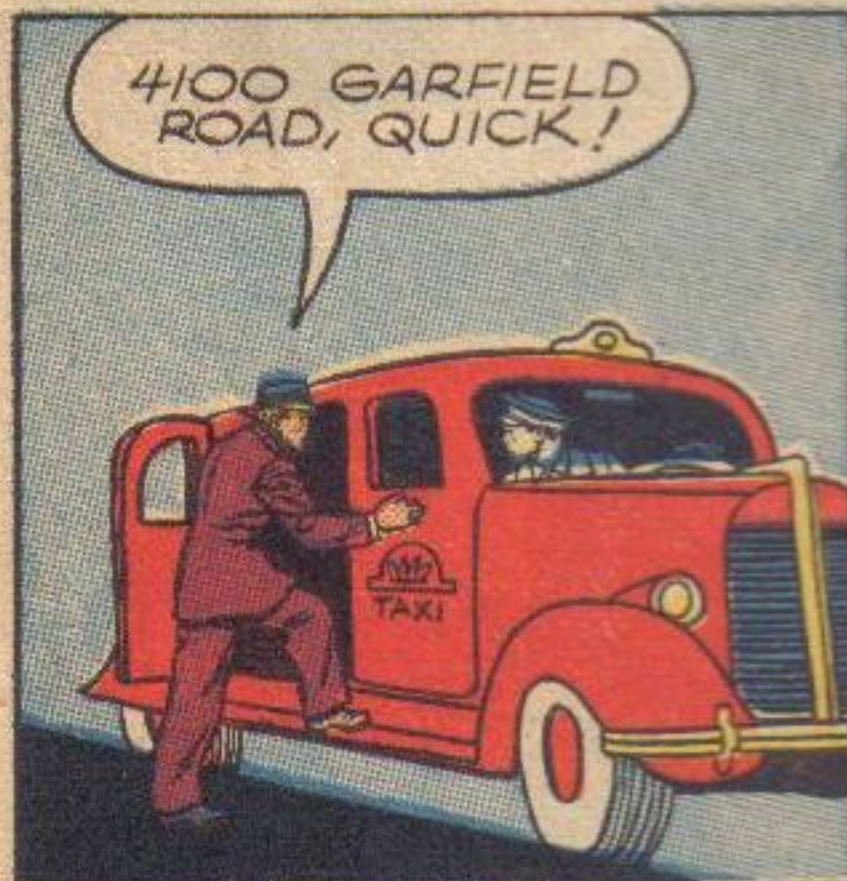
# "THE VOICE"

"MURDER  
TUNES  
IN"

A POPULAR  
RADIO ANNOUNCER  
HAS BEEN  
MURDERED....  
TWO WEEKS  
LATER A SOUND  
ENGINEER SUDDENLY  
DISAPPEARS...  
THE POLICE  
ARE BAFLED--  
A FEW DAYS  
PASS AND A CAR  
CRASHES INTO A  
BRIDGE RAILING..











THEN, RIGHT OUT OF THE AIR...

THE MURDERER WILL  
SOON BE CAUGHT--  
**THE VOICE** WILL  
TRIUMPH!!



AH-- HERE'S  
SOMETHING!

**THE VOICE**  
RETURNS TO THE BROADCAST-  
ING STATION AND GOES TO  
A WALL SAFE....



SUDDENLY A MYSTERIOUS  
HAND SWITCHES THE LIGHTS  
OFF...

BANG!  
BANG!



CAN YOU COME  
WITH ME,  
TOMMY? I  
NEED YOUR  
HELP--!

SURE, MR.  
ELIXIR--  
I GET  
OFF IN  
ABOUT TWO  
MINUTES--

AS THE ASSAILANT ESCAPES,  
THE VOICE HURRIES BACK  
TO HIS OWN APARTMENT  
BUILDING...



AT THE  
BROADCASTING  
STATION...

REMEMBER  
WHAT I WANT  
YOU TO SAY--AND  
WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL--  
I'LL BE IN THE  
CONTROL ROOM!

OKAY,  
MR.  
ELIXIR!



I'M READY,  
TOMMY!



**TOMMY!!**  
WHY DON'T  
YOU  
ANSWER?



TOMMY--  
WHY DON'T YOU  
SPEAK? TOMMY--  
**TOMMY!!**



HE'S GONE!  
SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED!

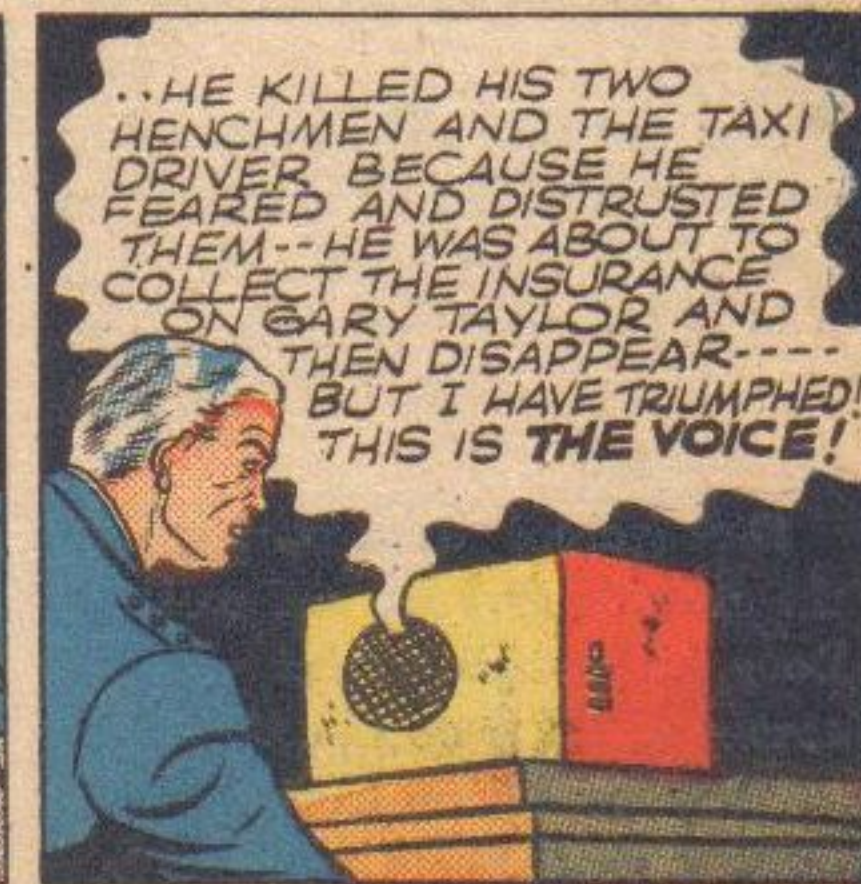


GET OUT A DRAGNET  
FOR JOHN BURKE,  
MURDERER OF  
GARY TAYLOR!  
EVERY MINUTE  
COUNTS! THIS  
IS **THE VOICE!!**

?!

THROUGH A SPECIAL DEVICE  
PLACED TO HIS LIPS, THE VOICE  
CUTS IN ON THE PRIVATE  
COMMUNICATION SYSTEM IN  
THE POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE...







# SPOOK SHIP

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

The stillness that clung over the sea was like a great weight; it had come with darkness and was augmented by a thick, damp fog that was moving low over the water. To Dick Gorrie, at the wheel of the *Nocturne*, it was like a phalanx of gray ghosts marching out of the east.

## Ghosts!

For many nights now ghosts had ruled the sea! A whole crew of ghosts, sailing on a ship of the dead! Dick remembered with a shudder that terrible ship with its skeletal masts rising out of the mists, its ornate bowsprit from a long-gone era, its bare spars which, somehow, seemed to carry their full complement of canvas.

Dick was far from being superstitious, as many sailors were; but there was something about a sailing ship that sailed without wind, that sent a chill down one's spine. For that's exactly what had happened. Each night, now, for nearly two weeks, the ghostly three-master had suddenly appeared out of the swirling fog . . . and pandemonium had broken loose. Or so the crews of various salvage companies had reported.

Nor was that all; men had died—almost a dozen of them—from shots fired from that eerie ship. And at least three valuable salvage boats had been sunk in this area of haunted sea.

Dick turned from staring into the growing darkness and spoke to Doug, his younger brother, who had charge of stores on the *Nocturne*:

"Any word from Guthrie?"

"Not yet," Doug replied. "But

Sparks sent a message just after seven."

"The old boy's pretty mad, I imagine," Dick went on: "Don't blame him much, losing two ships in a week . . . well, we're not going to lose the *Nocturne*."

"We *Lope*," amended Doug; "if we put up a fight the same thing'll happen to us as did to the *Tricon* and *Lady D*."

That was the tough part of it, Dick admitted to himself. The skippers of both their other boats had refused to obey the commands of the ghost ship's master—and both had been shelled and sunk. Captain Hayes of the *Tricon* had been killed along with six of his men.

Dick watched the darkness ahead. The sea was a flat mirror. Would it soon be reflecting the stark outlines of that ship with its corps of dead? He mused a moment on this strange sea mystery. Not in years had anything so amazing happened in these waters; in any others for that matter. Every salvage company in Trinidad had tackled this job; all had suffered heavy losses and given up. They could cope with flesh and blood, but not with ghosts!

It was a fine prize, too. The *David G.* had gone down with better than four million in gold bullion. She lay at twelve fathoms, easy pickings for modern divers. *British Lion* had gone out after her first; had made soundings and established her correct location. But no sooner had divers prepared to descend to her hulk than mysterious shots had come out of the ever-present fog blanketing this area, and the *British*

*Lion's* boats had scampered away.

Every other firm had tried its hand, with the same results. The ghost ship had first been seen by a small American company from Tampa. They had reported it in a dense fog; then their radio had gone dead. They had never returned to port. And now . . .

It was at this point in Dick's ramblings that Sparks ran up with a message: a Fruit Line boat out of Bermuda had been attacked by mysterious pirates. They were leaking fast. They wanted help.

"Where are they?" asked Dick.

"Close by," answered Sparks. "Probably ten miles. Here's their location."



Dick nodded and ordered up speed.

In slightly under an hour they sighted the fruiter. She was scurrying madly to the north. And pursuing her was—the ghost ship!

Dick brought the *Nocturne* around. There was nothing they could do. They carried no guns. And, of course, the fruiter didn't either. It looked like a race to the death, with the prey badly crippled.

The boom of guns could be heard out of the fog. The ghost ship was gaining rapidly on the stricken fruit boat. Dick kept the *Nocturne*



a quarter-mile off and watched the race. The fruit boat passed, then the high-powered ghost ship bore down, not two cable-lengths behind. Even at a quarter-mile, she was plainly visible, though Dick could have sworn that he could look right through her bleached hull to the swirling mists beyond.

Then suddenly she was blotted out, as if she had been swallowed up by the damp cloak of night. But soon she reappeared again. Two more shots rattled across the water, then the ghost ship heeled as she was brought about under the invisible hand of her helmsman from the grave. As Dick and his entire crew watched, she suddenly disappeared.

Ghost ship! There was no doubt of it. And yet, Dick reasoned, a ghost ship (there was the fabulous *Flying Dutchman*) should be firing guns that made no sound! Something was wrong here . . .

By this time the fruit boat was out of danger, at least of pursuit, and their operator reported that they would be able to make it into port without assistance.

"Guthrie come through yet?" Dick asked of Sparks.

"Nary a squeak. Funny, isn't it?"

Dick admitted it was. As everyone knew, in the employ of the Guthrie Company, "Old Man" Guthrie was not one to let things rest. He was hot after this salvage. And he would be the last one to give up — even to a bunch of ghosts!

"We'll hang around," said Dick. "Keep trying to get him."

An hour passed and the silence grew more profound. Then far overhead Dick heard the drone of a plane. The sound quickly increased.

"Must be figuring on a landing," Dick told Doug. "I wonder—"

"Look!" Doug said. A bright searchlight cut through the gloom and then the big amphib was slapping the water. With motors thundering, she taxied toward the *Nocturne* and a booming voice

came across the water:

"How goes it, Dick?"

"The Old Man!" exclaimed young Gorrie to his brother. "He foxed us . . . I wonder what's the idea?"

One of the crew lowered the small boat and Dick put off for the big craft. Guthrie met him, then introduced a young man by the name of Perry Scott.

"He's something of a marine scientist," Guthrie said. "He's down here to clear up the spook ship mystery."

Dick related the events of the past few hours and then they were rowed back to the *Nocturne*, and the pilot of the amphib took off. Guthrie explained to the crew of the ship that Perry Scott would be in sole charge from here on.

Scott issued some orders: They



were to cruise south at half speed and keep a sharp lookout for the ghostly three-master. If sighted, he would handle things in his own way. This Scott chap, Dick reasoned, seemed to know what he was about.

They moved through the gloom, all eyes alert. They had sailed scarcely a half hour when the lookout announced that a dim shape had materialized out of the fog on their starb'd beam. Instantly the railing was crowded with anxious figures peering into the thick mists. Gradually the shape became the well-known outlines of the weird craft. As she moved up upon them, her moist decks deserted, a gun barked and a shot screamed over their bows. Scott ordered the ship about

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and they lay to . . . waiting . . . for what?

"Just what I thought," Perry Scott said as if to himself. "It's Rennicker, renegade salvage outfit owner. He's given salvage crews plenty of trouble all over these seas. He picked quite a neat little trick this time to scare off the rest of the outfits. Watch!"

Perry set off a flare pistol. The brilliant light, ballooning in the dark skies, cut through the fog and they could see the dark bulk of a fast cutter about two hundred yards from the ghost ship.

"I don't quite get it," Dick said.

"He runs without lights," Perry explained. "He can only work this trick when there's a heavy fog."

"You mean—" Dick began.

"Exactly. The ghost ship is nothing more than a movie projected against the fog."

"What are we going to do about it?" Doug wanted to know. "We can't capture an armed vessel, can we?"

Perry shook his head. "Uncle Sam will take care of that," he said. "If you look hard enough you can see two or three coast guard cutters closing in on our old friend Rennicker."

**READ ANTIDOTE** ANOTHER PERRY SCOTT YARN In the October Issue / ON SALE OF FEATURE COMICS / AUG. 23<sup>RD</sup>



THE  
MYSTERY  
MOTOR

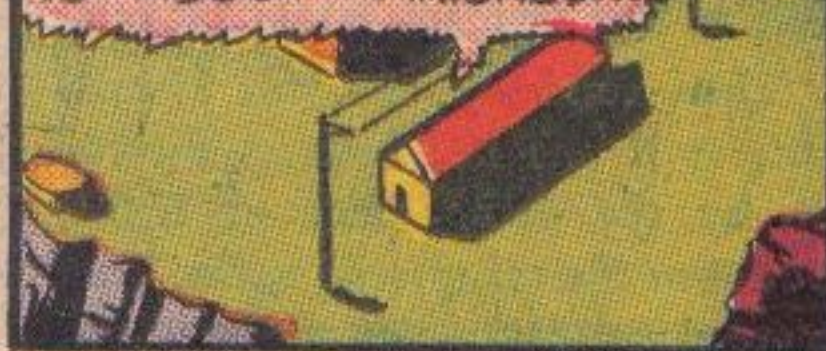
# Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by  
Harry  
Francis  
Campbell

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN AND  
LIEUTENANT JACKSON OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY  
INTELLIGENCE, HAVE BEEN MADE TO RESEMBLE TWINS  
BY PLASTIC SURGERY... THUS THEY WAR ON SPIES.

IN AN ISOLATED WORKSHOP,  
A GREAT INVENTOR PUTS  
THE FINAL TOUCHES ON A  
REVOLUTIONARY NEW MOTOR.

WEATHERBEE CALLING M.I. IN  
WASHINGTON... THE MOTOR  
IS ABOUT FINISHED...



BUT SPIES ALSO WAIT FOR  
THIS MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON

THE MOTOR IS ABOUT  
FINISHED

THEES EES IT!  
GET THE BEARING  
ON THEES  
TRANSMITTER



WEATHERBEE AND HEES PLANS  
ARE ON LAGUNA MESA  
IN NEW MEXICO. THE  
PLANS ARE AS  
GOOD AS OURS  
NOW,  
NICKO!



AND AFTER CROSS-BEARINGS  
ARE PLOTTED ON A MAP.

... SPY PLANES ROAR TOWARD  
WEATHERBEE'S SECRET WORK-  
SHOP ATOP LAGUNA MESA.



WE WEEL JUS' WAIT.  
WEATHERBEE MUS' COME  
DOWN THEES PATH  
WITH THEE PLANS...  
...THEN...

WEETH THEES MOTOR  
OUR COUNTRY EES  
INVINCIBLE!



AND SOON FURTIVE FIGURES  
WATCH THE ONE PATHWAY TO  
THE MESA'S TOP

BRUCE? COLONEL JORDAN  
SPEAKING; WEATHERBEE'S  
MOTOR IS ABOUT FINISHED.  
FLY OUT TO HIS MESA AND  
BRING BACK THE PLANS.  
I DON'T EXPECT  
ANY TROUBLE,  
STILL ~

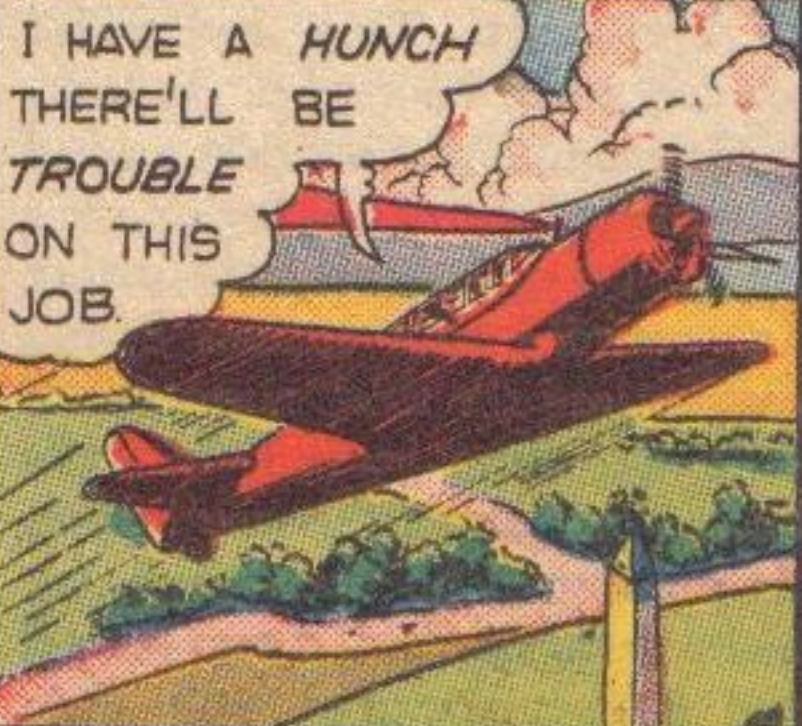


MEANWHILE, AT MILITARY  
INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS

ALL RIGHT, COLONEL... WILL YOU  
HAVE AN ARMY OBSERVATION  
SHIP MADE READY FOR  
ME? I'LL LEAVE IN  
AN HOUR.



I HAVE A HUNCH  
THERE'LL BE  
TROUBLE  
ON THIS  
JOB.



BRUCE TAKES OFF FOR THE MESA

I DON'T LIKE THOSE  
SHIPS FOLLOWING  
ME!



AND 12 HOURS  
LATER...



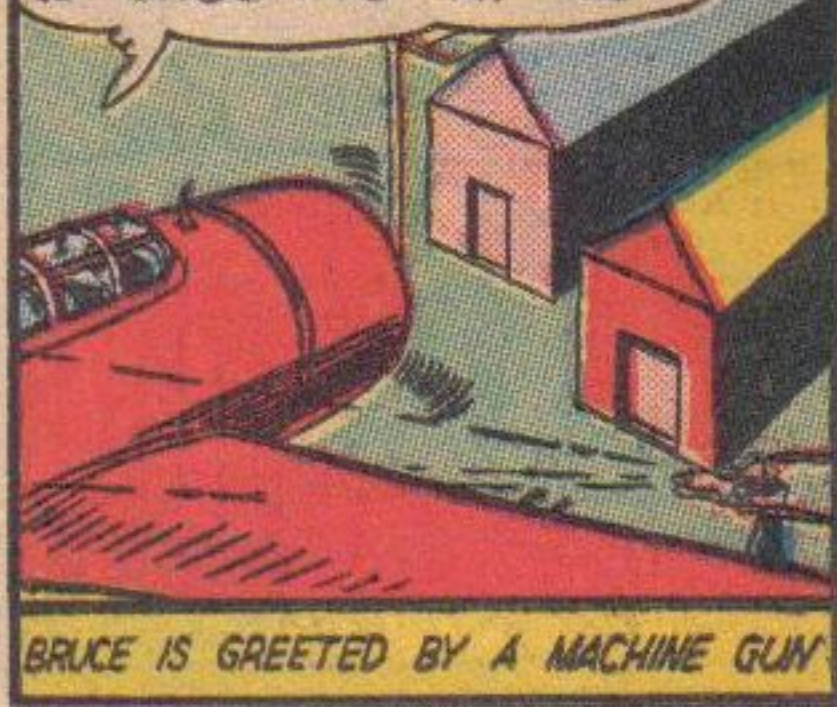
GOSH! THOSE SHIPS ARE FAST.  
PASSED ME LIKE I WAS  
STANDING STILL.



THERE'S THE MESA. NOW TO  
SET DOWN!

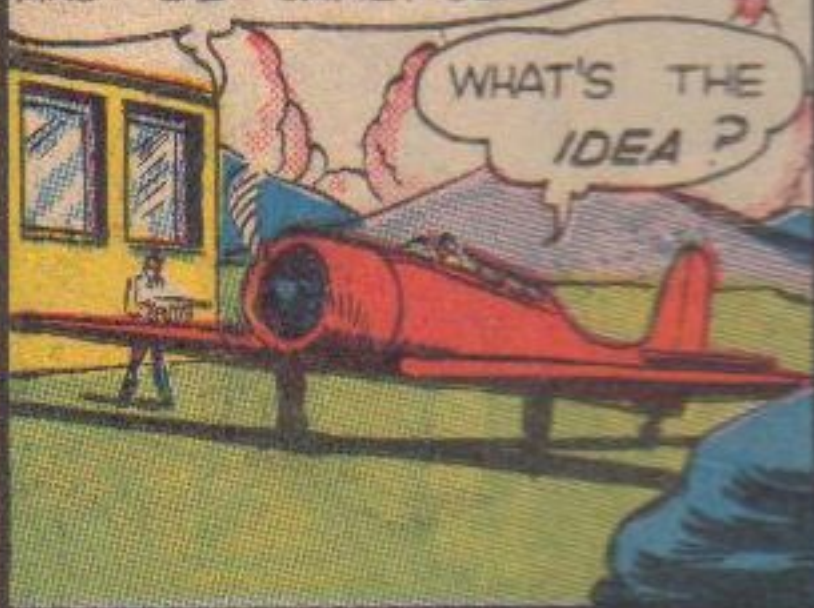


WHAT THE--THAT LUNATIC  
IS SHOOTING AT ME!



BRUCE IS GREETED BY A MACHINE GUN

GET OUT OF THAT SHIP!  
AND BE CAREFUL!



WHAT'S THE  
IDEA?

AS BRUCE ROLLS TO A STOP

SORRY, CAPTAIN. I'M WEATHERBEE,  
AND I'VE BEEN HAVING  
AN AWFUL TIME  
FIGHTING OFF  
SPIES!



WHAT?  
ALREADY?

I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT.

AFTER BRUCE HAD  
IDENTIFIED HIMSELF.

YES, SPIES! JUST YOU  
START DOWN THAT  
PATH AND YOU'LL  
FIND OUT!



I'LL  
DO  
JUST THAT!

WELL! LOOKS LIKE  
WEATHERBEE  
WAS RIGHT.



BRUCE STARTS DOWN  
THE PATH WITH A  
BOGUS ROLL OF PLANS

BACK TO THE TOP  
OF THE MESA  
FOR ME!



WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT,  
WEATHERBEE. WE CAN'T  
GET YOUR PLANS DOWN  
THAT PATH!



I TOLD YOU  
SO!

AND THOSE SPY SHIPS THAT  
FOLLOWED ME HERE CAN  
FLY CIRCLES AROUND MY  
CRATE. WE CAN'T GET OUT  
THAT WAY. SAY-- HOW  
GOOD IS THIS MOTOR  
OF YOURS?



THE MODEL I HAVE HERE  
TURNS OUT 800 HORSEPOWER  
AND WEIGHS LESS THAN 200  
POUNDS.



SAY-- MAYBE  
MY PLAN WILL  
WORK! LISTEN...



OF COURSE I CAN MAKE THE CHANGE, CAPTAIN! AND MY GASOLINE TURBINE WILL DO THE TRICK.

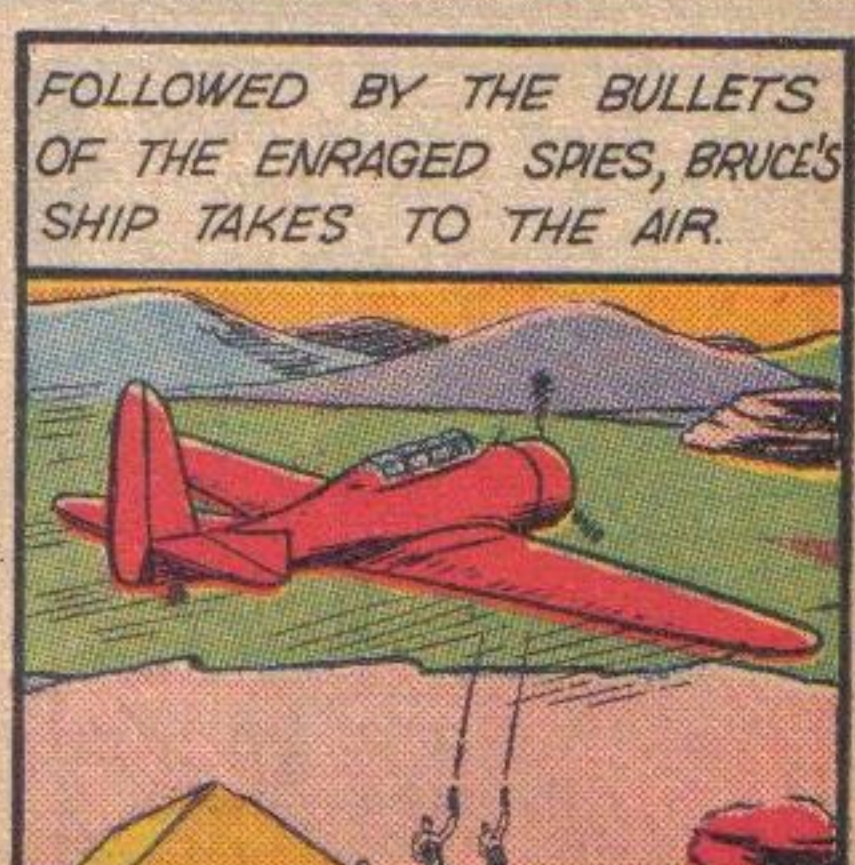
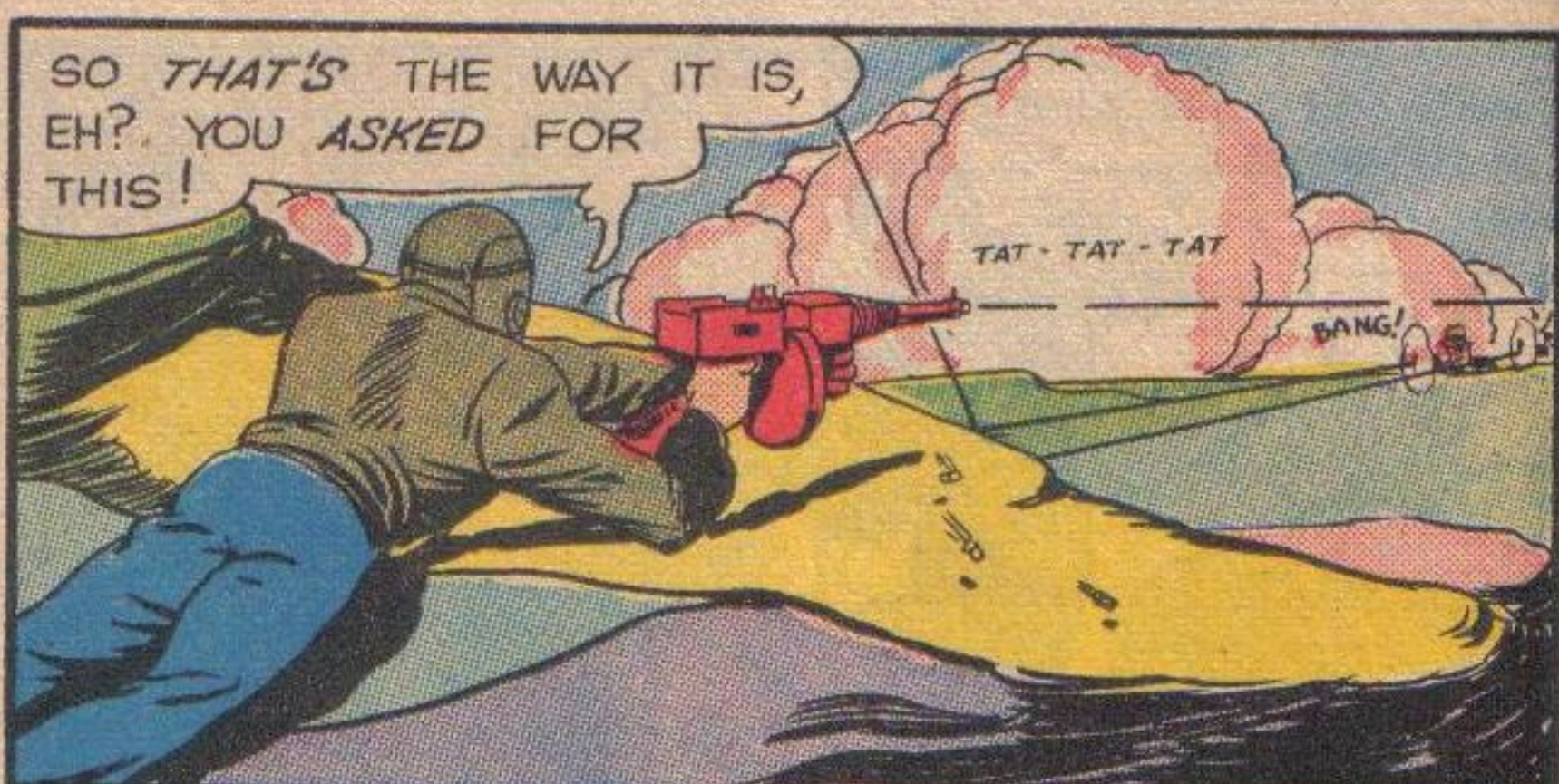
WELL, HOP TO IT, FAST!

AND AFTER BRUCE HAS EXPLAINED...

YOU CAN TAKE THE MACHINE GUN AND GUARD THE TOP OF THE PATH, CAPTAIN. I CAN DO THE OTHER JOB ALL RIGHT.

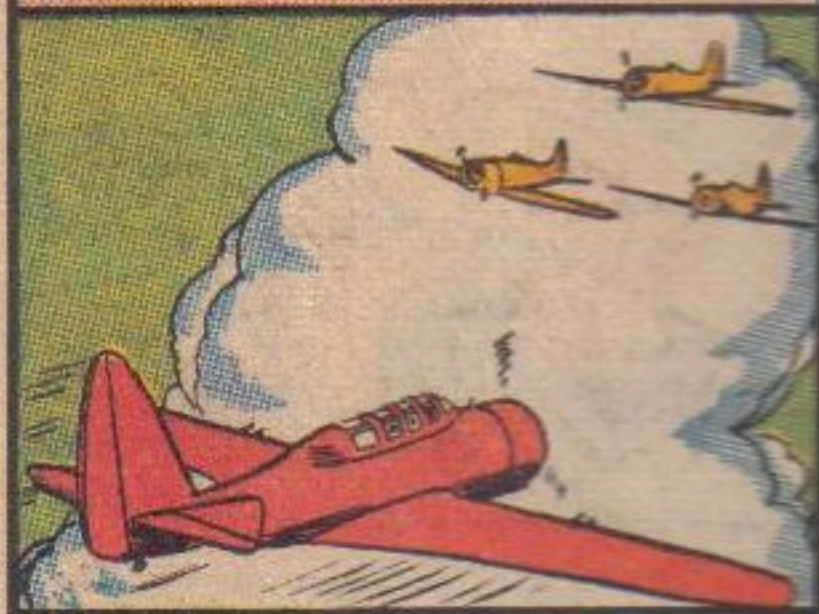
WHAT DO WE WAIT FOR? THE PLANS ARE FINISHED, NOW WE TAKE THEM! COME, LET US GO!

MEANWHILE, THE SPIES GROW RESTIVE

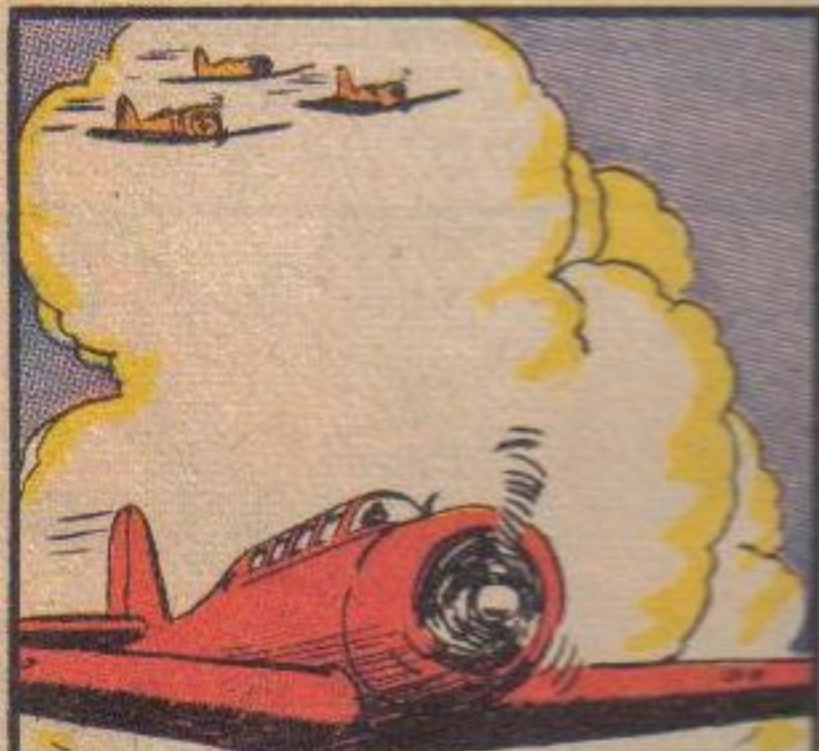
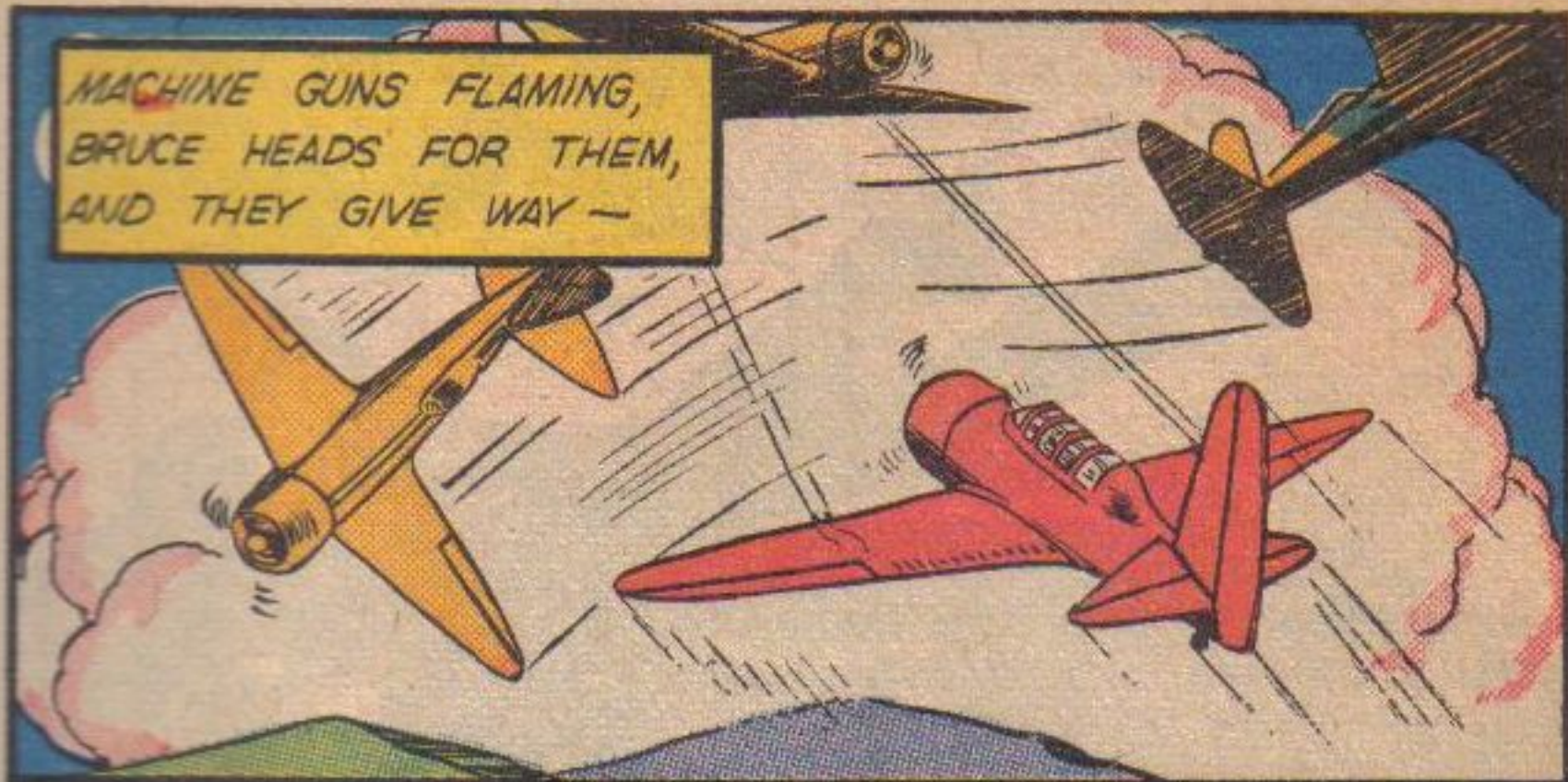




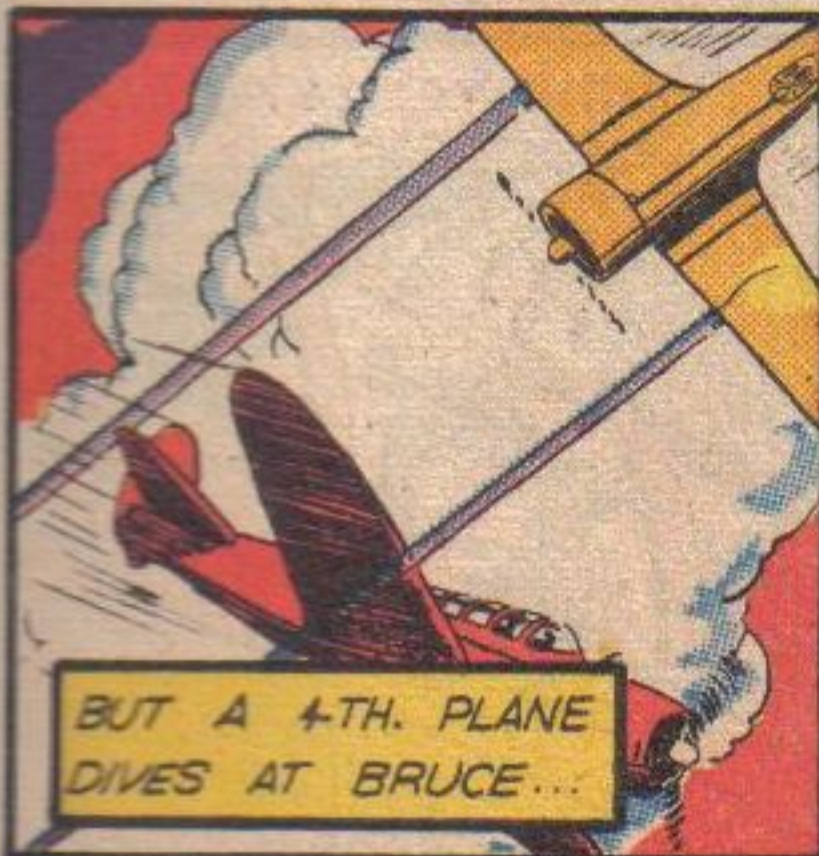
AHEAD BRUCE SEES THE 3 SHIPS THAT HAD FOLLOWED HIM TO THE MESA.



MACHINE GUNS FLAMING, BRUCE HEADS FOR THEM, AND THEY GIVE WAY—

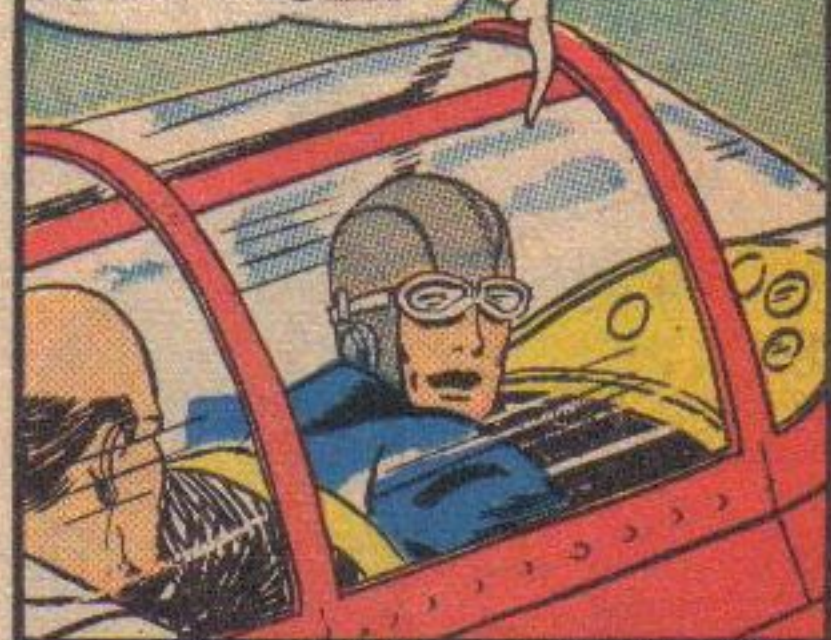


BRUCE OUTDISTANCES THEM



BUT A 4TH. PLANE DIVES AT BRUCE...

HE GOT THE RUDDER CONTROL CABLE! HAVE TO SET THIS DOWN FAST!



AS BRUCE ROLLS TO A STOP THE OTHER SHIP IS BESIDE HIM

HAND OVER THE PLANS, AN' SIT IN THE SHIP~VERY QUIET!

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?



GUARD THEM WHILE I TAKE THESE PLANS TO HIS EXCELLENCY. IF THEY ARE THE RIGHT ONES, POOF! TWO SHOTS... AND IT IS OVER!



AS THE SPY PLANE TAKES OFF WITH THE PLANS...

I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING. FOLLOW MY "PLAY."

OK.



O.K. JOE! JUMP HIM!

WHAT?



WITH A FLICK OF HIS WRIST, BRUCE THROWS A WRENCH





AS THE STARTLED SPY TURNS HIS HEAD, BRUCE LEAPS



HE'S OUT COLD, WEATHERBEE. WATCH HIM WHILE I SPLICE THAT CONTROL CABLE!



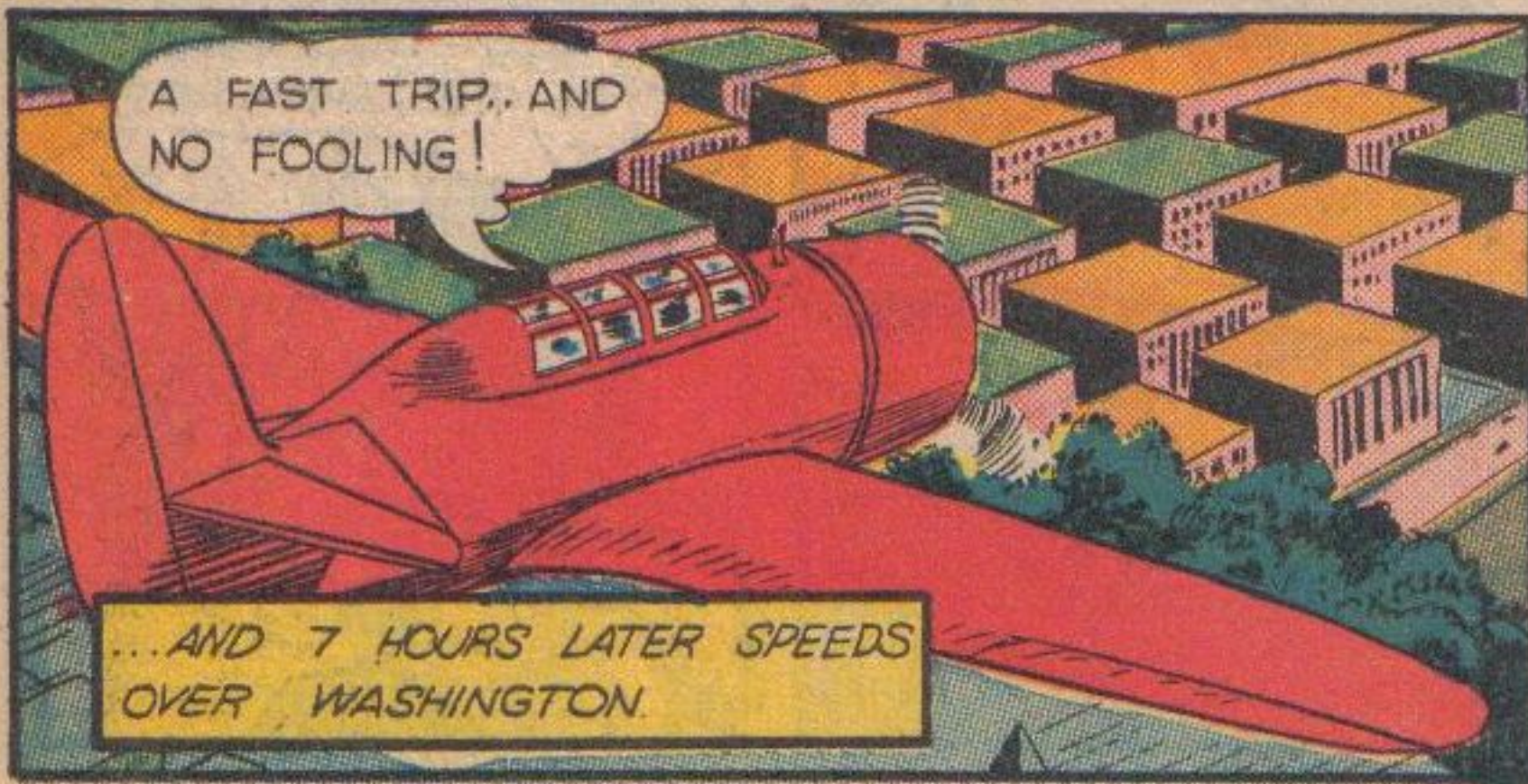
THERE...THAT SHOULD HOLD UNTIL WE GET TO WASHINGTON.



O.K. WEATHERBEE, LET'S GO!



ONCE MORE THE SHIP ROARS INTO THE AIR...



A FAST TRIP, AND NO FOOLING!

...AND 7 HOURS LATER SPEEDS OVER WASHINGTON.



WELL, BRUCE, WHERE ARE THE PLANS?

THE SPIES GOT THE ONLY PLANS WE BROUGHT WITH US, COLONEL!

LATER, IN BRUCE'S 'ANTIQUE SHOP'



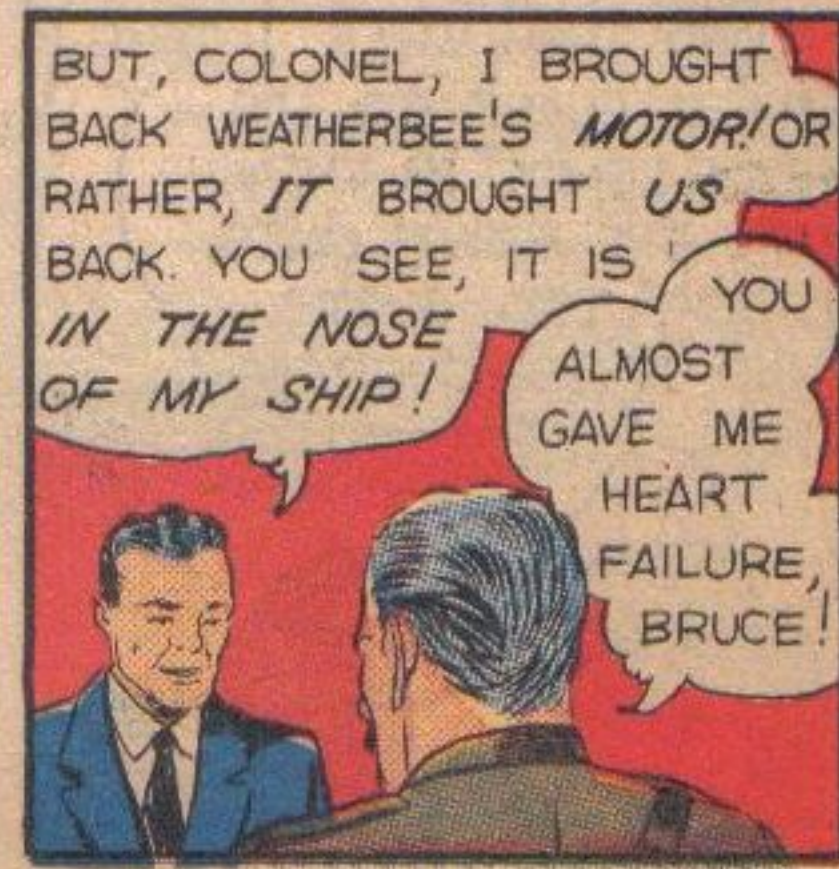
CAPTAIN! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE FAILED ME!

BUT, THE PLANS THE SPIES GOT WERE FAKES!



WE BURNED THE REAL PLANS BEFORE WE LEFT THE MESA!

BURNED THE PLANS! YOU MUST BE MAD!



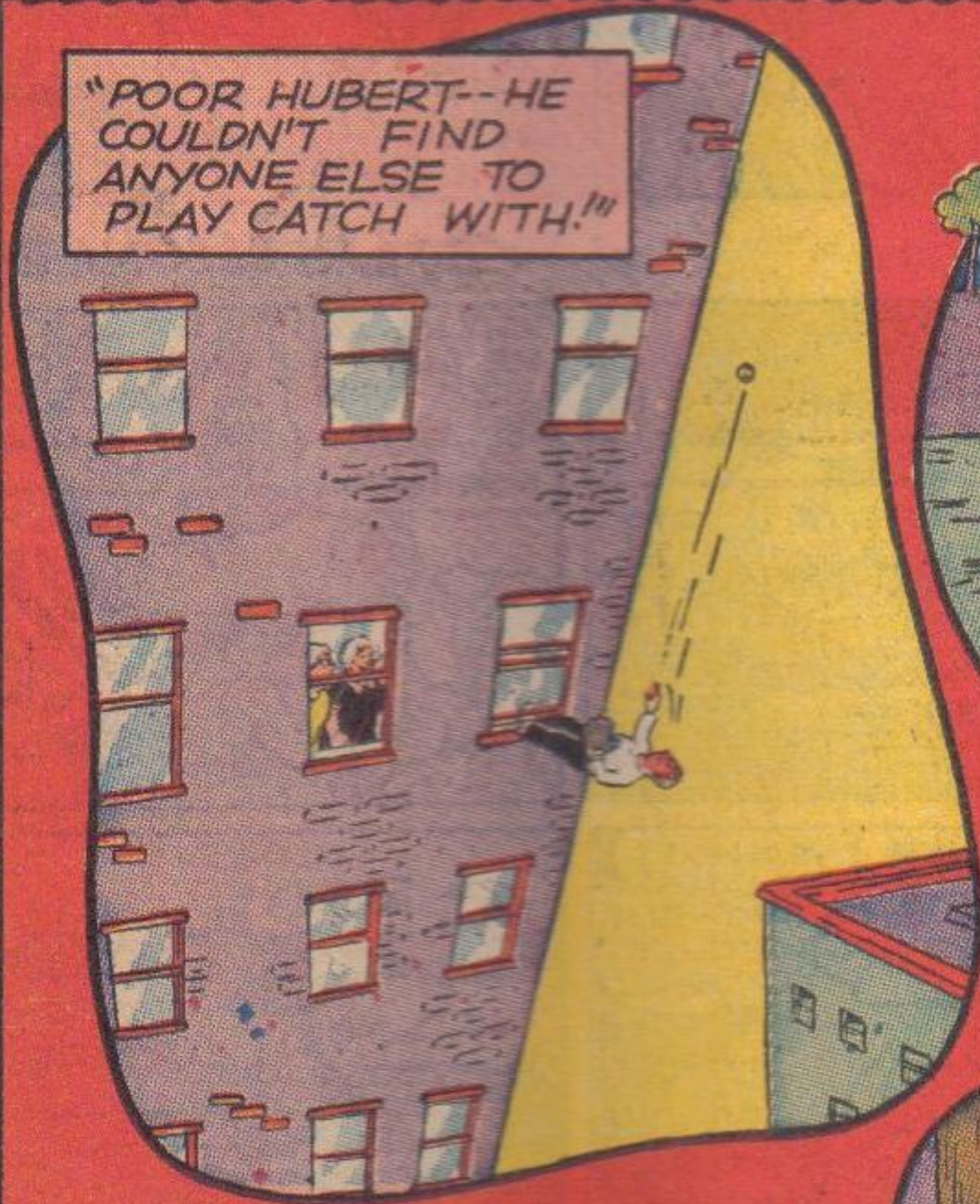
BUT, COLONEL, I BROUGHT BACK WEATHERBEE'S MOTOR! OR RATHER, IT BROUGHT US BACK. YOU SEE, IT IS IN THE NOSE OF MY SHIP!

YOU ALMOST GAVE ME HEART FAILURE, BRUCE!

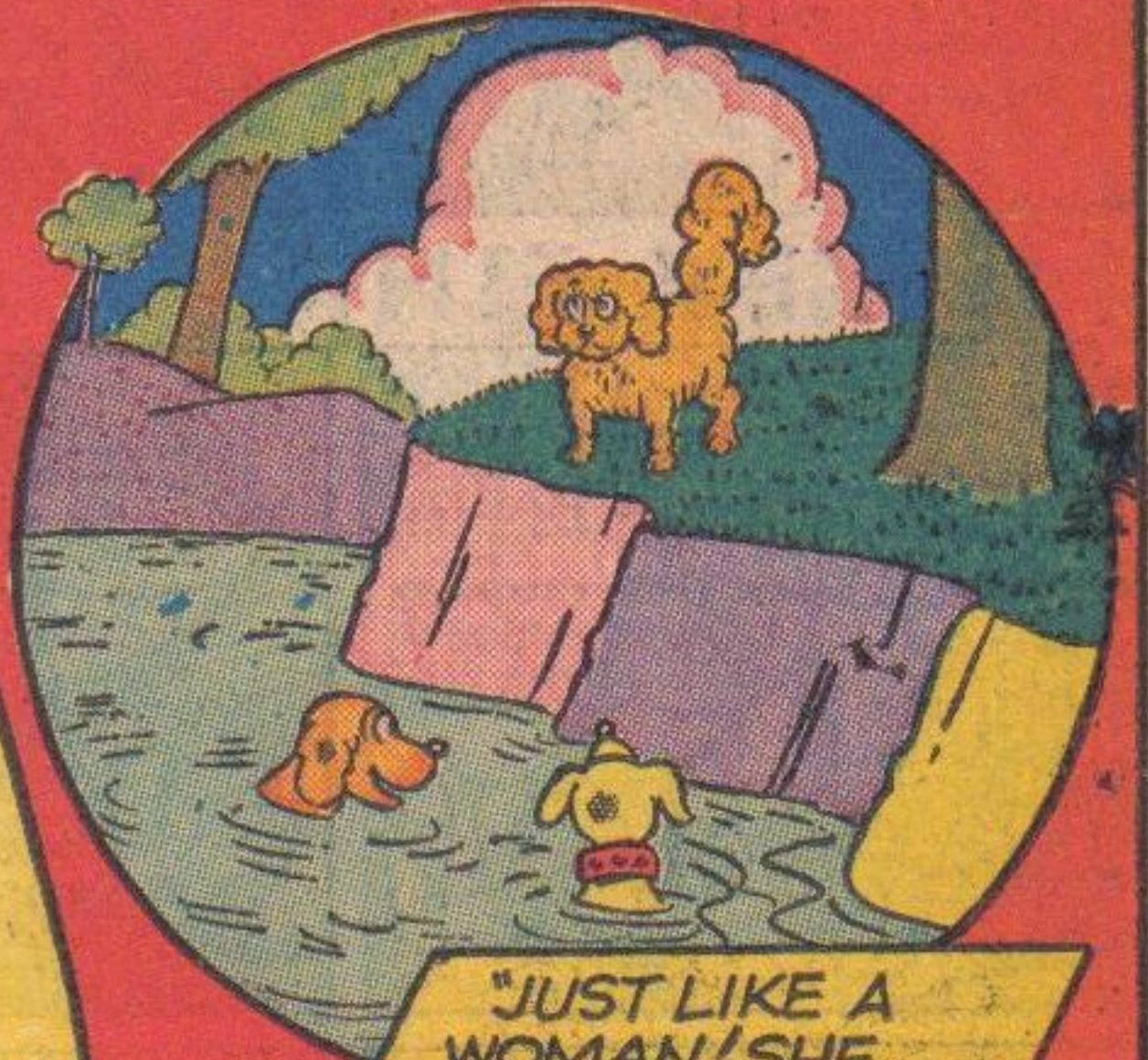


# HAVE A LAUGH

"POOR HUBERT--HE  
COULDN'T FIND  
ANYONE ELSE TO  
PLAY CATCH WITH!"



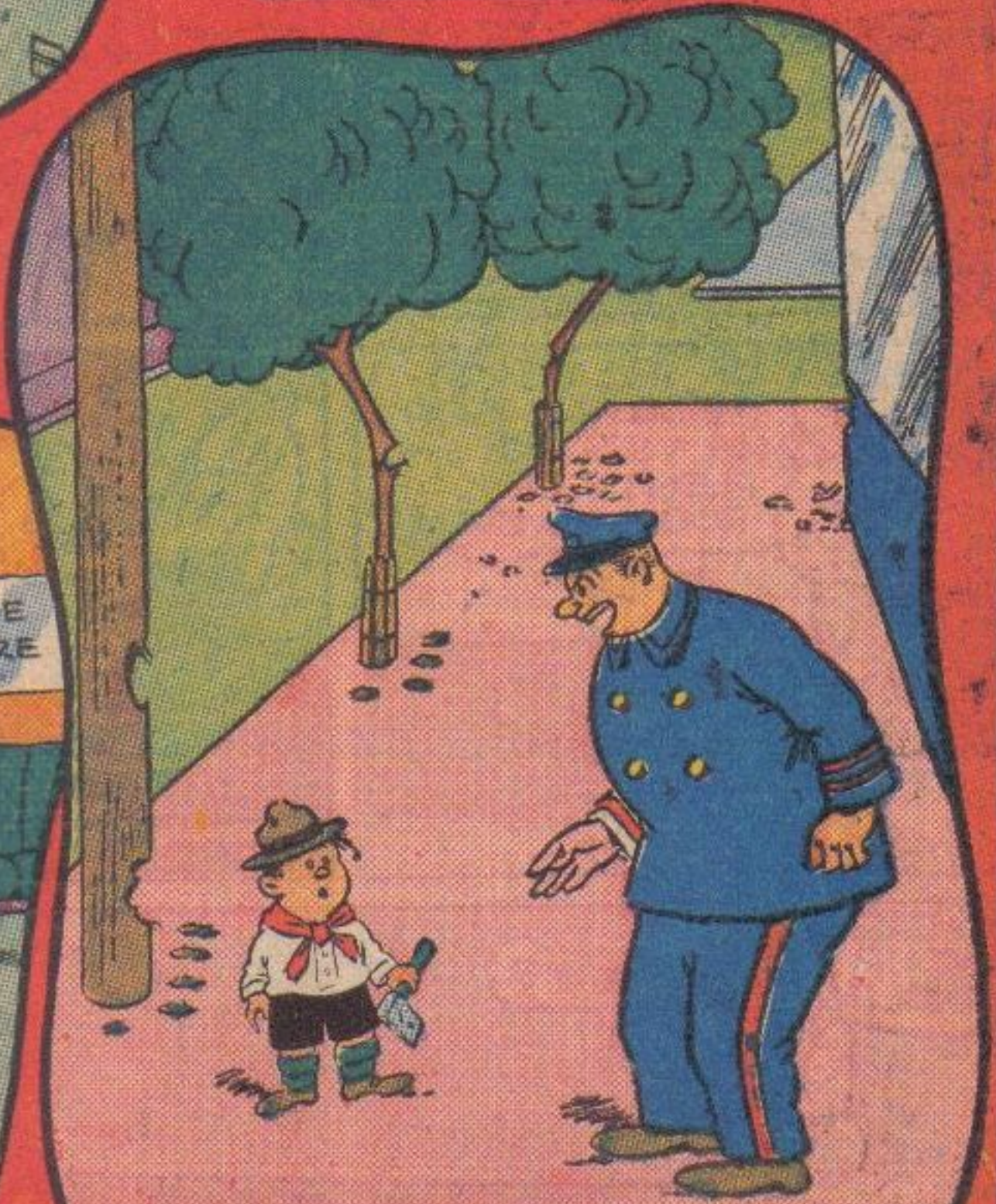
"JUST LIKE A  
WOMAN! SHE  
WON'T COME IN  
BECAUSE IT'LL  
SPOIL HER CURLS!"



"OOPS! TH-THEY  
MUSTA BEEN  
TOO TIGHT!"



"BOY SCOUT OR NO BOY SCOUT---  
YOU'LL HAFTA STOP THIS  
TRAIL BLAZING!"

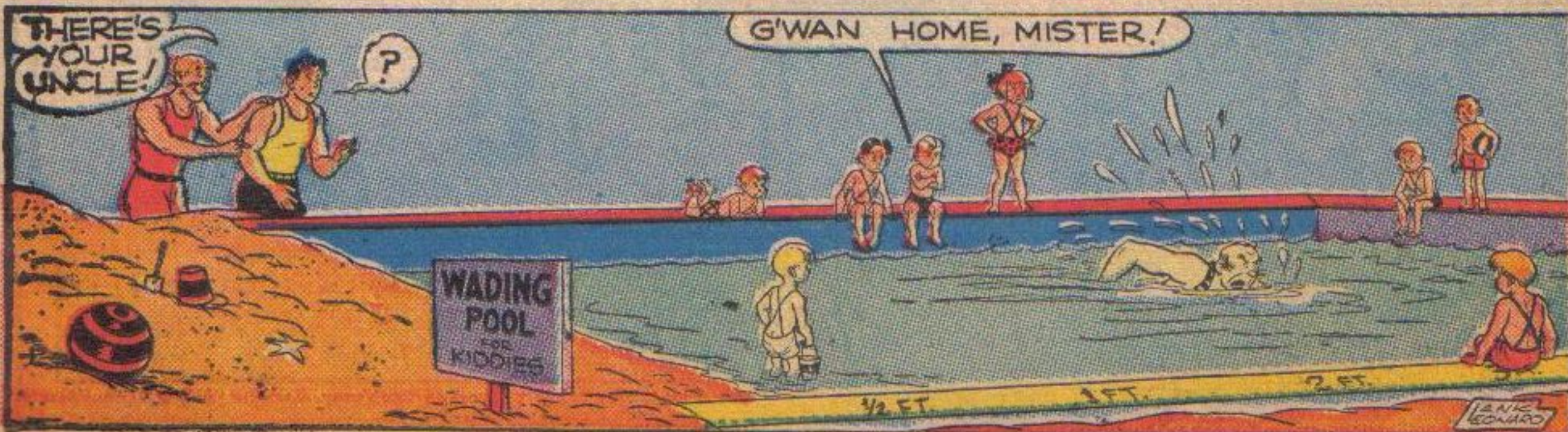
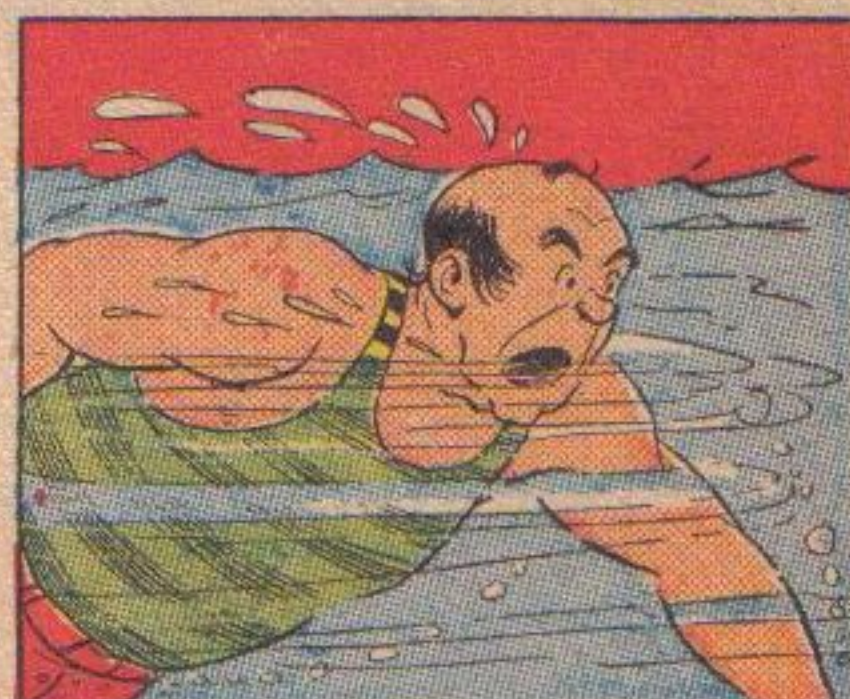
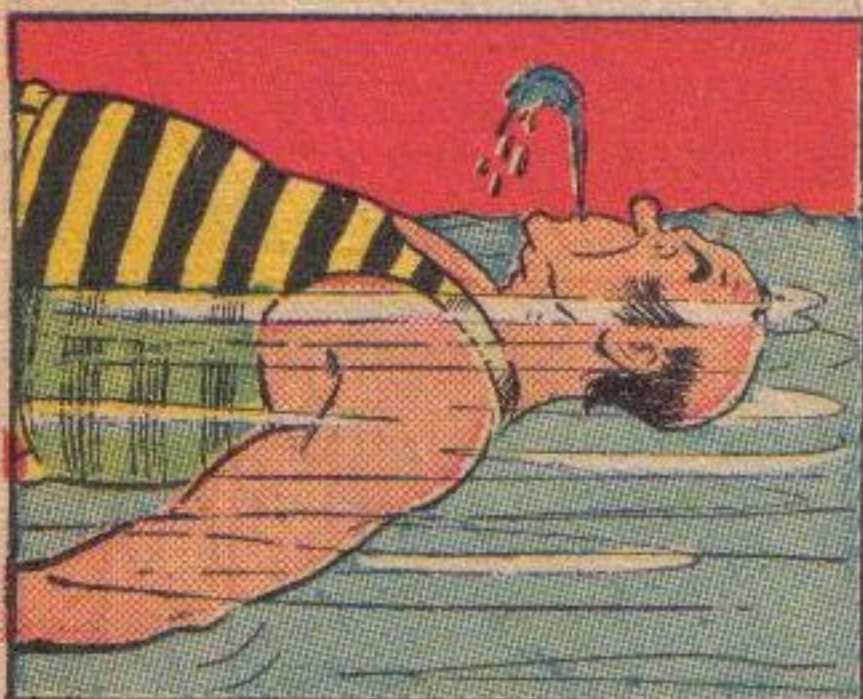
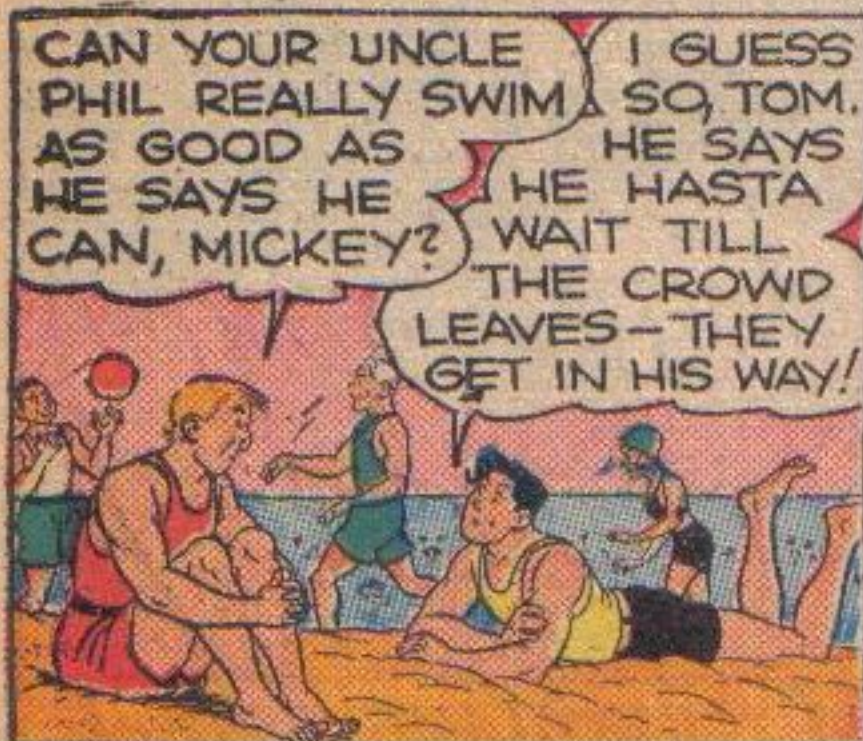






# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

NIPPIE—I  
DON'T THINK  
YOU'RE BIG  
ENOUGH TO  
CARRY OUR  
FLAG!

AW—DON'T  
WORRY---I  
CAN HANDLE  
IT OKAY

HELP!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

DID YOU TELL MR.  
HENRY THAT YOUR  
UNCLE PHIL  
WAS COMING  
IN TO BUY A  
NEW SUIT,  
MICHAEL?

SURE—AN  
HE SAID  
HE'D SEE  
THAT HE GOT  
ONE OF THE  
NICEST SUITS  
IN THE STORE!

HEY  
MISTER--  
PSSSTT!

HENRY  
MEN'S SHOP

SURE—I WAS  
GOIN' IN HERE  
TO BUY A  
NEW SUIT---  
WHY??

FOLLOW ME  
AROUND THE  
CORNER---I  
CAN SAVE YOU  
A LOT OF  
MONEY!

LOOK! HERE'S  
GENUINE  
THISTLE  
TWEED--  
SMUGGLED INTO  
THE COUNTRY---  
IT'S VERY  
COSTLY!

HOW MUCH  
WOULD IT  
COST THAVE  
A SUIT  
MADE OF  
IT?

I'LL SELL YOU  
ENOUGH TO MAKE  
A SUIT FOR  
TEN DOLLARS--  
AND MY TAILOR  
WILL MAKE IT  
FOR TEN  
MORE !!

TWENTY  
BUCKS  
EH?  
OKAY--  
IT'S A  
DEAL!

YOU'RE SURE  
THIS IS A  
VERY  
CHOICE  
MATERIAL?

POSITIVELY!!  
THERE ISN'T  
ANOTHER SUIT  
LIKE IT IN THE  
COUNTRY!!

B-BUT UNCLE  
PHIL—I TOLD  
MR. HENRY  
YOU'D GET  
A SUIT  
THERE---

HE COULDN'T  
SELL ME A  
CLASSY SUIT  
LIKE THIS! WHY  
THE GANG WILL  
DIE OF ENVY---

BOYS—THIS  
IS A VERY  
RARE  
CLOTH--NO  
OTHER MAN  
HAS A SUIT  
LIKE IT---

WHO'D  
EVER  
WANT  
ONE  
!!

BAH!!  
WE'VE  
HEARD  
NOTHING  
BUT SUIT--  
SUIT--SUIT!

HEY BOYS!  
COME HERE  
QUICK---  
LOOK!!

!

JUNK  
BOWLING  
AND TOYS

I'LL GIVE  
YOU TWO  
DOLLARS  
FOR IT!

OKAY!

ACME  
SECOND HAND  
CLOTHES  
STORE



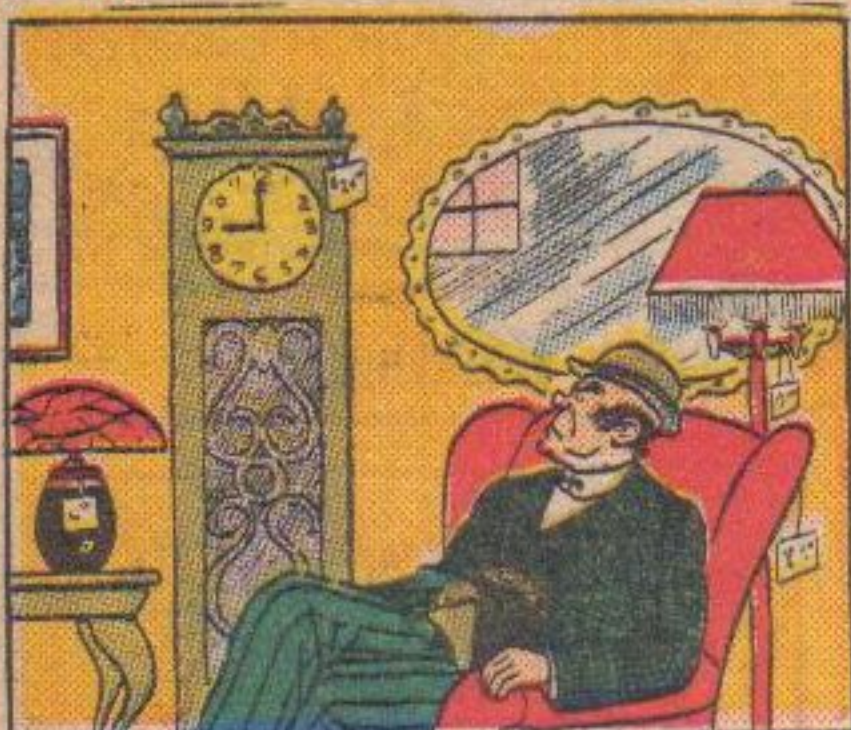






# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



MORE OF MICKEY FINN AND UNCLE PHIL IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF FEATURE COMICS.

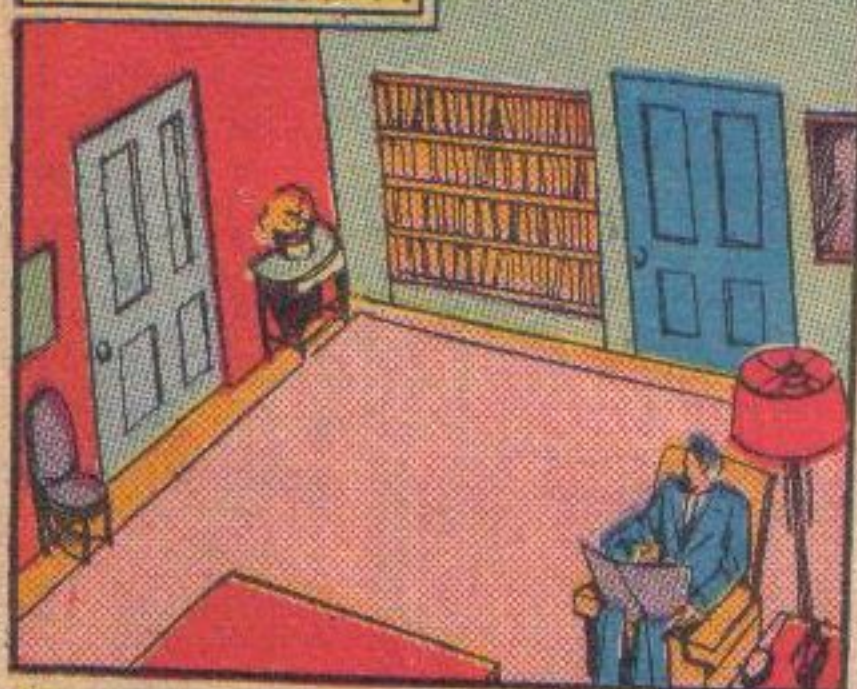


# ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE



A TIMID TAPPING ON THE DOOR STIRS ZERO FROM AN EVENING'S RELAXATION...



I'M JANE DARWELL. I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU AT THIS HOUR, BUT **YOU MUST HELP ME!**



I-I THINK I'M BEING HAUNTED! SOMEONE... SOMETHING... FOLLOWS ME EVERYWHERE! I... FEEL IT!



MY FRIENDS THINK I'VE GONE MAD.. D-DO YOU?

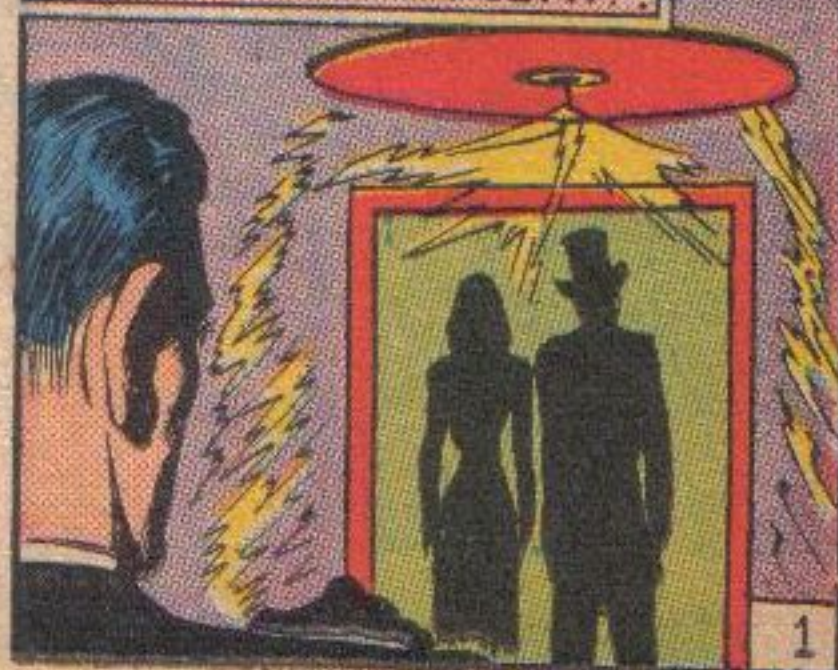
NO, OF COURSE NOT!



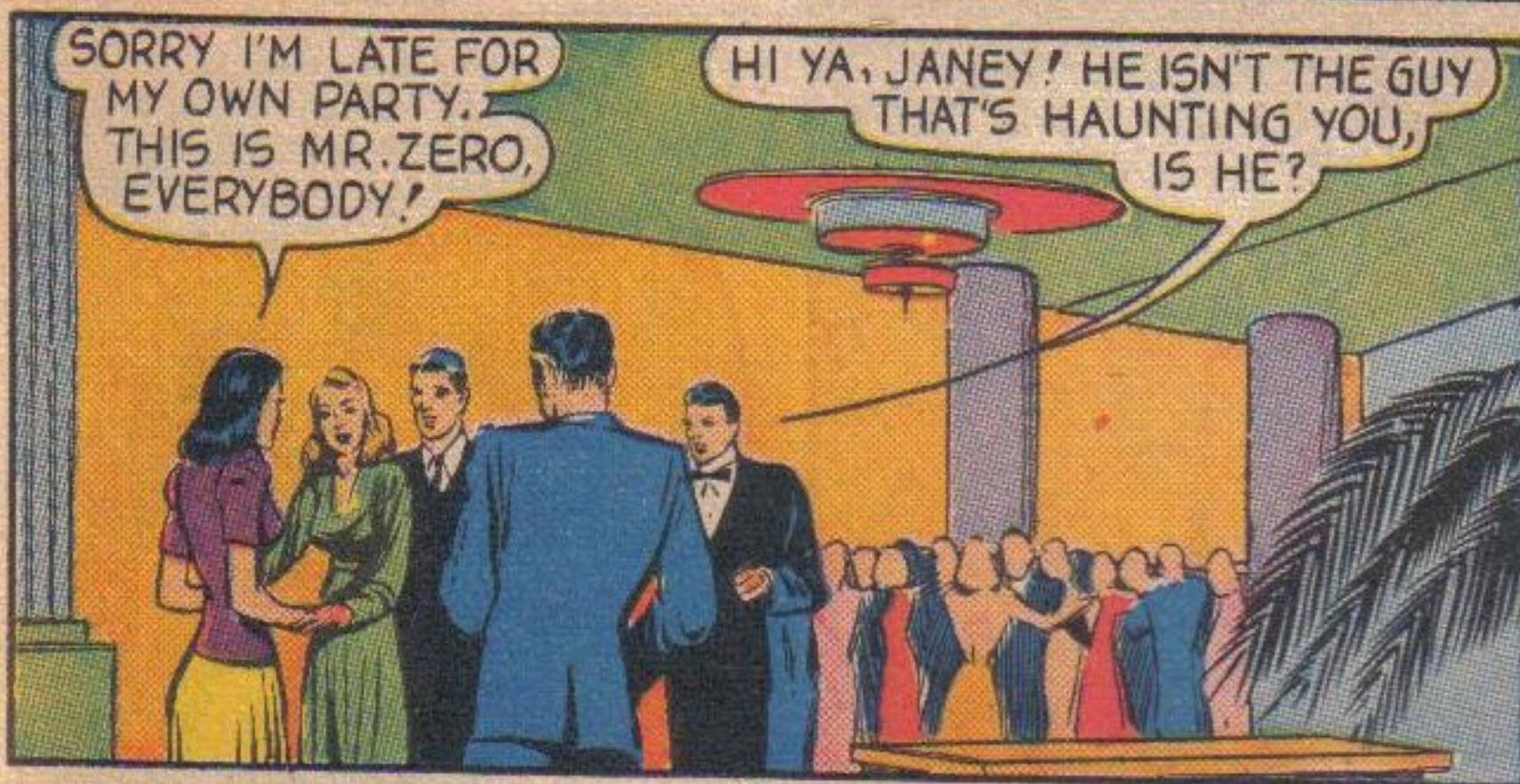
COME INTO MY LAB! I'LL TEST YOU FOR WRAITHS.



A SUPER Q-RAY SHOWS ZERO HER GHOSTLY "ESCORT".

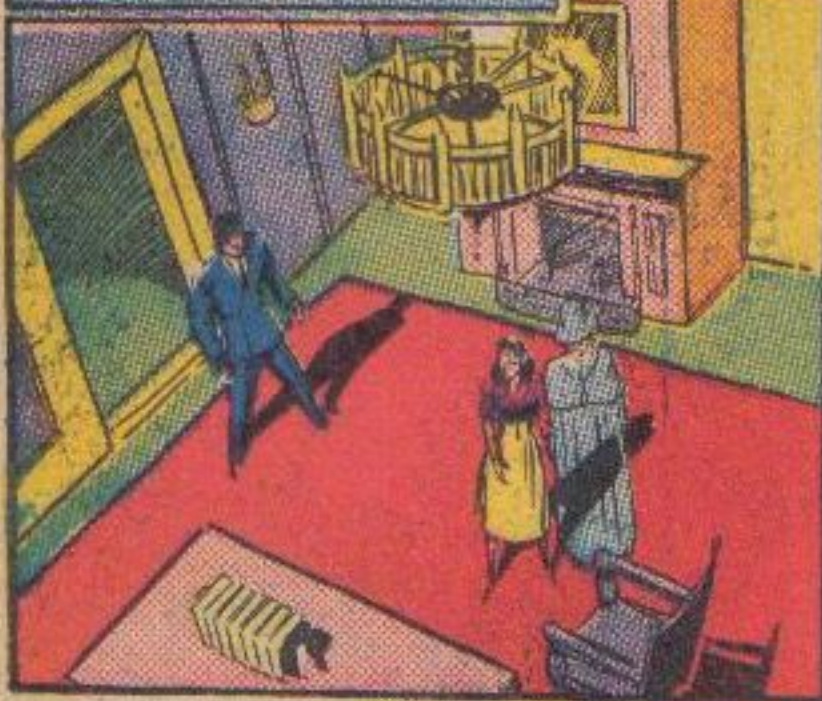








THE ROOM IS THE LIBRARY, USED BY MANY GENERATIONS OF JANE DARWELL'S FAMILY.



SUDDENLY THE SANDS OF TIME SHIFT WITH A DIZZYING SPEED. BACK..BACK..



TO THE DAYS WHEN LOVELY NELL FARREL WAS COURTED BY THE ARDENT STEVEN FISKE.



IF YOU SPURN ME AGAIN, NELL, I CANNOT LIVE!

YOU MUSTN'T TALK LIKE THAT, STEVE.



I SHALL TALK NO MORE! YOU AND I SHALL BOTH DIE!



JUST THEN..

NELL! I HEARD YOUR CRIES! WHAT TH'?? STEVEN FISKE!

OH! JIM!



YOU COWARDLY CUR!



I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT, NELL!

OH!



I'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!



LATER..

YES, JIM, I'LL BE PROUD TO BE MRS. DARWELL!



AND THEN, NELL'S GRAND-DAUGHTER, JANE DARWELL, IS SHOCKED BACK TO THE PRESENT..



THE APPARITION BECOMES SLIGHTLY VISIBLE..

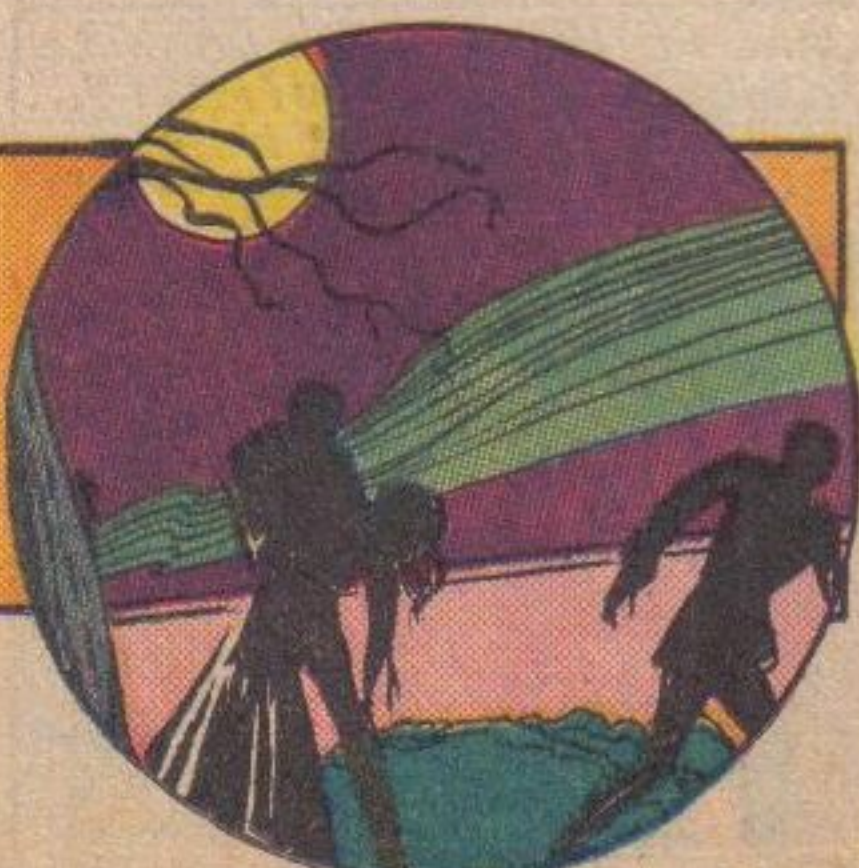
AS YOU'VE PROBABLY GUESSED, I AM STEVEN FISKE. COME..I HAVE ANOTHER CHAPTER TO SHOW YOU!







SUDDENLY







YOU ARE HER LIVING LIKENESS AND SHALL RETURN WITH ME TO THE PAST!



ZERO RUNS TOWARD JANE AS SHE STRUGGLES WILDLY. SUDDENLY A GLEAM CATCHES HIS EYE!



THE DAGGER THAT KILLED NELL DARWELL! HOW LONG HAS IT LAIN THERE?



MOONBEAMS ON ITS SILVER BLADE WILL DO THE TRICK!



AS HE FLASHES THE KNIFE, THE GHOSTLY FIGURE BACKS AWAY IN MUTED HORROR.

THE DEATH OF JANE'S GRANDMOTHER WILL SPELL YOUR OWN DOOM, FISKE!



HELPLESS, THE BLINDED WRAITH BEGS FOR MERCY...



YOUR MERCY WILL BE ETERNAL REST, WANDERING SPIRIT!



ALL THAT REMAINS OF STEVEN FISKE IS A CROSS CUT BY ZERO IN THE HEAVY BARK.



HE'S GONE! OH, THANK HEAVEN! I'M FREE!



JANE RETURNS TO THE DARWELL HOMESTEAD AND HER PARTY... RELIEVED AT LAST OF HER TERRIBLE FEAR...



YOU KNOW, MR. ZERO, I FEEL SOMETHING LIKE NELL FARREL MUST HAVE FELT WHEN GRANDFATHER FIRST SAVED HER LIFE!

ZERO TRAVELS THE SUPERNATURAL ROAD TO ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE. . . . 15

FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF ZERO, GHOST DETECTIVE, IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE.



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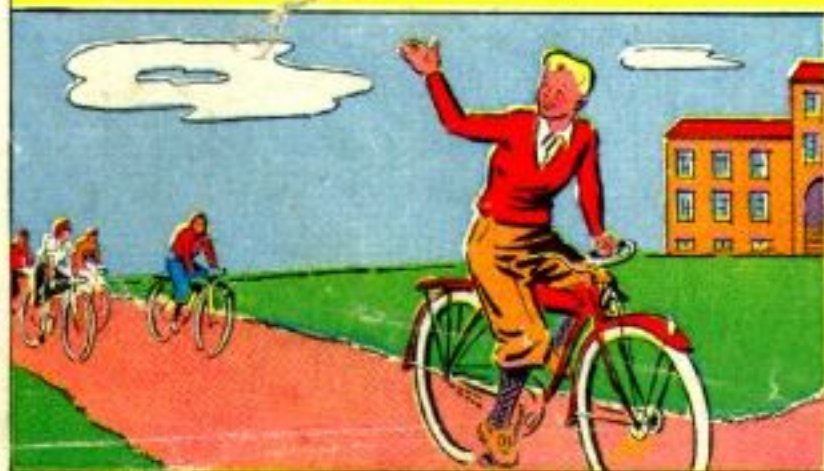
# THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;  
It's speed and strength we like.  
That's why he runs a streamlined train  
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;  
His plane is always ready.  
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—  
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,  
Breezing ahead of the rest,  
As president of the cycle club  
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;  
Picking up things for dad,  
I'm the Minute Man of the family  
And a strong and healthy lad.



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